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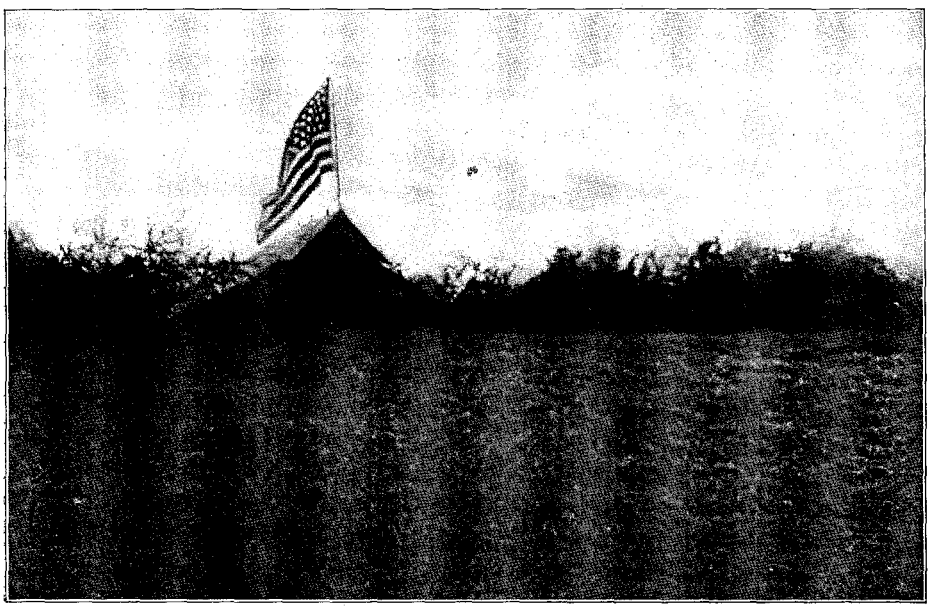

My boma when I was camped alone.
From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

X.—THE GUASO NYERO; A RIVER OF THE EQUATORIAL DESERT

WHEN I reached Neri, after coming down from killing my first elephant on Kenia, I was kept waiting two or three days before I could gather enough Kikuyu porters. As I could not speak a word of their language I got a couple of young Scotch settlers, very good fellows, to take charge of the safari out to where I intended to hunt. There was a party of the King's African Rifles camped at Neri; the powerful-looking enlisted men were from the south, chiefly from one of the northernmost tribes of Zulu blood, and their two officers were of the best Kipling-

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An oryx bull.—Page 20.
From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

soldier type. Then there was another safari, that of Messrs. Kearton and Clark who were taking some really extraordinary photographs of birds and game. Finally, Governor and Mrs. Jackson arrived from a trip they had been making round Kenia; and I was much pleased to be able to tell the Governor, who had helped me in every way, about my bull elephant, and to discuss with him some of the birds we had seen and the mammals we had trapped. A great ingowa, a war-dance of the natives, was held in his honor, and the sight was, as always, one of interest and of a certain fascination. There was an Indian trader at Neri from whom we had obtained donkeys to carry to our elephant camp "posho," or food for the porters. He announced that they were all in readiness in a letter to Cuninghame, which was meant to be entirely respectful, but which sounded odd, as it was couched in characteristic Baboo English. The opening lines ran: "Dear K-ham, the donkeys are altogether deadly."

At last fifty Kikuyus assembled—they are not able to carry the loads of regular Swahili porters—and I started that moment, though it was too late in the afternoon to travel more than three or four miles. The Kikuyus were real savages, naked save for a dingy blanket, usually carried round the neck. They formed a picturesque safari; but it was difficult to make the grasshopper-like creatures take even as much thought for the future as the ordinary happy-go-lucky porters take. At night if it rained they cowered under the bushes in drenched and shivering discomfort; and yet they had to be driven to make bough shelters for themselves. Once these shelters were up, and a little fire kindled at the entrance of each, the moping, spiritless wretches would speedily become transformed into beings who had lost all remembrance of ever having been wet or cold. After their posho had been distributed and eaten they would sit, huddled and cheerful, in their shelters, and sing steadily for a couple of hours. Their songs were much wilder than those of the regular porters, and were often warlike. Occasionally, some "shanty man," as he would be called on shipboard, improvised or repeated a kind of story in short sentences or strophes; but the main feature of each song was the endless repetition ot some refrain, musically chanted in chorus by the whole party. This repetition of a short sentence or refrain is a characteristic of many kinds of savage music; I have seen the Pawnees grow almost maddened by their triumph song, or victory song, which consisted of nothing whatever but the fierce, barking, wolf-like repetition of the words, "In the morning the wolves feasted."

Our first afternoon's march was uneventful; but I was amused at one of our porters

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and the "safari" ants. These safari ants are so called by the natives because they go on foraging expeditions in immense numbers. The big-headed warriors are able to inflict a really painful bite. In open spaces, as where crossing a path, the column makes a little sunken way through which it streams uninterruptedly. Whenever we came to such a safari ant column, in its sunken way, crossing our path, the porter in question laid two twigs on the ground as a peace-offering to the ants. He said that they were on safari, just as we were, and that it was wise to propitiate them.

That evening we camped in a glade in the forest. At nightfall dozens of the big black-and-white hornbill, croaking harshly, flew overhead, their bills giving them a curiously top-heavy look. They roosted in the trees near by.

A good oryx cow.
From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

Next day we came out on the plains, where there was no cultivation, and instead of the straggling thatch and wattle, unfenced villages of the soil-tilling Kikuyus, we found ourselves again among the purely pastoral Masai, whose temporary villages are arranged in a ring or oval, the cattle being each night herded in the middle, and the mud-daubed, cow-dung-plastered houses so placed that their backs form a nearly continuous circular wall, the spaces between being choked with thorn bushes. I killed a steinbuck, missed a tommy, and at three hundred yards hit a Jackson's hartebeeste too far back, and failed in an effort to ride it down.

The day after we were out on plains untenanted by human beings, and early in the afternoon struck water by which to pitch our tents. There was not much game, and it was shy; but I thought that I could kill enough to keep the camp in meat, so I sent back the two Scotchmen and their Kikuyus, after having them build a thorn boma, or fence, round the camp. One of the reasons why the Masai had driven their herds and flocks off this plain was because a couple of lions had turned man-eaters, and had killed a number of men and women. We saw no sign of lions, and believed they had followed the Masai; but there was no use in taking needless chances.

The camp was beside a cold, rapid stream, one of the head waters of the Guaso Nyero. It was heavily fringed with thorn timber. To the east the crags and snow-fields of Kenia rose from the slow swell of the mountain's base. It should have been the dry season, but there were continual heavy rains, which often turned into torrential downpours. In the overcast mornings as I rode away from camp, it was as cool as if I were riding through the fall weather at home; at noon, if the sun came out, straight overhead, the heat was blazing; and we generally returned to camp at nightfall, drenched with the cold rain. The first heavy storm, the evening we pitched camp,

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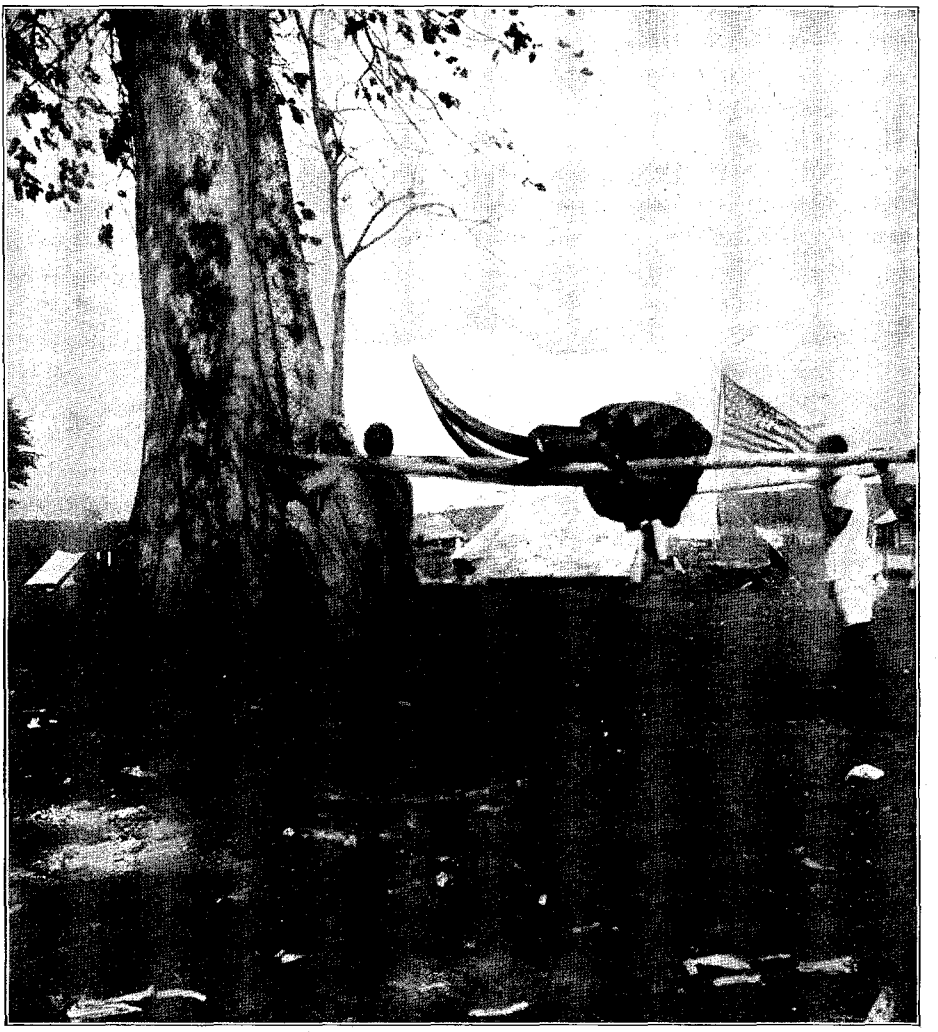

Bringing in the skull of my second bull.
From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

much excited all my followers. Ali came rushing into the tent to tell me that there was "a big snake up high." This certainly seemed worth investigating, and I followed him outside where everybody was looking at the "snake," which proved to be a huge, funnel-shaped, whirling cloud, careering across the darkened sky. It was a kind of waterspout or cyclone; fortunately it passed to one side of camp.

The first day I hunted I shot only a steinbuck for the table. The country alternated between bare plains and great stretches of sparse, stunted thorns. We saw zebra, and two or three bands of oryx; big, handsome antelope, strongly built and boldly colored, with long, black, rapier-like horns. They were very wary, much more so than the zebra with which they associated, and we could not get anywhere near them.

Next day I hunted along the edges of a big swamp. We saw water-buck, but were unable to get within shot. However, near the farther end of the swamp, in an open swale, we found four eland feeding. The eland is the king of antelope; and not only did I desire meat for camp, but I wished the head of a good bull as a trophy for myself, the eland I had hitherto shot being for the National Museum. The little band included

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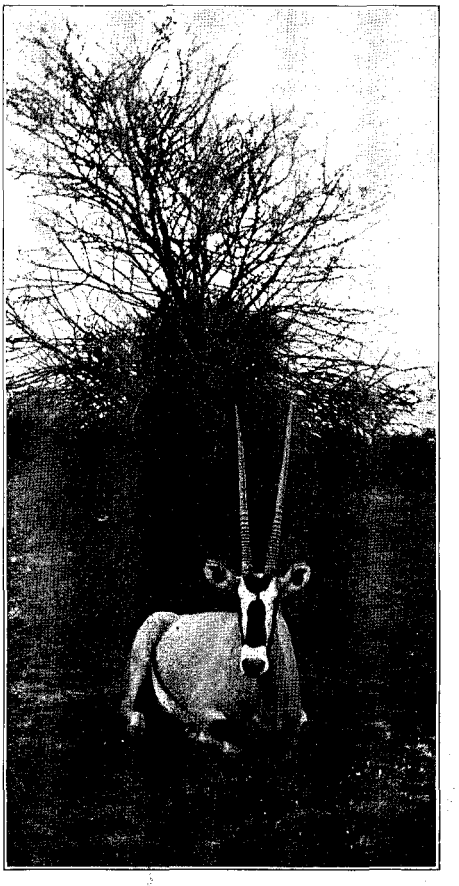
a big bull, a small bull, and two cows; at a distance the big bull looked slaty blue. The great, sleek, handsome créatures were feeding in the long grass just like cattle, switching their long tails at the flies. The country looked like a park, with clumps of thorn-trees scattered over the grassy sward. Carefully I crept on all-fours from tree clump to tree clump, trying always to move when the elands' heads were down grazing. At last I was within three hundred yards, when one of the cows caught a glimpse of me and alarmed the others. They were startled, but puzzled, and after trotting a few rods turned to stare at the half-seen object of their alarm. Rising to my knee I shot the big bull in the throat as with head erect he gazed in my direction. Off he went with a rush, the others bounding and leaping as they accompanied him, and we followed on the blood spoor. Bakhari and Gouvimali trotted fast on the trail, and in order to be fresh for the shot I mounted Tranquillity. Suddenly out bounced the wounded bull from some bushes close by, and the horse nearly had a fit; I could hardly get off in time to empty my magazine at long range—fortunately with effect. It was a magnificent bull of the variety called Patterson's eland, with a fine head. Few prize oxen would be as heavy, and in spite of its great size, its finely moulded limbs and beautiful coat gave it a thoroughly game look.

Kikuyu warrior.
photograph by Edmund Heller.



An oryx shot by Kermit Roosevelt.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Oryx were now what I especially wished, and we devoted all of the following day to their pursuit. We saw three bands, two of them accompanying herds of zebra, after the manner of kongoni. Both species were found indifferently on the bare, short-grass flats and among the thin, stunted thorn-trees which covered much of the plains. After a careful stalk, the latter part on all-fours, I got to within about three hundred yards of a mixed herd, and put a bullet into one oryx as it faced me, and hit another as it ran. The first, from its position, I thought I would surely kill if I hit it at all, and both of the wounded beasts were well behind the herd when it halted a mile away on the other side of the plain. But as we approached they all went off together, and I can only hope the two I hit recovered; at any rate, after we had followed them for

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miles, the tough beasts were still running as strongly as ever.

All the morning I manœuvred and tramped hard, in vain. At noon, I tried a stalk on a little band of six, who were standing still, idly switching their tails, out in a big flat. They saw me, and at four hundred yards I missed the shot. By this time I felt rather desperate, and decided for

Helping a donkey across the stream.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

once to abandon legitimate proceedings and act on the Ciceronian theory, that he who throws the javelin all day must hit the mark some time. Accordingly I emptied the magazines of both my rifles at the oryx, as they ran across my front, and broke the neck of a fine cow, at four hundred and fifty yards. Six or seven hundred yards off the survivors stopped, and the biggest bull, evidently much put out, uttered loud bawling grunts and drove the others round with his horns. Meanwhile I was admiring the handsome dun gray coat of my prize, its long tail and long, sharp, slender horns, and the bold black and white markings on its face. Hardly had we skinned the carcass before the vultures lit on it; with them were two marabou storks, one of which I shot with a hard bullet from the Springfield.

The oryx, like the roan and sable, and in striking contrast to the eland, is a bold and hard fighter, and when cornered will charge a man or endeavor to stab a lion. If wounded it must be approached with a certain amount of caution. The eland, on the other hand, in spite of its huge size, is singularly mild and inoffensive, an old bull being as inferior to an oryx in the will and power to fight as it is in speed and endurance.

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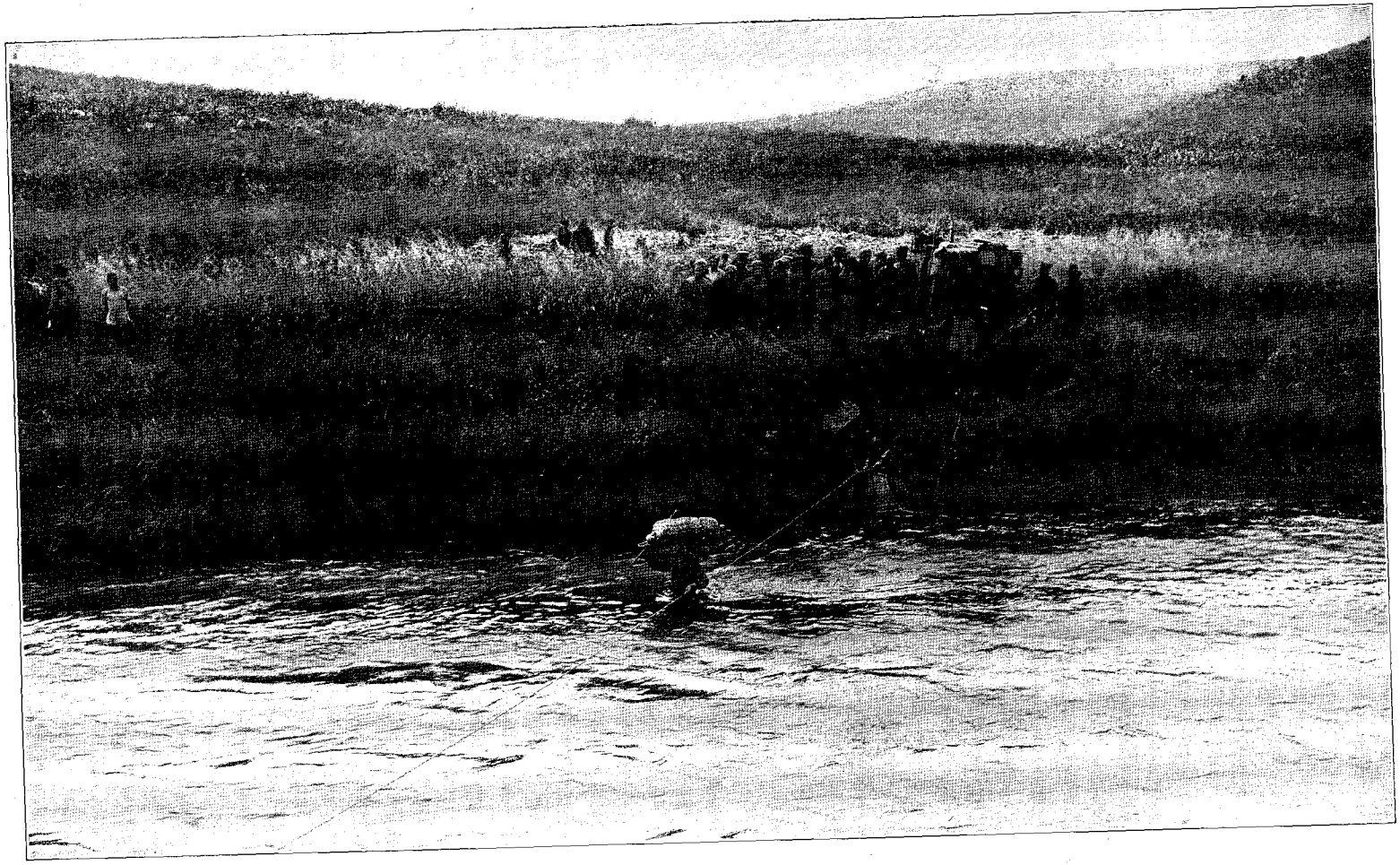

Fording the Chania River.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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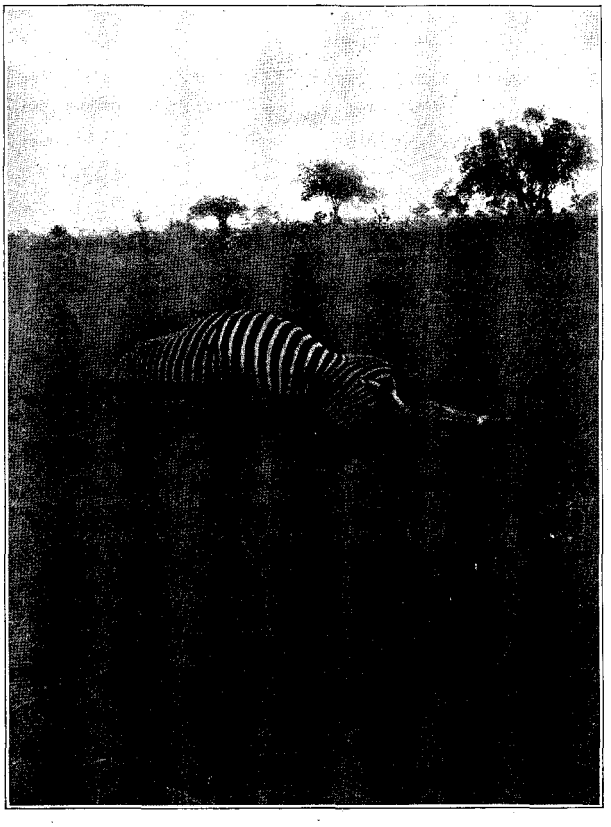

A Grévy's zebra.—Page 17.
From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

"Antelope," as I have said, is a very loose term, meaning simply any hollow-horned ruminant that isn't an ox, a sheep, or a goat. The eland is one of the group of tragelaphs, which are as different from the true antelopes, such as the gazelles, as they are from the oxen. One of its kinsfolk is the handsome little bushbuck, about as big as a white-tail deer; a buck of which Kermit had killed two specimens. The bushbuck is a wicked fighter, no other buck of its size being as dangerous; which makes the helplessness and timidity of its hugh relative all the more striking.

I had kept four Kikuyu with me to accompany me on my hunts and carry in the skins and meat. They were with me on this occasion; and it was amusing to see how my four regular attendants, Bakhari and Gouvimali the gunbearers, Simba the sais, and Kiboko the skinner, looked down on their wild and totally uncivilized brethren. They would not associate with the "shenzis," as they called them; that is, savages or bush people. But the "shenzis" always amused and interested me; and this was especially true on the afternoon in question. Soon after we had started camp-wards with the skin and meat of the oryx, we encountered a succession of thunder-storms. The rain came down in a deluge, so that the water stood ankle deep on the flats, the lightning flashed continuously on every side, and the terrific peals of thunder made one continuous roll. At first it maddened my horse; but the uninterrupted blaze and roar, just because uninterrupted, ended by making him feel that there was nothing to be done, and he plodded stolidly forward through the driving storm. My regular attendants accepted it with an entire philosophy, which was finally copied by the Kikuyus, who at first felt frightened. One of them had an old umbrella which he shared with a crony. He himself was carrying the marabou stork; his crony had long strips of raw oryx meat wound in a swollen girdle about his waist; neither had a stitch on save the blankets which were wrapped round their throats; and they clasped each other in a tight embrace as they walked along under the battered old umbrella.

In this desolate and lonely land the majesty of the storms impressed on the beholder a sense of awe and solemn exaltation. Tossing their crests, and riven by lightning, they gathered in their wrath from every quarter of the heavens, and darkness was before and under them; then, in the lull of a moment, they might break apart, while the sun turned the rain to silver and the rainbows were set in the sky; but always they gathered again, menacing and mighty, —for the promise of the bow was never kept, and ever the clouds returned after the rain. Once as I rode facing Kenia the

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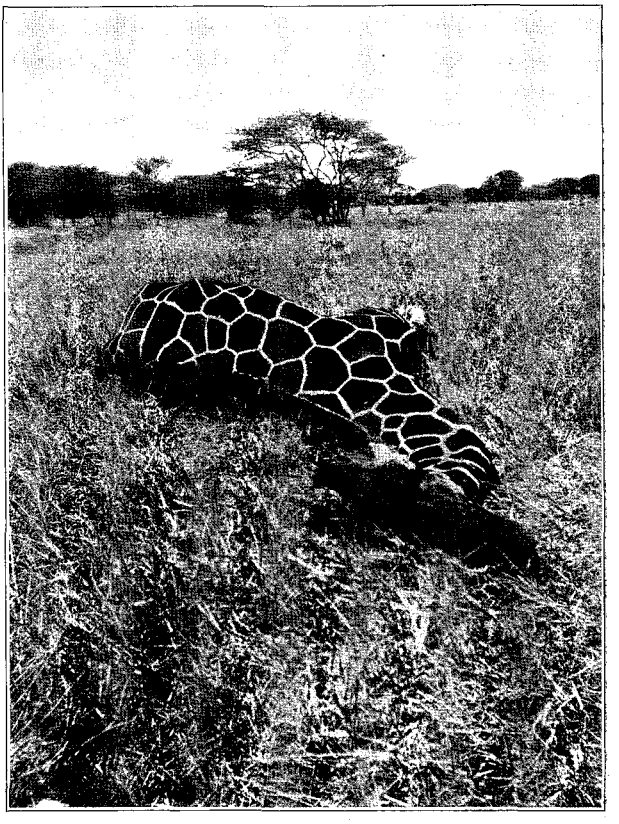
clouds tore asunder, to right and left, and the mountain towered between, while across its base was flung a radiant arch. But almost at once the many-colored glory was dimmed; for its splendor and terror the storm strode in front, and shrouded all things from sight in thunder-shattered sheets of rain.

These days alone in the wilderness went by very pleasantly, and, as it was for not too long, I thoroughly enjoyed being entirely by myself, so far as white men were concerned. By this time I had become really attached to my native followers, who looked after my interest and comfort in every way; and in return I kept them supplied with plenty of food, saw that they were well clothed, and forced them to gather enough firewood to keep their tents dry and warm at night—for cold, rainy weather is always hard upon them.



A reticulated giraffe.—Page 22.
From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

Ali, my faithful head tent boy, and Shemlani his assistant—poor Bill the Kikuyu had left because of an intricate row with his fellows—were both, as they proudly informed me, Arabs. On the East African coast the so-called Arabs almost all have native blood in them and speak Swahili; the curious, newly created language of the descendants of the natives whom the Arabs originally enslaved, and who themselves may have in their veins a little Arab blood; in fact, the dividing line between Swahili and Arab becomes impracticable for an outsider to draw where, as is generally the case, it is patent that the blood of both races is mixed to a degree at which it is only possible to guess. Ali spoke some English; and he and Shemlani were devoted and efficient servitors. Bakhari the gun-bearer was a Swahili, quite fearless with dangerous game, rather sullen and unmoved by any emotion that I could ever discover. He spoke a little English, but it could not be called idiomatic. One day we saw two ostriches, a cock and a hen, with their chicks, and Bakhari with some excitement said, "Look, sah! ostrich! bull, cow, and pups!" The other gun-bearer, Gouvimali, in some ways an even better hunter, and always good-tempered, knew but one English phrase; regularly every afternoon or evening, after cleaning the rifle he had carried, he would say, as he left the tent, his face wreathed in smiles, "G-o-o-d-e-bye!" Gouvimali was a Wkamba, as were Simba and my other sais, M'nyassa, who had taken the place of Hamisi (Hamisi had broken down in health, his legs, as he assured me, becoming "very sick"). The cook, Roberti, was a mission boy, a Christian; we had several Christians with the safari, one being a headman, and all did excellently. I mention this because one so often hears it said that mission boys turn out worthless. Most of our men were heathens; and of course many, both of the Christians and the Mo-

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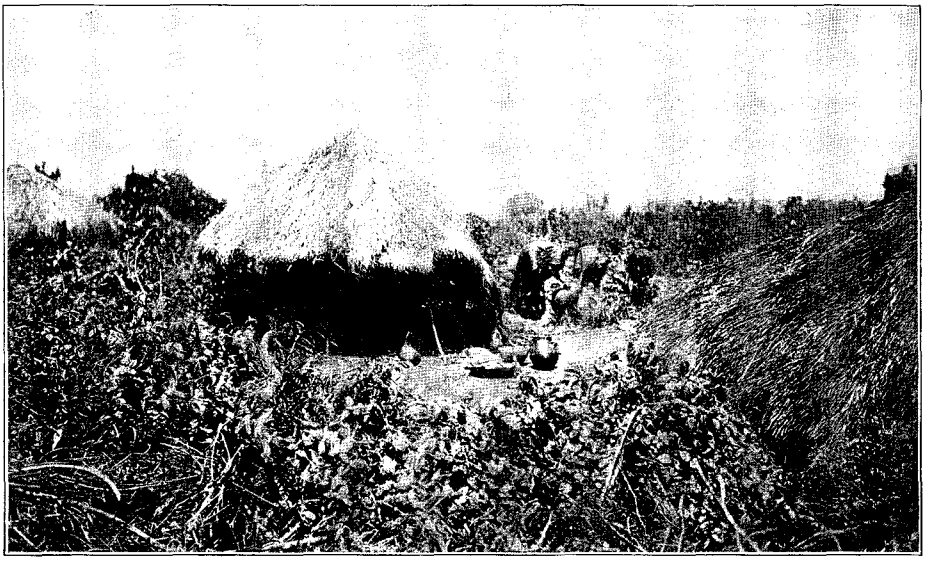

Kikuyu hut.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

hammedans, were rather thinly veneered with the religions they respectively professed.

When in the morning we started on our hunt my gunbearers and sais, and the skinners if any were along, walked silently behind me, on the lookout for game. Returning, they were apt to get in front, to pilot me back to camp. If, as at this time was generally the case, we returned with our heads bent to the rushing rain, they trudged sturdily ahead in dripping silence. If the weather was clear, the spirits of the stalwart fellows were sure to rise until they found some expression. The Wkamba might break into song; or they might all

A domesticated young male eland at Meru.—Page 18.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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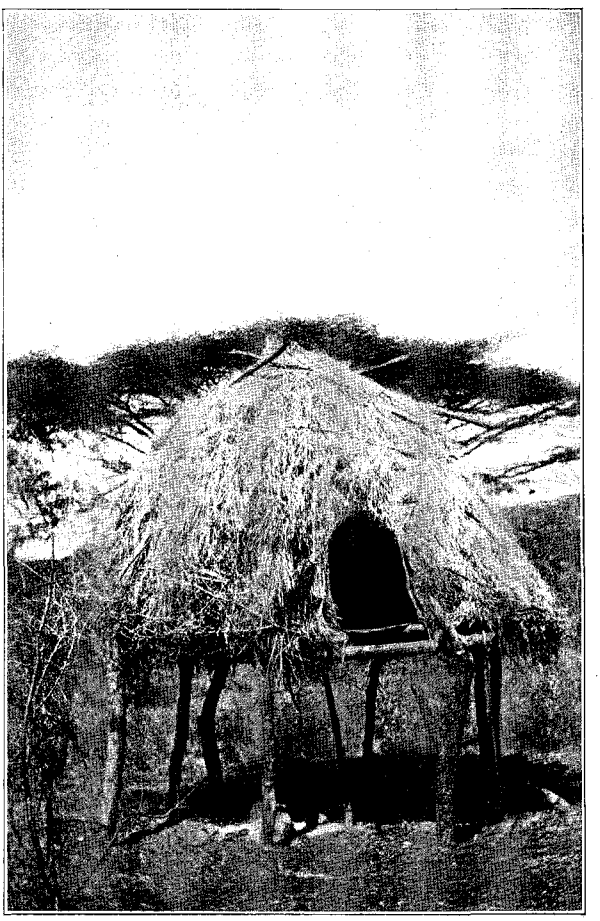
talk together in Swahili, recounting the adventures of the day, and chaffing one another with uproarious laughter about any small misadventure; a difference of opinion as to the direction of camp being always a subject, first for earnest discussion, and then for much mirth at the expense of whomever the event proved mistaken.

My two horses, when I did not use them, grazed contentedly throughout the day near the little thorn boma which surrounded our tents; and at nightfall the friendly things came within it of their own accord to be given their feed of corn and be put in their own tent. When the sun was hot they were tormented by biting flies; but their work was easy, and they were well treated and throve. In the daytime vultures, kites, and white-necked ravens came round camp, and after nightfall jackals wailed and hyenas uttered their weird cries as they prowled outside the thorn walls. Twice, at midnight, we heard the ominous sighing or moaning of a hungry lion, and I looked to my rifle, which always stood, loaded, at the head of my bed. But on neither occasion did he come near us. Every night a fire was kept burning in the entrance to the boma, and the three askaris watched in turn, with instructions to call me if there was any need.



N'Januysi hut at entrance to the mynyata where cattle and sheep sleep. A man sleeps in the hut to protect the herds from lions. From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

I easily kept the camp in meat, as I had guessed that I could do. My men feasted on oryx and eland, while I reserved the tongues and tenderloins for myself. Each day I hunted for eight or ten hours, something of interest always happening. I would not shoot at the gazelles; and the game I did want was so shy that almost all my shots were at long range, and consequently a number of them did not hit. However, I came on my best oryx in rather thick bush, and killed it at a hundred and twenty-five yards, as it turned with a kind of sneeze of alarm or curiosity, and stood broadside to me, the sun glinting on its handsome coat and polished black horns. One of my Kikuyu followers packed the skin entire to camp. I had more trouble with another oryx, wounding it one evening at three hundred and fifty yards, and next morning following the trail and after much hard work and a couple of misses killing it with a shot at three hundred yards. On September 2 I found two newly born oryx calves. The color of the oryx made them less visible than hartebeeste when a long way off on the dry plains. I noticed that whenever we saw them mixed in a herd with zebra, it was the zebra that first struck

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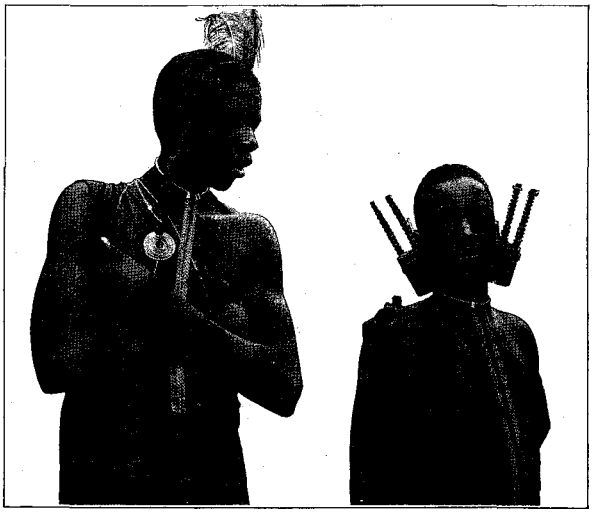
our eyes. But in bright sunlight, in bush, I also noticed that the zebra themselves were hard to see.

One afternoon, while skirting the edge of a marsh teeming with waders and water-fowl, I came across four stately Kavirondo cranes, specimens of which bird the naturalists had been particularly anxious to secure. They were not very shy for cranes, but they would not keep still, and I missed a shot with the Springfield as they walked along about a hundred and fifty yards ahead of me. However, they were unwise enough to circle round me when they rose, still keeping the same distance, and all the time uttering their musical call, while their great wings flapped in measured beats. Wing shooting with the rifle, even at such large birds of such slow and regular flight, is never easy, and they were rather far off; but with the last cartridge in my magazine—the fifth—I brought one whirling down through the air, the bullet having pierced his body. It was a most beautiful bird, black, white, and chestnut, with an erect golden crest, and long, lanceolate gray feathers on the throat and breast.



Two Kikuyu boys.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

There were water-buck and impalla in this swamp. I tried to get a bull of the former but failed. Several times I was within fifty yards of doe impalla and cow water-buck, with their young, and watched as they fed and rested, quite unconscious of my presence. Twice I saw steinbuck, on catching sight of me, lie down, hoping to escape observation. The red coat of the steinbuck is rather conspicuous, much more so than the coat of the duiker; yet it often tries to hide from possible foes.

Late in the afternoon of September 3 Cuninghame and Heller, with the main safari, joined me, and I greeted them joyfully; while my men were equally pleased to see their fellows, each shaking hands with his especial friends. Next morning we started toward Meru, heading northeast, toward the foot-hills of Kenia. The vegetation changed its character as we rose. By the stream where we had camped grew the great thorn-trees with yellow-green trunks which we had become accustomed to associate with the presence of herds of game. Out on the dry flats were other thorns, weazened little trees, or mere scrawny bushes, with swellings like bulbs on the branches and twigs, and the long thorns far more conspicuous than the scanty foliage; though what there was of this foliage, now brilliant green, was exquisite in hue and form, the sprays of delicate little leaves being as fine as the daintiest lace. On the foot-hills all these thorn-trees vanished. We did not go as high as the forest belt proper (here narrow, while above it the bamboos covered the mountain-side), but tongues of juniper forest stretched down along the valleys which we crossed, and there were large patches of coarse deer fern, while among many unknown flowers we saw blue lupines, oxeye daisies, and clover. That night we camped so high that it was really cold, and we welcomed the roaring fires of juniper logs.

We rose at sunrise. It was a glorious morning, clear and cool, and as we sat at breakfast, the table spread in the open on the dew-drenched grass, we saw in the south-east the peak of Kenia, and through the high, transparent air the snow-fields seemed so close as almost to dazzle our eyes. To the north and west we looked far out over the wide, rolling plains to a wilder-

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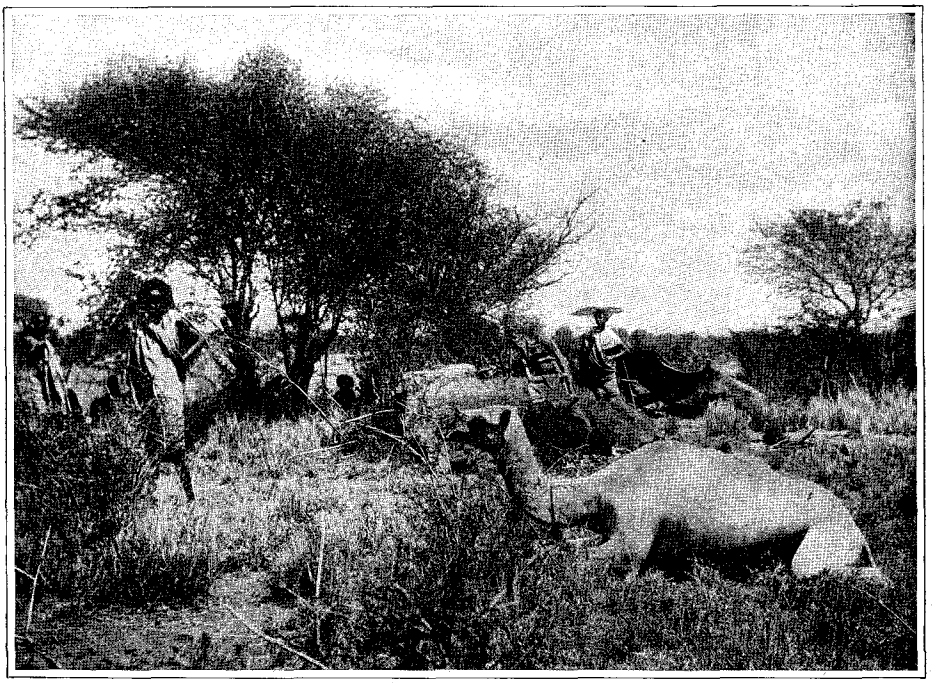

A Boran camp.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Borans.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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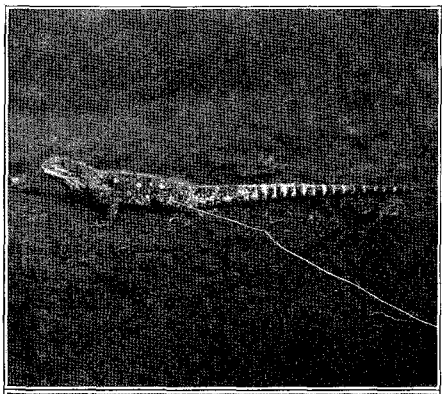
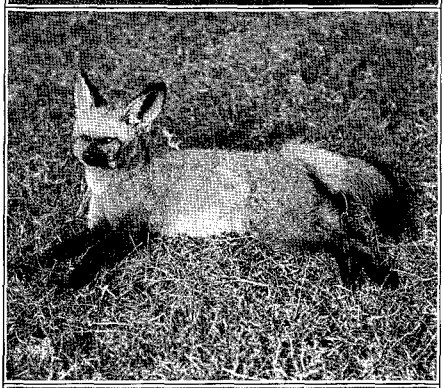


Lizard.



Large-eared fox.

Klipspringer.

Young male roan.

ness of mountain ranges, barren and jagged. All that day and the next we journeyed eastward, almost on the equator. At noon the overhead sun burned with torrid heat; but with the twilight—short compared to the long northern twilights, but not nearly as short as tropical twilights are often depicted—came the cold, and each night the frost was heavy. The country was untenanted by man. In the afternoon of the third day we began to go downhill, and hour by hour the flora changed. At last we came to a broad belt of woodland, where the strange trees of many kinds grew tall and thick. Among them were camphor-trees, and trees with gouty branch tips, bearing leaves like those of the black walnut, and panicles of lilac flowers, changing into brown seed vessels; and other trees, with clusters of purple flowers, and the seeds or nuts enclosed in hard pods or seed vessels like huge sausages.

On the other side of the forest we came suddenly out on the cultivated fields of the Wa-Meru, who, like the Kikuyu, till the soil; and among them, farther down, was Meru Boma, its neat, picturesque buildings beautifully placed among green groves and irrigated fields, and looking out from its cool elevation over the hot valleys beneath. It is one of the prettiest spots in East Africa. We were more than hospitably received by the Commissioner, Mr. Horne, who had been a cow-puncher in Wyoming for seven years—so that naturally we had much in common. He had built the station himself, and had tamed the wild tribes around by mingled firmness and good treatment; and he was a mighty hunter, and helped us in every way.

Here we met Kermit and Tarlton, and heard all about their hunt. They had been away from us for three weeks and a half, along the Guaso Nyero, and had enjoyed first-rate luck. Kermit had been particularly interested in a caravan they had met, consisting of wild spear-bearing Borani people like Somalis, bringing down scores of camels and hundreds of small horses to sell at Nairobi. They had come from the north, near the outlying Abyssinian lands, and the caravan was commanded by an Arab of stately and courteous manners. Such an extensive caravan journey was rare in the old days before English rule; but one of the results of the "Pax Eu-

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ropaica," wherever it obtains in German, French, or English Africa, is a great increase of intercourse, commercial and social, among the different tribes, even where widely separated. This caravan had been followed by lions; and a day of two afterward Kermit and Tarlton ran into what were probably these very lions. There were eleven of them: a male with a heavy mane, three lionesses, and seven cubs, some of them about half grown. As Kermit and Tarlton galloped after them, the lion took the lead, the cubs coming in the middle, while the three lionesses loped along in the rear, guarding their young. The lion cared little for his wives and offspring, and gradually drew ahead of them, while the two horsemen, riding at full speed, made a wide détour round the others in order to reach him; so that at last they got between him and the ten lionesses and cubs, the big lion coming first, the horsemen next, and then the lesser lions, all headed the same way. As the horse-hooves thundered closer the lion turned to bay. Kermit—whose horse had once fallen with him in the chase—and Tarlton leaped off their horses, and Kermit hit the lion with his first shot, and, as it started to charge, mortally wounded it with a second bullet. It turned and tried to reach cover, and Tarlton stopped it with a third shot; for there was no time to lose, as they wished to tackle the other lions. After a sharp gallop they rounded up the lionesses and cubs. Kermit killed one large cub, which they mistook for a lioness; wounded a lioness which for the time being escaped; killed another with a single bullet from his 30-40 Winchester—for the others he used his 405 Winchester—and hit the third as she crouched facing him at two hundred yards. She at once came in at full speed, making a most determined charge. Kermit and Tarlton were standing near their horses. The lioness came on with great bounds so that Kermit missed her twice, but broke her shoulder high up when she was but thirty yards off. She fell on her head and, on rising, galloped, not at the men, but at the horses, who, curiously enough, paid no heed to her. Tarlton stopped her with a bullet in the nick of time, just before she reached them, and with another bullet Kermit killed her. Two days later they came on the remaining cubs

Rusty rock-rat.

Sand-rat, *perodipus*.

African hedgehog.

"Mole-rat."

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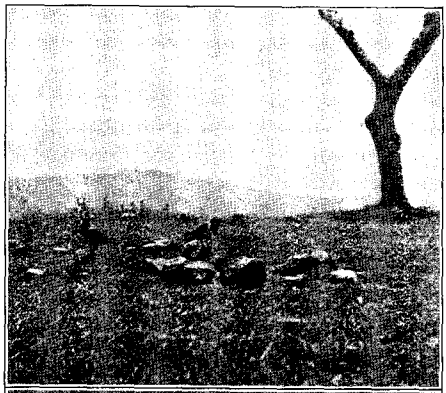

Black-and-white-crow, *corvus scapulatus*.

Sparrow-lark.

Ant wheatear. (Ant-eating chat.)

Ostrich nest.

and the wounded lioness, and Kermit killed the latter; but they let the cubs go, feeling it unsportsman-like to kill them—a feeling which I am by no means certain I share, for lions are scourges not only to both wild and tame animals, but to man himself.

Kermit also rode down and killed two cheetahs and a serval, and got a bad tumble while chasing a jackal, his horse turning a complete somersault through a thorny bush. This made seven cheetahs that he had killed, a record unequalled for any other East African trip of the same length; and the finding and galloping down of these cheetahs,—going at breakneck speed over any and every kind of ground,—and then shooting them either from foot or horseback, made one of the noteworthy features of our trip. One of these two cheetahs had just killed a steinbuck. The serval was with its mate, and Kermit watched them for some time through his glasses before following them. There was one curious feature of their conduct. One of them was playing about, now near the other, now leaving it; and near by was a bustard, which it several times pretended to stalk, crawling toward it a few yards, and then standing up and walking away. The bustard paid no heed to it; and, more singular still, two white-necked ravens lit close to it; within a few yards on either side, the serval sitting erect between them, seemingly quite unconcerned for a couple of minutes, and then strolling off without making any effort to molest them. I can give no explanation of the incident; it illustrates afresh the need of ample and well-recorded observations by trustworthy field naturalists, who shall go into the wilderness before the big game, the big birds, and the beasts of prey vanish. Those pages of the book of nature which are best worth reading can best be read far from the dwellings of civilized man; and for their full interpretation we need the services, not of one man, but of many men, who in addition to the gift of accurate observation shall if possible possess the power fully, accurately, and with vividness to write about what they have observed.

Kermit shot many other animals, among them three fine oryx, one of which he rode down on horseback, manœuvring so that at last it galloped fairly close by across his front, whereupon he leaped off his horse for the shot; an ardwolf (a miniature hyena

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with very weak teeth) which bolted from its hole at his approach; gerunuk, small antelope with necks relatively as long as giraffes', which are exceedingly shy and difficult to obtain; and the Grévy's zebra, as big as a small horse. Most of his hunting was done alone, either on foot or on horseback; on a long run or all-day tramp no other member of our outfit, black or white, could quite keep up with him. He and Tarlton found where a leopard had killed and partly eaten a nearly full-grown individual of this big zebra. He also shot a twelve-foot crocodile. The ugly, formidable brute had in its belly sticks, stones, the claws of a cheetah, the hoofs of an impalla, and the big bones of an eland, together with the shell plates of one of the large river-turtles; evidently it took toll indifferently from among its fellow-denizens of the river, and from among the creatures that came to drink, whether beasts of pasture or the flesheaters that preyed upon them.

He also shot three buffalo bulls, Tarlton helping him to finish them off, for they are tough animals, tenacious of life and among the most dangerous of African game. One turned to charge, but was disabled by the bullets of both of them before he could come on. Tarlton, whose experience in the hunting field against dangerous game had been large, always maintained that, although lion hunting was the most dangerous sport, because a hunted lion was far more apt to charge than any other animal, yet that when a buffalo bull did charge he was more dangerous than a lion, because harder to kill or turn. Where zebra and other game are abundant, as on the Athi plains, lion do not meddle with such formidable quarry as buffalo; on Heatley's farm lions sometimes made their lairs in the same papyrus swamp with the buffalo, but never molested them. In many places, however, the lion preys largely, and in some places chiefly, on the buffalo. The hunters of wide experience with whom I conversed, men like Tarlton, Cuninghame, and Horne, were a unit in stating that where a single lion killed a buffalo they had always found that the buffalo was a sow or immature bull, and that whenever they had found a full-grown bull thus killed, several lions had been engaged in the job. Horne had once found the carcass of a big bull which had been killed and eaten by lions, and near by a dead lioness with a great rip in her side, made by the buffalo's horn in the fight in which he succumbed. Even a buffalo cow, if pitted against a single lion, would probably stand an even chance; but of course the fight never is fair, the lion's aim being to take his prey unawares and get a death grip at the outset; and then, unless his hold is broken, he cannot be seriously injured.

Twenty years ago the African buffalo were smitten with one of these overwhelming disasters which are ever occurring and recurring in the animal world. Africa is not only the land, beyond all others, subject to odious and terrible insect plagues of every conceivable kind, but is also peculiarly liable to cattle murrains. About the year 1889, or shortly before, a virulent form of rinderpest started among the domestic cattle and wild buffalo almost at the northern border of the buffalo's range, and within the next few years worked gradually southward to beyond Zambesi. It wrought dreadful havoc among the cattle, and in consequence decimated by starvation many of the cattle-owning tribes; it killed many of the large bovine antelopes, and it well-nigh exterminated the buffalo. In many places the buffalo herds were absolutely wiped out, the species being utterly destroyed throughout great tracts of territory, notably in East Africa; in other places the few survivors did not represent the hundredth part of those that had died. For years the East African buffalo ceased to exist as a beast of the chase. But all the time it was slowly regaining the lost ground, and during the last decade its increase has been rapid. Unlike the slow-breeding elephant and rhinoceros, buffalo multiply apace, like domestic cattle, and in many places the herds have now become too numerous. Their rapid recovery from a calamity so terrific is interesting and instructive.* Doubtless for many years after man, in recognizably human form, appeared on this planet, he played but a small part in the destination of big animals, compared to plague, to insect pests and microbes, to drought, flood, earth upheaval, and change of temperature. But during the geological moment covering the few thousand years of

* On our trip along the Guaso Nyero we heard that there had been a fresh outbreak of rinderpest among the buffalo; I hope it will not prove such a hideous disaster.

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recorded history man has been not merely the chief, but practically the sole factor in the extermination of big mammals and birds.

At and near Meru Boma we spent a fortnight hunting elephant and rhinoceros, as described in the preceding chapter. While camped by the boma white-necked vulturine ravens and black and white crows came familiarly around the tents. A young eland bull, quite as tame as a domestic cow, was picketed, now here, now there, about us. Horne was breaking it to drive in a cart.

During our stay another District Commissioner, Mr. Piggott, came over on a short visit; it was he who the preceding year, while at Neri, had been obliged to undertake the crusade against the rhinos, because, quite unprovoked, they had killed various natives. He told us that at the same time a man-eating leopard made its appearance, and killed seven children. It did not attack at night but in the daytime, its victims being the little boys who were watching the flocks of goats; sometimes it took a boy and sometimes a goat. Two old men killed it with spears on the occasion of its taking the last victim. It was a big male, very old, much emaciated, and the teeth worn to stumps. Horne told us that a month or two before our arrival at Meru a leopard had begun a career of woman-killing. It killed one woman by a bite in the throat, and ate the body. It sprang on and badly wounded another, but was driven off in time to save her life. This was probably the leopard Heller trapped and shot, in the very locality where it had committed its ravages; it was an old male, but very thin, with worn teeth. In these cases the reason for the beast's action was plain; in each instance a big, savage male had found his powers failing, and had been driven to prey on the females and young of the most helpless of animals, man. But another attack, of which Piggott told us, was apparently due to the queer individual freakishness always to be taken into account in dealing with wild beasts. A Masai chief, with two or three followers, was sitting eating under a bush, when, absolutely without warning, a leopard sprang on him, clawed him on the head and hand, without biting him, and as instantly disappeared. Piggott attended to the wounded man.

In riding in the neighborhood, through the tall dry grass, which would often rattle in the wind, I was amused to find that if I suddenly heard the sound I was apt to stand alertly on guard, quite unconsciously and instinctively, because it suggested the presence of a rattlesnake. During the years I lived on a ranch in the West I was always hearing and killing rattlesnakes, and although I knew well that no African snake carries a rattle, my subconscious senses always threw me to attention if there was a sound resembling that made by a rattler. Tarlton, by the way, told me an interesting anecdote of a white-tailed mongoose and a snake. One day they brought in a rather small puff adder, less than two feet long, put it on the floor, and showed it to the mongoose. Instantly the latter sprang toward the snake, every hair in its body and tail on end, and halted five feet away, while the snake lay in curves like the thong of a whip, its head turned toward the mongoose. Both were motionless for a moment. Then, suddenly, the mongoose seemed to lose all its excitement; its hair smoothed down, and it trotted quietly up to the snake, seized it by the middle of the back—it always devoured its food with savage voracity—and settled comfortably down to its meal. Like lightning the snake's head whipped round. It drove its fangs deep into the snout or lip of the mongoose, hung on for a moment, and then repeated the blow. The mongoose paid not the least attention, but went on munching the snake's body, severed its backbone at once, and then ate it all up, head, fangs, poison, and everything; and it never showed a sign of having received any damage in the encounter. I had always understood that the mongoose owed its safety to its agility in avoiding the snake's stroke, and I can offer no explanation of this particular incident.

There were eland on the high downs not far from Meru, apparently as much at home in the wet, cold climate as on the hot plains. Their favorite gait is the trot. An elephant moves at a walk or rather rack; a giraffe has a very peculiar leisurely looking gallop, both hind legs coming forward at the same time, outside the forelegs; rhino and buffalo trot and run. Eland when alarmed bound with astonishing agility for such large beasts—a trait not shown by other large antelope, like oryx—and

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then gallop for a short distance; but the big bulls speedily begin to trot, and the cows and younger bulls gradually also drop back into the trot. In fact, their gaits are in essence those of the wapiti, which also prefer the trot, although wapiti never make the bounds that eland do at the start. The moose, however, is more essentially a trotter than either eland or wapiti; a very old and heavy moose never, when at speed, goes at any other gait than a trot, except that under the pressure of great and sudden danger it may perhaps make a few bounds.

While at Meru Boma I received a cable, forwarded by native runners, telling me of Peary's wonderful feat in reaching the North Pole. Of course we were all overjoyed, and in particular we Americans could not but feel a special pride in the fact that it was a fellow-countryman who had performed the great and noteworthy achievement. A little more than a year had passed since I said good-by to Peary as he started on his Arctic quest; after leaving New York in the *Roosevelt*, he had put into Oyster Bay to see us, and we had gone aboard the *Roosevelt*, had examined with keen interest how she was fitted for the boreal seas and the boreal winter, and had then waved farewell to the tall, gaunt explorer as he stood looking toward us over the side of the stout little ship.*

On September 21 Kermit and Tarlton started south-west, toward Lake Hannington, and Cuninghame and I north, toward the Guaso Nyero. Heller was under the weather, and we left him to spend a few days at Meru Boma, and then to take in the elephant skins, and other museum specimens, to Nairobi.

As Cuninghame and I were to be nearly four weeks in a country with no food supplies, we took a small donkey safari to carry the extra food for our porters—for in these remote places the difficulty of taking in many hundred pounds of salt, as well as skin tents, and the difficulty of bringing out the skeletons and skins of the big animals collected, makes such an expedition as ours, undertaken for scientific purposes, far more cumbersome and unwieldy than a mere hunting trip, or even than a voyage of exploration, and trebles the labor.

* When I reached Neri I received from Peary the following cable:

"Your farewell was a royal mascot. The Pole is ours.
PEARY."

A long day's march brought us down to the hot country. That evening we pitched our tents by a rapid brook, bordered by palms, whose long, stiff fronds rustled ceaselessly in the wind. Monkeys swung in the tree-tops. On the march I shot a Kavirondo crane on the wing, with the little Springfield, almost exactly repeating my experience with the other crane which I had shot three weeks before, except that on this occasion I brought down the bird with my third bullet, and then wasted the last two cartridges in the magazine at his companions. At dusk the donkeys were driven to a fire within the camp, and they stood patiently round it in a circle throughout the night, safe from lions and hyenas.

The day's march brought us to another small tributary of the Guaso Nyero, a little stream twisting rapidly through the plain between its sheer banks. Here and there it was edged with palms and beds of bulrushes. We pitched the tents close to half a dozen flat-topped thorn-trees. We spent several days at this camp. Many kites came around the tents, but neither vultures nor ravens. The country was a vast plain bounded on almost every hand by chains of far-off mountains. In the south-west, just beyond the equator, the snows of Kenia lifted toward the sky. To the north the barren ranges were grim with the grimness of the desert. The flats were covered with pale, bleached grass which waved all day long in the wind; for though there were sometimes calms, or changes in the wind, on most of the days we were out it never ceased blowing from some point in the south. In places the parched soil was crumbling and rotten; in other places it was thickly strewn with volcanic stones; there were but few tracts over which a horse could gallop at speed, although neither the rocks nor the rotten soil seemed to hamper the movements of the game. Here and there were treeless stretches. Elsewhere there were occasional palms; and trees thirty or forty feet high, seemingly cactus or aloes, which looked even more like candelabra than the euphorbia which is thus named; and a scattered growth of thorn-trees and bushes. The thorn-trees were of many kinds. One bore only a few leathery leaves, the place of foliage being taken by the mass of poisonous-looking, fleshy spines which, together with the ends of the

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branches, were bright green. The camel-thorn was completely armed with little, sharply hooked thorns which tore whatever they touched, whether flesh or clothes. Then there were the mimosas, with long, straight thorn spikes; they are so plentiful in certain places along the Guaso Nyero that almost all the lions have festering sores in their paws because of the spikes that have broken off in them. In these thorn-trees the weaver birds had built multitudes of their straw nests, each with its bottle-shaped mouth toward the north, away from the direction of the prevailing wind.

Each morning we were up at dawn, and saw the heavens redden and the sun flame over the rim of the world. All day long we rode and walked across the endless flats, save that at noon, when the sky was like molten brass, we might rest under the thin half-shade of some thorn-tree. As the shadows lengthened and the harsh, pitiless glare softened, we might turn campwards; or we might hunt until the sun went down, and the mountains in the far off west, and the sky above them, grew faint and dim with the hues of fairy-land. Then we would ride back through the soft, warm beauty of the tropic night, the stars blazing overhead and the silver moonlight flooding the reaches of dry grass; it was so bright that our shadows were almost as black and clear-cut as in the day. On reaching camp I would take a cup of tea with crackers or gingersnaps, and after a hot bath and a shave I was always eager for dinner.

Scattered over these flats were herds of zebra, oryx, and gazelle. The gazelle, the most plentiful and much the tamest of the game, were the northern form of the Grant's gazelle, with straighter horns which represented the opposite extreme when compared with the horns of the Roberts' type which we got on the Sotik. They seemed to me somewhat less in size than the big gazelle of the Kapiti Plains. One of the bucks I shot, an adult of average size (I was not able to weigh my biggest one), weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds; a very big true Grant's buck which I shot on the Kapiti plains weighed one hundred and seventy-one pounds; doubtless, there is complete intergradation, but the Guaso Nyero form seemed slimmer and lighter, and in some respects seemed to tend toward the Somaliland gazelles. I marked no difference in the habits, except that these northern gazelle switched their tails more jerkily, more like tommies, than was customary with the true Grant's gazelles. But the difference may have been in my observation. At any rate, the gazelles in this neighborhood, like those elsewhere, went in small parties, or herds of thirty or forty individuals, on the open plains or where there were a few scattered bushes, and behaved like those in the Sotik or on the Athi plains. A near kinsman of the gazelle, the gerunuk, a curious creature with a very long neck, which the Swahilis call "little giraffe," was scattered singly or in small parties through the brush, and was as wild and wary as the common gazelle was tame. It seemed to prefer browsing, while the common gazelle grazes.

The handsome oryx, with their long horns carried by both sexes, and their coloring of black, white, and dun gray, came next to the gazelle in point of numbers. They were generally found in herds of from half a dozen to fifty individuals, often mixed with zebra herds. There were also solitary bulls, probably turned out of the herds by more vigorous rivals, and often one of these would be found with a herd of zebras, more merciful to it than its own kinsfolk. All this game of the plains is highly gregarious in habit, and the species associate freely with one another. The oryx cows were now generally accompanied by very young calves, for, unlike what we found to be the case with the hartebeest on the Athi, the oryx on the Guaso Nyero seem to have a definite calving time—September.* I shot only bulls (there was no meat, either for the porters or ourselves, except what I got with the rifle), and they were so wary that almost all those I killed were shot at ranges between three hundred and five hundred yards; and at such ranges I need hardly say that I did a good deal of missing. One wounded bull which, the ground being favorable, I galloped down, turned to bay and threatened to charge the horse. We weighed one bull; it tipped the scales at four hundred pounds. The lion kills we found in this neighborhood were all oryx

* Of course this represents only one man's experience. I wish there were many such observations. On the Athi in May I found newborn wildebeeste and hartebeeste calves and others several months old. In June in the Sotik I saw newborn eland calves and topi calves several months old. In September on the Guaso Nyero all the oryx calves were newborn. The zebra foals were also very young.

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and zebra; and evidently the attack was made in such fashion that the oryx had no more chance to fight than the zebra.

The zebra were of both species, the smaller or Burchell's, and the Grévy's, which the porters called kangani. Each animal went in herds by itself, and almost as frequently we found them in mixed herds containing both species. But they never interbreed, and associate merely as each does with the oryx. The kangani is a fine beast, much bigger than its kinsman; it is as large as a polo pony. It is less noisy than the common zebra, the "bonte quagga" of the Boers, and its cry is totally different. Its gaits are a free, slashing trot and gallop. When it stands facing one the huge fringed ears make it instantly recognizable. The stripes are much narrower and more numerous than those on the small zebra, and in consequence cease to be distinguishable at a shorter distance; the animal then looks gray, like a wild ass. When the two zebras are together the coloring of the smaller kind is more conspicuous. In scanning a herd with the glasses we often failed to make out the species until we could catch the broad black and white stripes on the rump of the common "bonte quagga." There were many young foals with the kangani; I happened not to see any with the Burchell's. I found the kangani even more wary and more difficult to shoot than the oryx. The first one I killed was shot at a range of four hundred yards; the next I wounded at that distance, and had to ride it down, at the cost of a hard gallop over very bad country, and getting torn by the "wait a bit" thorns.

There were a number of rhinos on the plains, dull of wit and senses, as usual. Three times we saw cows with calves trotting at their heels. Once, while my men were skinning an oryx, I spied a rhino less than half a mile off. Mounting my horse I cantered down, and examined it within a hundred yards. It was an old bull with worn horns, and never saw me. On another occasion, while we were skinning a big zebra, there were three rhinoceros, all in different places, in sight at the same time.

There were also ostriches. I saw a party of cocks, with wings spread and necks curved backward, strutting and dancing. Their mincing, springy run is far faster than when the bird is near by, it seems. The neck is held back in running, and when at speed the stride is twenty-one feet. No game is more wary or more difficult to approach. I killed both a cock and a hen—which I found the naturalists desired even more than a cock. We got them by stumbling on the nest, which contained eleven huge eggs, and was merely a bare spot in the sand, surrounded by grass two feet high; the bird lay crouched, with the neck flat on the ground. When we accidentally came across the nest the cock was on it, and I failed to get him as he ran. The next day we returned, and dismounted before we reached the near neighborhood of the nest. Then I advanced, cautiously, my rifle at the ready. It seemed impossible that so huge a bird could lie hidden in such scanty cover, but not a sign did we see until, when we were sixty yards off, the hen, which this time was on the nest, rose, and I killed her at sixty yards. Even this did not make the cock desert the nest; and on a subsequent day I returned, and after missing him badly, I killed him at eighty-five yards; and glad I was to see the huge black-and-white bird tumble in the dust. He weighed two hundred and sixty-three pounds and was in fine plumage. The hen weighed two hundred and forty pounds. Her stomach and gizzard, in addition to small, white quartz pebbles, contained a mass of vegetable substance; the bright-green leaves and twig tips of a shrub, a kind of rush with jointed stem and tuberous root, bean pods from different kinds of thorn-trees, and the leaves and especially the seed vessels of a bush, the seed vessels being enclosed in cases or pods so thorny that they pricked our fingers, and made us wonder at the bird's palate. Cock and hen brood the eggs alternately. We found the heart and liver of the ostrich excellent eating; the eggs were very good also. As the cock died it uttered a kind of loud, long-drawn grunting boom that was almost a roar. Its beautiful white wing plumes were almost unworn. A full-grown wild ostrich is too wary to fall into the clutches of a lion or leopard, save by accident, and it will master any of the lesser carnivora; but the chicks are preyed on by jackals and wild cats, and of course by the larger beasts of prey also; and the eggs are eagerly sought by furred and feathered foes alike. Seemingly trustworthy settlers have assured me that vultures break

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the tough shells with stones. The cock and hen will try to draw their more formidable foes away from the nest of the chicks by lingering so near as to lure them into pursuit; and anything up to the size of a hyena they will attack and drive away, or even kill. The terrific downward stroke of an ostrich's leg is as dangerous as the kick of a horse; the thump will break a rib or backbone of any ordinary animal, and in addition to the force of the blow itself the big nails may make a ghastly rip. Both cock and hen lead about the young brood and care for it. The two ostriches I shot were swarming with active parasitic flies, a little like those that were on the lions I shot in the Sotik. Later the porters brought us in several ostrich chicks. They also brought two genet kittens, which I tried to raise, but failed. They were much like ordinary kittens, with larger ears, sharper noses, and longer tails, and loved to perch on my shoulder or sit on my lap while I stroked them. They made dear little pets, and I was very sorry when they died.

On the day that I shot the cock ostrich I also shot a giraffe. The country in which we were hunting marks the southern limit of the "reticulated" giraffe, a form or species entirely distinct from the giraffe we had already obtained in the country south of Kenia. The southern giraffe is blotched with dark on a light ground, whereas this northern or north-eastern form is of a uniform dark color on the back and sides, with a net-work or reticulation of white lines placed in a large pattern on this dark background. The naturalists were very anxious to obtain a specimen of this form from its southern limit of distribution, to see if there was any intergradation with the southern form, of which we had already shot specimens near its northern, or at least north-eastern, limit. The distinction proved sharp.

On the day in question we breakfasted at six in the morning, and were off immediately afterward; and we did not eat anything again until supper at quarter to ten in the evening. In a hot climate a hunter does not need lunch; and though in a cold climate a simple lunch is permissible, anything like an elaborate or luxurious lunch is utterly out of place if the man is more than a parlor or drawing-room sportsman. We saw no sign of giraffe until late in the afternoon. Hour after hour we plodded across the plain, now walking, now riding, in the burning heat. The withered grass was as dry as a bone, for the country had been many months without rain; yet the oryx, zebra, and gazelle evidently throve on the harsh pasturage. There were innumerable game trails leading hither and thither, and, after the fashion of game trails, usually fading out after a few hundred yards. But there were certain trails which did not fade out. These were the ones which led to water. One such we followed. It led across stretches of grassland, through thin bush, thorny and almost leafless, over tracts of rotten soil, cracked and crumbling, and over other tracts where the unshod horses picked their way gingerly among the masses of sharp-edged volcanic stones. Other trails joined in, and it grew more deeply marked. At last it led to a bend in a little river, where flat shelves of limestone bordered a kind of pool in the current where there were beds of green rushes and a fringe of trees and thorn thickets. This was evidently a favorite drinking place. Many trails converged toward it, and for a long distance round the ground was worn completely bare by the hoofs of the countless herds of thirsty game that had travelled thither from time immemorial. Sleek, handsome, long-horned oryx, with switching tails, were loitering in the vicinity, and at the water hole itself we surprised a band of gazelles not fifty yards off; they fled panic-struck in every direction. Men and horses drank their fill; and we returned to the sunny plains and the endless reaches of withered, rustling grass.

At last, an hour or two before sunset, when the heat had begun a little to abate, we spied half a dozen giraffes scattered a mile and a half ahead of us, feeding on the tops of the few widely separated thorn-trees. Cuninghame and I started toward them on foot, but they saw us when we were a mile away, and after gazing a short while, turned and went off at their usual rocking-horse canter, twisting and screwing their tails. We mounted and rode after them. I was on my zebra-shaped brown horse, which was hardy and with a fair turn of speed, and which by this time I had trained to be a good hunting horse. On the right were two giraffe which eventually turned out to be a big cow followed by a nearly full-

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grown young one; but Cuninghame, scanning them through his glasses, and misled by the dark coloration, pronounced them a bull and cow; and after the big one I went. By good luck we were on one of the rare pieces of the country which was fitted for galloping. I rode at an angle to the giraffe's line of flight, thus gaining considerably; and when it finally turned and went straight away I followed it at a fast run, and before it was fully awake to the danger I was but a hundred yards behind. We were now getting into bad country, and jumping off I opened fire and crippled the great beast. Mounting, I overtook it again in a quarter of a mile and killed it.

In half an hour the skinners and porters came up—one of the troubles of hunting as a naturalist is that it necessitates the presence of a long tail of men to take off and carry in the big skins, in order that they may ultimately appear in museums. In an hour and a half the giraffe's skin, with the head and the leg bones, was slung on two poles; eight porters bore it, while the others took for their own use all the meat they could carry. They were in high good-humor, for an abundant supply of fresh meat always means a season of rejoicing, and they started campwards singing loudly under their heavy burdens. While the giraffe was being skinned we had seen a rhinoceros feeding near our line of march campwards, and had watched it until the light grew dim. By the time the skin was ready night had fallen, and we started under the brilliant moon. It lit up the entire landscape; but moonlight is not sunlight, and there was the chance of our stumbling on the rhino unawares, and of its charging; so I rode at the head of the column with full-jacketed bullets in my rifle. However, we never saw the rhino, nor had we any other adventure; and the ride through the moonlight which softened all the harshness, and gave a touch of magic and mystery to the landscape, was so pleasant that I was sorry when we caught the gleam of the camp-fires.

Next day we sent our porters to bring in the rest of the giraffe meat and the ostrich eggs. The giraffe's heart was good eating. There were many ticks on the giraffe, as on all the game hereabouts, and they annoyed us a little also, although very far from being the plague they were on the Athi plain. Among the flies which at times tormented the horses and hung around the game, were big gadflies with long wings folded longitudinally down the back, not in the ordinary fly fashion; they were akin to the tsetse flies, one species of which is fatal to domestic animals, and another, the sleeping-sickness fly, to man himself. They produce death by means of the fatal microbes introduced into the blood by their bite; whereas another African fly, the seroot, found more to the north, in the Nile countries, is a scourge to man and beast merely because of its vicious bite, and where it swarms may drive the tribes that own herds entirely out of certain districts.

One afternoon, while leading my horse because the ground was a litter of sharp-edged stones, I came out on a plain which was crawling with zebra. In every direction there were herds of scores or of hundreds. They were all of the common or small kind, except three individuals of the big kangani, and were tame, letting me walk by within easy shot. Other game was mixed in with them. Soon, walking over a little ridge of rocks, we saw a rhino sixty yards off. To walk forward would give it our wind; I did not wish to kill it; and I was beginning to feel, about rhino, the way Alice did in Looking Glass country, when the elephants "did bother so." Having spied us the beast at once cocked its ears and tail, and assumed its usual absurd resemblance to a huge and exceedingly alert and interested pig. But with a rhino tragedy sometimes treads on the heels of comedy, and I watched it sharply, my rifle cocked, while I had all the men shout in unison to scare it away. The noise puzzled it much; with tail erect and head tossing and twisting, it made little rushes hither and thither, but finally drew off. Next day, in shifting camp, Cuninghame and I were twice obliged to dismount and keep guard over the safari while it marched by within a hundred yards of a highly puzzled rhino, which trotted to and fro in the bush, evidently uncertain whether or not to let its bewilderment turn into indignation.

The camp to which we thus shifted was on the banks of the Guaso Nyero, on the edge of an open glade in a shady grove of giant mimosas. It was a beautiful camp, and in the soft tropic nights I would sit outside my tent and watch the full moon rising

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through and above the tree-tops. There was absolutely no dew at night, by the way. The Guaso Nyero runs across and along the equator, through a desert country, eastward into the dismal Lorian swamp, where it disappears, save in very wet seasons, when it continues to the Tana. At our camp it was a broad, rapid, muddy stream infested with crocodiles. Along its banks grew groves of ivory-nut palms, their fronds fan-shaped, their tall trunks forked twenty or thirty feet from the ground, each stem again forking—something like the antlers of a black-tail buck. In the frond of a small palm of this kind we found a pale-colored, very long-tailed tree mouse in its nest, which was a ball of chopped straw. Spurfowl and francolin abounded, their grating cries being heard everywhere; I shot a few as well as one or two sandgrouse; and with the rifle I knocked off the heads of two guinea fowls. The last feat sounds better in the narration than it was in the performance; for I wasted nearly a beltful of cartridges in achieving it, as the guineas were shy and ran rapidly through the tall grass. I also expended a large number of cartridges before securing a couple of gerunuk; the queer, long-legged, long-necked antelope were wary, and as soon as they caught a glimpse of me off they would go at a stealthy trot or canter through the bushes, with neck outstretched. They had a curious habit of rising on their hind legs to browse among the bushes; I do not remember seeing any other antelope act in this manner. There were water-buck along the river banks, and I shot a couple of good bulls; they belonged to the southern and eastern species, which has a light-colored ring around the rump; whereas the western form, which I saw at Naivasha, has the whole rump light-colored. They like the neighborhood of lakes and rivers. I have seen parties of them resting in the open plains during the day, under trees which yielded little more shade than telegraph poles. The handsome, shaggy-coated water-buck has not the high withers which mark the oryx, wildebeeste, and hartebeeste, and he carries his head and neck more like a stag or a wapiti bull.

One day we went back from the river after giraffe. It must have been a year since any rain had fallen. The surface of the baked soil was bare and cracked, the sparse tussocks of grass were brittle straw, and the trees and bushes were leafless; but instead of leaves they almost all carried thorns, the worst being those of the wait-a-bit, which tore our clothes, hands, and faces. We found the giraffe three or four miles away from the river, in an absolutely waterless region, densely covered with these leafless wait-a-bit thorn bushes. Hanging among the bare bushes, by the way, we roused two or three of the queer, diurnal, golden-winged, slate-colored bats; they flew freely in the glare of the sunlight, minding it as little as they did the furnace-like heat. We found the really dense wait-a-bit thorn thickets quite impenetrable, whereas the giraffe moved through them with utter unconcern. But the giraffe's indifference to thorns is commonplace compared to its indifference to water. These particular giraffe were not drinking either at the river or at the one or two streams which were running into it; and in certain places giraffe will subsist for months without drinking at all. How the waste and evaporation of moisture from their huge bodies is supplied is one of the riddles of biology.

We could not get a bull giraffe, and it was only a bull that I wanted. I was much interested, however, in coming up to a cow asleep. She stood with her neck drooping slightly forward, occasionally stamping or twitching an ear, like a horse when asleep standing. I saw her legs first, through the bushes, and finally walked directly up to her in the open, until I stood facing her at thirty yards. When she at last suddenly saw me, she came nearer to the execution of a gambol than any other giraffe I have ever seen.

Another day we went after the buffalo We left camp before sunrise, riding along parallel to the river to find the spoor of a herd which had drunk and was returning to the haunts, away from the river, in which they here habitually spent the day. Two or three hours passed before we found what we sought; and we at once began to follow the trail. It was in open thorn bush, and the animals were evidently feeding. Before we had followed the spoor half an hour we ran across a rhinoceros. As the spoor led above wind, and as we did not wish to leave it for fear of losing it, Cuninghame stayed where he was, and I moved round to within fifty yards of the rhino, and, with my rifle ready, began shouting, trying to keep the

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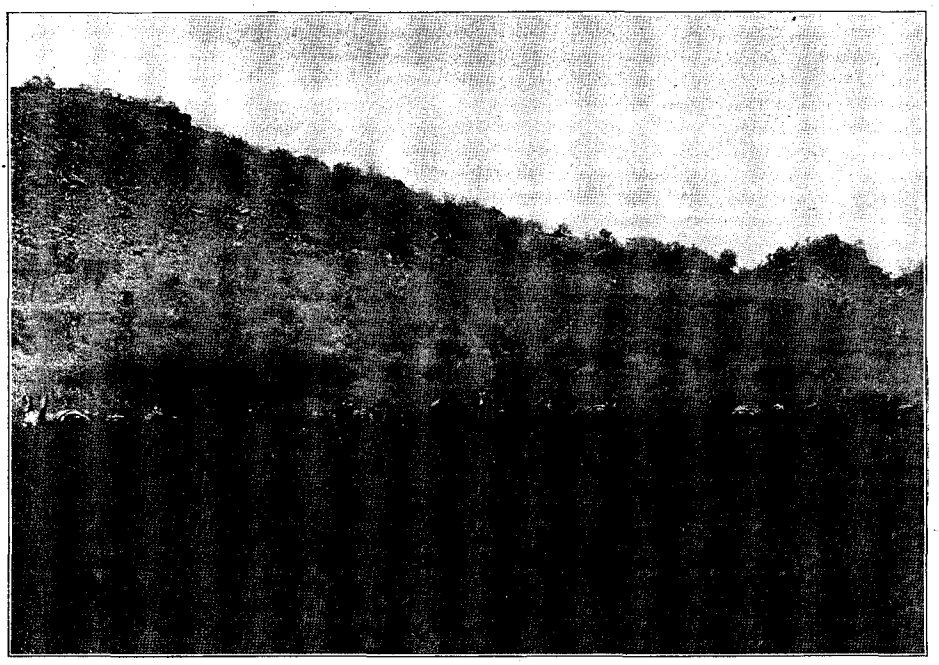

A mixed herd of Grévy's and Burchell's zebras.—Page 28.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

just mean as regards noise, so as to scare him, and yet not yell so loudly as to reach the buffalo if they happened to be near by. At last I succeeded, and he trotted sullenly off, tacking and veering, and not going far. On we went, and in another half-hour came on our quarry. I was the first to catch a glimpse of the line of bulky black forms, picked out with white where the sun glinted on the horn bosses. It was ten o'clock, a hot, windless morning on the equator, with the sun shining from a cloudless sky; yet these buffalo were feeding in the open, miles from water or dense cover. They were greedily cropping the few tufts of coarse herbage that grew among the sparse thorn bushes, which here were not more than two feet high. In many places buffalo are purely nocturnal feeders, and do not come into the hot, bare plains in the scorching glare of daylight; and our experience with this herd illustrates afresh the need of caution in generalizing about the habits of game.

We crept toward them on all-fours, having left the porters hidden from sight. At last we were within rather long range—a buffalo's eyesight is good, and cannot be trifled with as if he were a rhino or elephant—and cautiously scrutinized the herd through our glasses. There were only cows and perhaps one or two young bulls with horns no bigger than those of cows. I would have liked another good bull's head for myself; but I also wished another cow for the museum. Before I could shoot, however, a loud yelling was heard from among the porters in our rear; and away went the buffalo. Full of wrath, we walked back to inquire. We found that one porter had lost his knife, and had started back to look for it, accompanied by two of his fellows, which was absolutely against orders. They had come across a rhino, probably the one I had frightened from our path, and had endeavored to avoid him; but he had charged them, whereupon they scattered. He overtook one and tossed him, goring him in the thigh; whereupon they came back, the two unwounded ones supporting the other, and all howling like lost souls. I had some crystals of permanganate, an antiseptic, and some cotton in my saddle pocket; Cuninghame tore some of the lining out of his sleeve for a bandage; and we fixed the man up and left him with one companion, while we sent another in to camp to fetch out a dozen men with a

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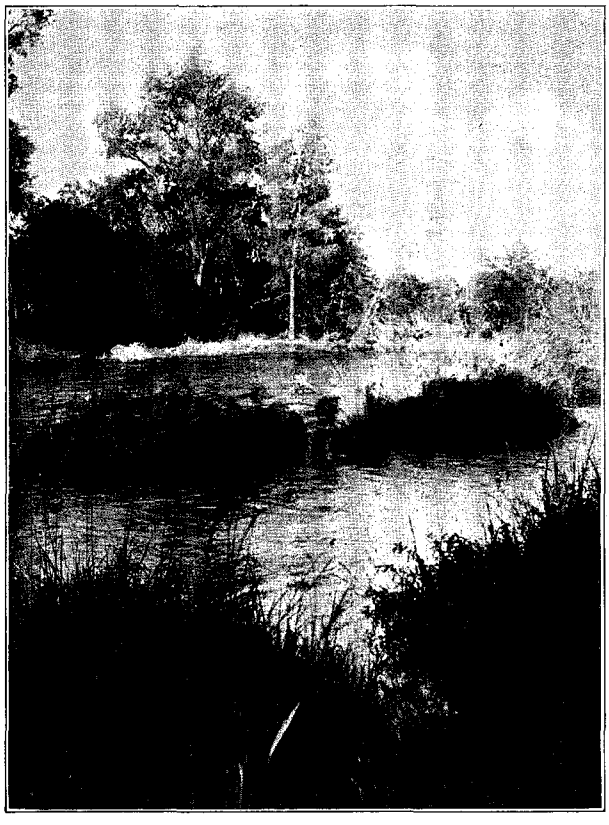

The Guaso Nyero.
From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

ground-sheet and some poles, to make a litter in which the wounded man could be carried. While we were engaged in this field surgery another rhino was in sight half a mile off.

Then on we went on the trail of the herd. It led straight across the open, under the blazing sun; and the heat was now terrific. At last, almost exactly at noon, Cuninghame, who was leading, stopped short. He had seen the buffalo, which had halted, made a half-bend backwards on their tracks, and stood for their noonday rest among some scattered, stunted thorn-trees, leafless and yielding practically no shade whatever. A cautious stalk brought me to within a hundred and fifty yards. I merely wounded the one I first shot at, but killed another as the herd started to run. Leaving the skinners to take care of the dead animal, a fine cow, Cuninghame and I started after the herd, to see if the wounded one had fallen out. After a mile the trail led into some scant cover. Here the first thing we did was to run into another rhinoceros. It was about seventy yards away, behind a thorn-tree, and began to move jerkily and abruptly to and fro, gazing toward us. "Oh, you malevolent old idiot," I muttered, facing it with rifle cocked; then, as it did not charge, I added to Cuninghame, "Well, I guess it will let us by, all right." And let us by it did. We were anxious not to shoot it, both because in a country with no settlers a rhino rarely does harm, and I object to anything like needless butchery, and furthermore because we desired to avoid alarming the buffalo. Half a mile farther on we came on the latter, apparently past their fright. We looked them carefully over with our glasses; the wounded one was evidently not much hurt, and therefore I did not wish to kill her, for I did not need another cow; and there was no adult bull. So we did not molest them; and after a while they got our wind and went off at a lumbering gallop. Returning to the dead cow, we found the skin ready and marched back to camp, reaching it just as the moon rose, at seven; we had been away thirteen hours, with nothing to eat and only the tepid water in our canteens to drink.

We were in the country of the Samburu, and several of their old men and warriors visited us at this camp. They are cattle-owning nomads like the Masai; but in addition to cattle, sheep, and goats they own herds of camels, which they milk but do not use as beasts of burden. In features they are more like Somalis than negroes.

Near this camp was the remains of the boma or home camp of Arthur Neuman, once the most famous elephant hunter between the Tana and Lake Rudolf. Neuman, whose native name was Nyama Yango, was a strange, moody man who

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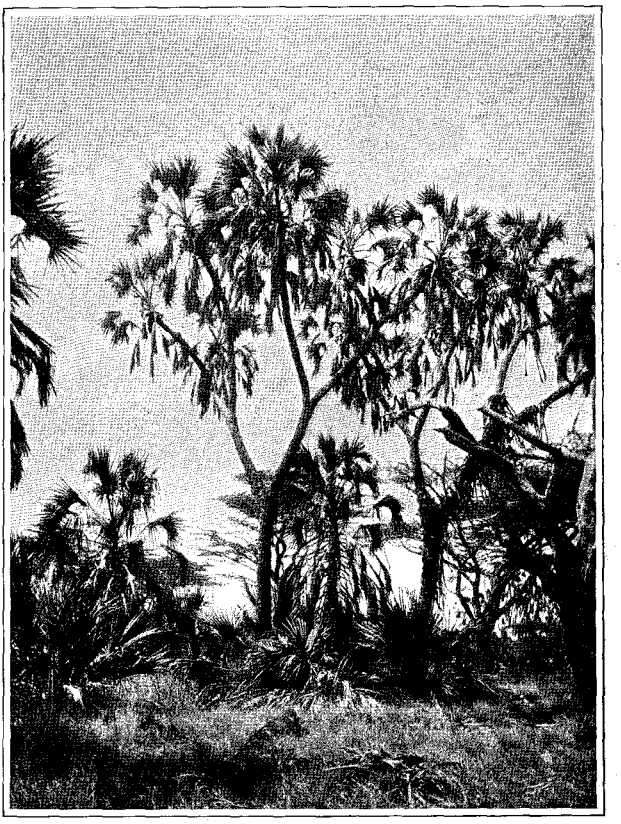
died by his own hand. He was a mighty hunter, of bold and adventure-loving temper. With whites he was unsocial, living in this far-off region exactly like a native, and all alone among the natives; living in some respects too much like a native. But, from the native stand-point, and without making any effort to turn the natives into anything except what they were, he did them good, and left a deep impression on their minds. They talked to us often about him, in many different places; they would not believe that he was dead; and when assured it was so they showed real grief. At Meru Boma, when we saw the Meru tribesmen dance, one of the songs they sung was: "Since Nyama Yango came, our sheep graze untouched by the Samburu," and, rather curiously, the Samburu sing a similar song reciting how he saved them from the fear of having their herds raided by the nomads farther north.



Ivory-nut palms on the Guaso Nyero.
From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

After leaving this camp we journeyed up the Guaso Nyero for several days. The current was rapid and muddy, and there were beds of reeds and of the tall, graceful papyrus. The country roundabout was a mass of stony, broken hills, and the river wound down among these, occasionally cutting its way through deep gorges, and its course being continually broken by rapids. Whenever on our hunts we had to cross it, we shouted and splashed and even fired shots, to scare the crocodiles. I shot one on a sandbar in the river. The man the rhino had wounded was carried along on a litter with the safari.

Sometimes I left camp with my sais and gunbearer before dawn, starting in the light of the waning moon, and riding four or five hours before halting to wait for the safari; on the way I had usually shot something for the table—a water-buck, impalla, or gazelle. On another occasion Cuninghame and I spent the day hunting in the waterless country, back of the river, where the heat at mid-day was terrific. We might not reach camp until after nightfall. Once, as we came to it in the dark, it seemed as if ghostly arms stretched above it; for the tents were under trees up which huge rubber vines had climbed, and their massive dead-white trunks and branches glimmered pale and ghostly in the darkness.

Twice my gunbearers tried to show me a cheetah; but my eyes were too slow to catch the animal before it bounded off in safety among the bushes. Another time, after an excellent bit of tracking, the gunbearers brought me up to a buffalo bull, standing for his noonday rest in the leafless thorns a mile from the river. I thought I held the heavy Holland straight for his shoulder, but I must have fired high; for though he fell to the shot he recovered at once. We followed the blood spoor for an

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Camp in thorn grove by Guaso Nyero.—Page 23.
From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.

hour, the last part of the time when the trail wandered among and through the heavy thickets under the trees on the river banks; here I walked beside the tracker with my rifle at full cock, for we could not tell what instant we might be charged. But his trail finally crossed the river, and as he was going stronger and stronger we had to abandon the chase. In the waterless country, away from the river, we found little except herds of zebra, of both kinds, occasional oryx and eland, and a few giraffe. A stallion of the big kangani zebra which I shot stood fourteen hands high at the withers and weighed about eight hundred and thirty pounds, according to the Seton beam. I shot another kangani just at nightfall, a mile or so from camp, as it drank in a wild, tree-clad gorge of the river. I was alone, strolling quietly through the dusk, along the margin of the high banks by the stream, and saw a mixed herd of zebras coming down to a well-worn drinking-place, evidently much used by game, on the opposite side of the river. They were alert and nervous, evidently on the lookout for both lions and crocodiles. I singled out the largest, the leader of the troop, and shot it across the stream; I have rarely taken a shot among more picturesque surroundings.

A Masai donkey, loaded with their worldly goods.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

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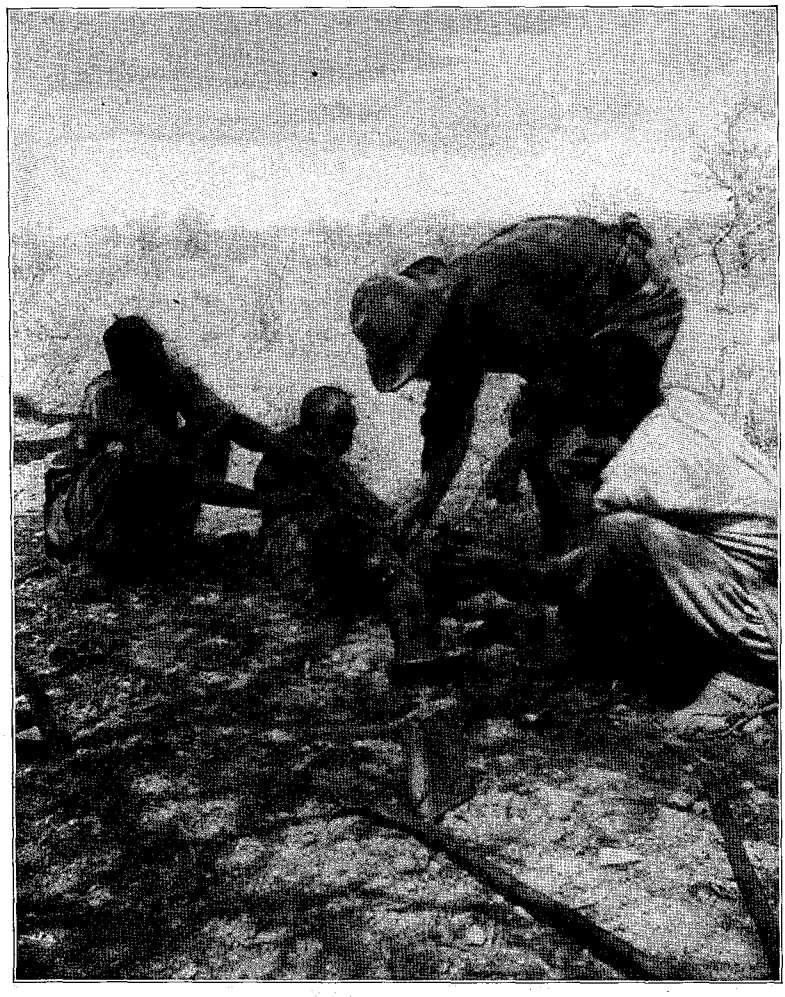

Dressing the porter who was tossed by the rhino.—Page 25.
From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

At our final camp on the river, before leaving it on our week's steady trek southward to Neri, we found a spot in which game abounded. It was about ten miles back from the river, a stretch of plains sparsely covered with thorn-trees, broken by koppies, and bounded by chains of low, jagged mountains, with an occasional bold, isolated peak. The crags and cliff walls were fantastically carved and channelled by the weathering of ages in that dry climate. It was a harsh, unlovely spot in the glare of the hot daylight; but at sunset it was very lovely, with a wild and stern beauty.

Here the game abounded, and was not wary. Before starting out on our week's steady marching I wished to give the safari a good feed; and one day I shot them five zebra and an oryx bull, together with a couple of gazelle for ourselves and our immediate attendants—enough of the game being hallalled to provide for the Mohammedans in the safari. I also shot an old bull giraffe of the northern form, after an uneventful stalk which culminated in a shot with the Winchester at a hundred and seventy yards. In most places this particular stretch of country was not suitable for galloping, the ground being rotten, filled with holes, and covered with tall, coarse grass. One evening we saw two lions half a mile away; I tried to ride them, but my horse fell twice in the first hundred and fifty

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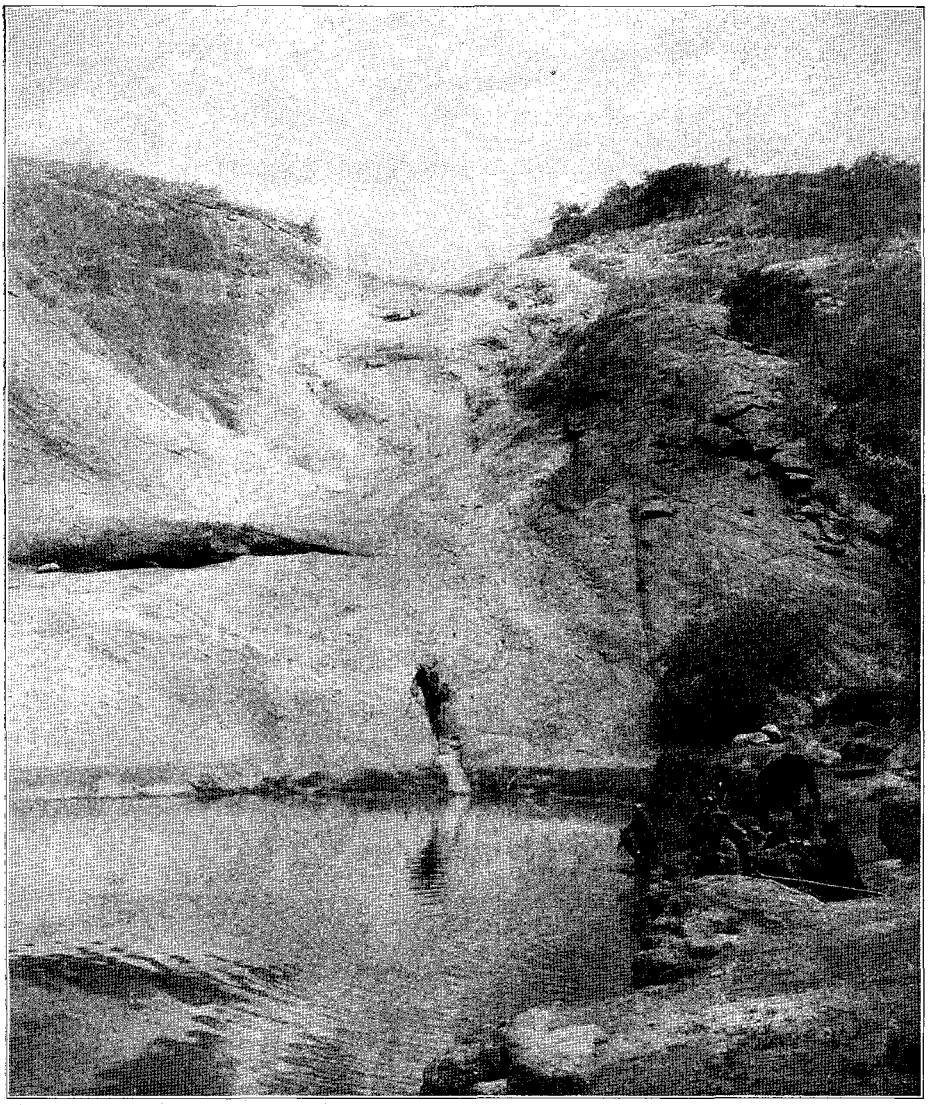

Pool in gorge.—Page 53.
From a photograph from R. J. Cuninghame.

yards and I could not even keep them in sight. Another day we got a glimpse of two lions, quarter of a mile off, gliding away among the thorns. They went straight to the river and swam across it. More surprising was the fact that a monkey, which lost its head when we surprised it in a tree by the river, actually sprang plump into the stream, and swam, easily and strongly, across it.

One day we had a most interesting experience with a cow giraffe. We saw her a long way off and stalked to within a couple of hundred yards before we could make out her sex. She was standing under some thorn-trees, occasionally shifting her position for a few yards, and then again standing motionless with her head thrust in among the branches. She was indulging in a series of noon naps. At last, when she stood and went to sleep again, I walked up to her, Cuninghame and our two gunbearers, Bakhari and Kongoni, following a hundred yards behind. When I was within

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forty yards, in plain sight, away from cover, she opened her eyes and looked drowsily at me; but I stood motionless and she dozed off again. This time I walked up to within ten feet of her. Nearer I did not care to venture, as giraffe strike and kick very hard with their hooves, and, moreover, occasionally strike with the head, the blow seemingly not being delivered with the knobby, skin-covered horns, but with the front teeth of the lower jaw. She waked, looked at me, and then, rearing slightly, struck at me with her left fore leg, the blow, of course, falling short. I laughed and leaped back, and the other men ran up shouting. But the giraffe would not run away. She stood within twenty feet of us, looking at us peevishly, and occasionally moving her lips at us, as if she were making a face. We kept close to the tree, so as to dodge round it, under the branches, if she came at us; for we would have been most reluctant to shoot her. I threw a stick at her, hitting her in the side, but she paid no attention; and when Bakhari came behind her with a stick she turned sharply on him and he made a prompt retreat. We were laughing and talking all the time. Then we pelted her with sticks and clods of earth, and, after having thus stood within twenty feet of us for three or four minutes, she cantered slowly off for fifty yards, and then walked away with leisurely unconcern. She was apparently in the best of health and in perfect condition. She did not get our wind, but her utter indifference to the close presence of four men is inexplicable.*

On each of the two days we hunted this little district we left camp at sunrise, and did not return until eight or nine in the evening, fairly well tired, and not a little torn by the thorns into which we blundered dur-

Giant heather on Aberdares.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

* After writing the above account I read it over to Mr. Cuninghame so as to be sure that it was accurate in all its details. All the game was tame in this locality, even the giraffe; but no other giraffe allowed us to get within two hundred yards, and most of them ran long before that distance was reached, even when we were stalking carefully.

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A blue bull eland.
From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

ing the final two hours' walk in the darkness. It was hot, and we neither had nor wished for food, and the tepid water in the canteens lasted us through. The day I shot the giraffe the porters carrying the skin fell behind, and never got in until next morning. Coming back in the late twilight a party of the big zebra, their forms shadowy and dim, trotted up to us, evidently attracted by the horses, and accompanied us for some rods; and a hedgehog, directly in our path, kept bleating loudly, like an antelope kid.

The day we spent in taking care of the giraffe skin we, of course, made no hunt. However, in the afternoon I sauntered upstream a couple of miles to look for crocodiles. I saw none, but I was much interested in some zebra and water-buck. The zebra were on the opposite side of the river, standing among some thorns, and at three, mid-afternoon, they came down to drink; up to this time I had generally found zebra drinking in the evening or at night. Then I saw some water-buck, also on the opposite bank, working their way toward the river, and seeing a well-marked drinking-place ahead I hastened toward it, and sat down in the middle of the broad game trail leading down to the water on my side. I sat perfectly still, and my clothes were just the color of the ground, and the water-buck never noticed me, though I was in plain view when they drank, just opposite me, and only about fifty yards off. There were four cows and a bull. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. The cows came first, one by one, and were very alert and suspicious, each continually stopped and stood motionless, or looked in every direction, and gave little false starts of alarm. When they reached the green grass by the water's edge each cropped a few mouthfuls, between times nervously raising its head and looking in every direction, nostrils and ears twitching. They were not looking for crocodiles, but for land foes, lions or leopards. Each in turn drank, skipping up to the top of the bank after a few mouthfuls, and then returning to the water. The bull followed with rather less caution, and before he had finished drinking the cows scurried hur-

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riedly back to the thorn-trees and the open country. We had plenty of meat in camp, and I had completed my series of this species of water-buck for the museum; and I was glad there was no need to molest them.

The porters were enjoying the rest and the abundance of meat. They were lying about camp or were scattered up and down stream fishing. When, walking back, I came to the outskirts of camp, I was attracted by the buzzing and twanging of the harp; there was the harper and two friends, all three singing to his accompaniment. I called "Yambo" (greeting), and they grinned and stood up, shouting "Yambo" in return. In camp a dozen men were still at work at the giraffe skin, and they were all singing loudly, under the lead of my gun-bearer, Gouvimarli, who always acted as shanty man, or improvisatore, on such occasions.

For a week we now trekked steadily south, across the equator, heel and toe marching, to Neri. Our first day's journey took us to a gorge riven in the dry mountain. Half-way up it, in a side pocket, was a deep pool, at the foot of a sloping sheet of rock, down which a broad, shallow dent showed where the torrents swept during the rains. In the trees around the pool black drongo shrikes called in bell-like tones, and pied hornbills flirted their long tails as they bleated and croaked. The water was foul, but in a dry country one grows gratefully to accept as water anything that is next. Klipspringers and baboons were in the sheer hills around; and among the rocks were hyraxes, looking like our Rocky Mountain conies or Little Chief hares, queer diurnal rats, and bright, blue-green lizards with orange heads. Rhinos drank at this pool; we frequently saw them on our journey, but always managed to avoid wounding their susceptibilities, and so escaped an encounter. Each day we endeavored to camp a couple of hours before sundown so as to give the men plenty of chance to get firewood, pitch the tents, and put everything in order. Sometimes we would make an early start; in which case we would breakfast in the open while in the east the crescent of the dying moon hung over the glow that heralded the sunrise.

As we reached the high, rolling downs the weather grew cooler, and many flowers appeared; those of the aloes were bright red, standing on high stalks above the clump of fleshy, spined leaves, which were handsomely mottled, like a snake's back. As I rode at the head of the safari I usually, in the course of the day, shot a buck of some kind for the table; I had not time to stalk, but simply took the shots as they came, generally at long range. One day I shot an eland, an old blue bull. We needed the skin for the museum, and as there was water near by we camped where we were; I I had already shot a water-buck, and this and the eland together gave the entire safari a feast of meat.

On another occasion an eland herd afforded me fun, although no profit. I was mounted on Brownie, the zebra-shaped pony. Brownie would still occasionally run off when I dismounted to shoot (a habit that had cost me an eland bull); but he loved to gallop after game. We came on a herd of eland in an open plain; they were directly in our path. We were in the country where the ordinary, or Livingstone's eland, grades into the Patterson's; and I knew that the naturalists wished an additional bull's head for the museum. So I galloped toward the herd; and for the next fifteen or twenty minutes I felt as if I had renewed my youth and was in the cow camps of the West, a quarter of a century ago. Eland are no faster than range cattle. Twice I rounded up the herd—just as once in the Yellowstone Park I rounded up a herd of wapiti for John Burroughs to look at—and three times I cut out of the herd a big animal, which, however, in each case, proved to be a cow. There were no big bulls, only cows and young stock; but I enjoyed the gallop.

From Neri we marched through mist and rain across the cold Aberdare table-lands; and in the forenoon of October 20 we saw from the top of the second Aberdare escarpment the blue waters of beautiful Lake Naivasha. On the next day we reached Nairobi.

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THE TURNING POINT

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

NOT far from the village of Bonny Eagle, on the west bank of the Saco, stood two little low-roofed farmhouses; the only two that had survived among all those that had once dotted the green brink of the river.

Long years before, in 1795 or thereabouts, there had been a cluster of log houses on this very spot, known then as the Dalton Right Settlement, and these in turn had been succeeded at a later date by the more comfortable frame-roof farmhouses of the period. In the old days, before the sound of the axe for the first time disturbed the stillness of the forest, the otter swam in the shadowy coves near the shore and the beaver built his huts near by. The red deer came down to dip his antlers and cool his flanks in the still shallows. The speckled grouse sat on her nest in the low pine boughs, while her mate perched on the mossy logs by the riverside unmolested.

The Sokokis built their bark wigwams here and there on the bank, paddling their birch canoes over the river's smooth surface, or threading the foamy torrents farther down its course.

Here was the wonderful spring that fed, and still feeds, Aunt Judy's Brook, the most turbulent little stream in the county. Many a moccasin track has been made in the soft earth round the never-failing fountain, and many the wooden bucket lowered into its crystal depths by the Dalton Righters when in their turn they possessed the land.

The day of the Indian was over now, and the day of the farmer who succeeded him was over, too. The crash of the loom and the whirr of the spinning-wheel were heard

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no longer, but Amanda Dalton, spinster—descendant of the original Tristram Dalton, to whom the claim belonged—sat on alone in her house, and not far away sat Caleb Kimball, sole living heir of the original Caleb, himself a Dalton Righter, and contemporary of Tristram Dalton.

Neither of these personages took any interest in pedigree or genealogy. They knew that their ancestors had lived and died on the same acres now possessed by them, but the acres had dwindled sadly, and the ancestors had seemingly left little for which to be grateful. Indeed, in Caleb's case they had been a distinct disadvantage, since the local sense of humor, proverbially strong in York County, had always preserved a set of Kimball stories among its most cherished possessions. Some of them might have been forgotten in the century and a half that had elapsed, if the Caleb of our story had not been the inheritor of certain family traits famous in their day and generation.

Caleb the first, had been the "cuss" of his fellow farmers, because in coming from Scarboro to join the Dalton Righters he had brought whiteweed with the bundle of hay for his cattle when he was clearing the land. The soil of this particular region must have been especially greedy for, and adapted to, this obnoxious grass-killer, for it flourished as in no other part of the county; flourishes yet, indeed—though, if one could forget that its presence means no feed for cattle where might be a crop of juicy hay, the blossoming fields of the old Dalton Settlement look, in early June, the loveliest, most ethereal, in New England. There a million million feathery daisies sway and dance in the breeze, lifting their snowy wheels to the blue June sky. There they grow and thrive, the slender green stalks tossing their pearly disks among sister groves of buttercups till the eye is fairly dazzled with the symphony of white and gold. The back-aching farmers of the original Dalton Settlement had indeed tried to root out the lovely pests, but little did our Caleb care! If he had ever trod his ancestral acres either for pleasure or profit he might in time have "stomped out" the whiteweed, so the neighbors said, for he had the family foot, the size of an anvil; but he much preferred a sedentary life, and the whiteweed went on seeding itself from year to year.

Caleb was tall, loose-jointed, and black as a thunder cloud, the swarthy skin, like the big foot, having been bequeathed to him

Hour after hour he sat on the side steps.—Page 36.

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by the original Caleb, whose long-legged, shaggy-haired sons had been known as "Caleb's colts." Tall and black, all of them, the "colts," so black that the village wits said the Kimball children must have eaten smut and soot and drunk cinder tea during the years their parents were clearing the land. Tall and black also were all the Kimball daughters, so tall that it was their boast to be able to look out over the tops of the window curtains; and proud enough of their height to cry with rage when any rival Amazon came into the neighborhood.

Whatever else they were or were not, however, the Kimballs had always been industrious and frugal. It had remained for the last scion of the old stock to furnish a by-word for slackness. In a village where stories of outlandish, ungodly, or supernatural laziness were sacredly preserved from year to year, Caleb Kimball's indolence easily took the palm. His hay commonly went to seed in the field. His cow yielded her morning's milk about noon, and her evening "mess" was taken from her (when she was lucky) by the light of a lantern. He was a bachelor of forty-five, dwelt alone, had no visitors, and made his living, such as it was, off the farm, with the help of a rack-o'-bones horse. He had fifty acres of timber land, and when his easy-going methods of farming found him without money he simply sold a few trees.

The house and barn were gradually falling into ruins; the farm implements stood in the yard all winter, and the sleigh all summer. The gate flapped on its hinges, the fences were broken down, and the stone walls were full of gaps. His pipe, and a snarling rough-haired dog, were his only companions. Hour after hour he sat on the side steps looking across the sloping meadows that separated his place from Amanda Dalton's; hour after hour he puffed his pipe and gazed on the distant hills and the sparkling river; gazed and gazed—whether he saw anything or thought anything, remembered anything, or even dreamed anything, nobody could guess, not even Amanda Dalton, who was good at guessing, having very few other mental recreations to keep her mother wit alive.

Caleb Kimball, as seen on his doorstep from Amanda Dalton's sink window, was but a speck to be sure, but he was her nearest neighbor; if a person whose threshold you never cross, and who never crosses yours, can be called a neighbor. There were seldom or never meetings or greetings between the two, yet each unconsciously was very much alive to the existence of the other, for in days or evenings of solitude one can make neighbors of very curious things.

The smoke of Amanda's morning fire cried "shame" to Caleb's when it issued languidly from his kitchen chimney an hour later. Amanda's smoke was like herself, and betokened the brisk fire she would be likely to build; Caleb's showed wet wood, poor draught, a fallen brick in the chimney.

Later on in the morning Caleb's dog would sometimes saunter down the road and have a brief conversation with Amanda's cat. They were neither friends nor enemies, but merely enlivened a deadly dull existence with a few casual remarks on current topics.

Once Caleb had possessed a flock of hens, but in the course of a few years they had dwindled to one lonely rooster, who stalked gloomily through the wilderness of misplaced objects in the Kimball yard, and wondered why he had been born.

Amanda pitied him, and flung him a surreptitious handful of corn from her apron pocket when she met him walking dejectedly in the road half way between the two houses. So encouraged he extended his rambles, and one afternoon Amanda, looking out of her window, saw him stop at her gate and hold a *tête-à-tête* with one of her Plymouth Rock hens. The interview was brief but effective. In a twinkling he had told her of his miserable life and his abject need of sympathy. "There are times," he said, "when I give you my word, I would rather be stewed for dinner than lead my present existence! It is weak for me to trouble you with my difficulties, but you have always understood me from the first."

"Say no more," she replied. "I am a woman and pity is akin to love. The fowls of Amanda Dalton's flock do not need me as you do. Eleven eggs a day are laid here regularly, and I will go where my egg will be a daily source of pleasure and profit."

"The coop is draughty and the corn scarce," confessed the rooster, doing his best to be noble.

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Amanda had nobody to consider but the cat.

"I am of the sex created especially to supply companionship," returned the hen, "therefore I will accompany you regardless of personal inconvenience."

Amanda saw the departure of the eloping couple and pursued them not.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed, "if any male thing hereabouts has sprawl enough to go courtin' I'm willin' to encourage 'em. She'll miss her clean house and good food, I guess, but I ain't sure. She's women folks after all, and I shouldn't wonder a mite but she'd take real comfort in makin' things pleasanter up there for that pindlin' God-forsaken old rooster! She'll have her hands full, but there, I know what 'tis to get along with empty ones!"

There were not many such romances or comedies as these to enliven Amanda's mornings. Then afternoon would slip into twilight, darkness would creep over the landscape, and Amanda's light—clear, steady, bright, serene—would gleam from its place on the sink shelf through the kitchen window, over the meadow, "up to Kimball's." It was such a light as would stream from a well-trimmed lamp with a crystal clean chimney, but it met with small response from its neighbor's light during many months of the year. In late autumn and winter there would be a fugitive candle gleam up-stairs in the Kimball house, and on stormy evenings a dull, smoky light in the living-room.

From the illumination in the Dalton sink window Caleb thought Amanda sat in the kitchen evenings, but she didn't. She said she kept the second light there because she could afford it, and because the cat liked it. The cat enjoyed the black haircloth sofa in the sitting-room, afternoons, but he greatly preferred the kitchen for evening use; it made a change and the high-backed cushioned rocker was then vacant. Amanda had nobody to consider but the cat, so she naturally deferred to him in every possible way. It was bad for the cat's character, but at least it kept Amanda from committing suicide, so what would

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you? Here was a woman of insistent, unflagging, unending activity. Amanda Dalton had energy enough to attend to a husband and six children—cook, wash, iron, churn, sew, nurse—and she lived alone with a cat. The village was a mile, and her nearest female neighbor, the Widow Thatcher, a half mile away. She had buried her only sister in Lewiston years before, and she had not a relation in the world. All her irrepressible zeal went into the conduct of her house and plot of ground. Day after day, week after week, year after year, the established routine was carried through. First the washing of the breakfast dishes and the putting to rights of the kitchen, which was radiantly clean before she began upon it. Next her bedroom; the stirring up of the cornhusk mattress, the shaking of the bed of live geese feathers, the replacing of cotton sheets, homespun blankets, and blue and white counterpane. Next the sitting-room with its tall, red, flag-bottomed chairs, its two-leaved table, its light stand that held the Bible and workbasket and lamp. The chest of drawers and tall clock were piously dusted, and the frames of the family register, "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," and "Maidens Welcoming Washington in the Streets of Alexandria," were carefully wiped off. Once a week the parlor was cleaned, the tarlatan was lifted from the two plaster Samuels on the mantelpiece, their kneeling forms were cleaned with a damp cloth, the tarlatan replaced, and the parlor closed again reverently. There was kindling to chop, wood to bring in, the modest cooking, washing, ironing, and sewing to do, the flower beds to weed, and the little vegetable garden to keep in order. But Amanda had a quick foot, a neat hand, and light touch, and a peculiar faculty of "turning off" work so that it simply would not last through the day. Why did she never think of going to the nearest city and linking her powers with those of some one who would put them to larger uses? Simply because no one did that sort of thing in Bonny Eagle in those days. Girls crowded out of home by poverty sought employment here and there, but that a woman of forty, with a good home and ten acres of land—to say nothing of coupon bonds that yielded a hundred dollars a year in cash—that such a one should seek a larger field in a strange place would have been thought flying in the face of Providence as well as custom.

Outside Bonny Eagle, in the roar and din and clamor of cities, were all sorts of wrongs that needed righting, wounds that cried out to be healed. There were motherless children, there were helpless sufferers moaning for the sight of a green field; but the superfluous females of Amanda Dalton's day had not awakened to any sense of responsibility with regard to their unknown brothers and sisters. Amanda was a large-hearted woman. She would have shared her soda biscuit, her bean soup, her dandelion greens, her hogshead cheese, her boiled dinner, her custard pie, with any hungry mortal, but no one in Bonny Eagle needed bite nor sup. Therefore she feather-stitched her dish-towels, piled her kindling in a wheel pattern in the shed, named her hens and made friends of them, put fourteen tucks in her unbleached cotton petticoats, and fried a pancake every Saturday for her cat.

"It's either that or blow your brains out, if you've got a busy mind!" she said grimly to Susan Benson, her best friend, who was passing a Saturday afternoon with her. It was chilly and they liked the cheerful warmth of the Saturday fire that was baking the beans and steaming the brown bread.

Susan unrolled her patchwork and, giving a flip to the cat with her thimble finger, settled herself comfortably in the kitchen rocker.

The cat leaped down and went into the next room with an air of offended majesty, as much as to say: "Of all the manners I ever saw, that woman has the worst! She must pass by three empty chairs and choose the one I chance to be occupying!"

"You wouldn't be so lonesome if you could see a bit of life from your house, Mandy," said Mrs. Benson. "William and I were saying last night you'd ought to move into the village winters, though nothing could be handsomer than the view from your sink window this minute. Daisies, daisies everywhere! How do you manage to keep 'em out o' your place, Mandy, when they're so thick on Caleb Kimball's?"

"I just root and root, and keep on rooting," Amanda responded cheerfully, "though I don't take a mite o' pride out of

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it, for the better my place looks the worse his does, by comparison."

"It is a sight!" said Mrs. Benson, standing for a moment by the sink and looking up to Kimball's.

"I went up there one night after dark, when I knew Caleb 'd gone to Hiram, and I patched up some o' the holes in his stone wall, thinkin' his whiteweed seeds wouldn't blow through quite so thick!" and Amanda joined Mrs. Benson at the window. "I'd 'a' done a day's work on his side o' the wall as lief as not, only I knew folks would talk if they saw me."

The Widow Thatcher.

"Land, no they wouldn't, Mandy. Everybody knows you wouldn't take him if he was the last man on earth, and as for Caleb, I guess he wouldn't marry any woman above ground, not if she was a seraphim. I used to think he'd spunk up some time or other, when he got over his mother's death; but it's too late now, I'm afraid."

"Caleb set great store by his mother; that's one good thing about him," said Amanda.

"He did for certain," agreed Mrs. Benson. "If that girl he was engaged to hadn't 'a' spoken disrespectful to her in his hearing there'd 'a' been a wife and children up there now and the place would 'a' looked diff'rent."

"Not so very diff'rent! He didn't lose much in Eliza Johnson. I guess he knows that by now!" remarked Amanda severely; "though I 'spose 'twas quarrellin' with her that set him runnin' down hill all the same."

"I never thought he cared anything about her. She was determined to have him, and he was too lazy to say no, but you see in the end she only got her labor for her pains. The Kimball boys never had any luck with their love affairs. When Caleb and his mother was left alone she was terrible anxious for him to marry. She was allers findin' girls for him, but part of 'em wouldn't look at him, and he wouldn't make up to any of 'em."

"I was living at Lewiston those years," said Amanda.

"I remember you was. Well, when old Mrs. Kimball broke her arm, Charles, the youngest son, that was a stage driver, determined he'd get somebody for Caleb, for his own wife wouldn't leave home, nor lift her finger to help 'bout the house. He saw a girl up to Steep Falls that he kind o' liked the looks of, and he offered her a ride down to his mother's to spend the day, thinkin' if the family liked her she might do for Caleb. However, her eyes was weak and she didn't know how to milk, so they thought she'd better go home by train. That would 'a' been right enough for both parties, but when Charles drove her to the station he charged her fifteen cents, and it made an awful sight o' talk. She had a hot temper, and she kind o' resented it!"

"I dare say 'twa'nt so," commented Amanda; "but everybody's dead that could deny it, except Caleb, and he wouldn't take the trouble."

"It's one of the days when he's real drove; ain't it?" asked Susan sarcastically, as she looked across the field to the woodpile where a gray-shirted figure sat motionless. "If ever a man needed a wife to patch the seat of his pants, it's Caleb Kimball! I guess it's the only part of his clothes he ever wears out. He wa'n't like that before his mother died; the wheels seemed to stop in him then and there. He was queer and strange and shy, but I never

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used to think he'd develop into a reg'lar hermit. She'd turn in her grave, Mis' Kimball would, to see him look as he does. I don't 'spose he gets any proper nourishment. The smartest man in the world won't take the trouble to make pie for himself, yet he'll eat it 's long 's he can stan' up! Caleb's mother was a great pie baker. I can see her now, shovellin' 'em in and out o' the oven Saturdays, with her three great black lanky boys standin' round waitin' for 'em to cool off.—'Only *one*, mother?' Caleb used to say, kind o' wheedlin'ly, while she laughed up at him leaning against the door-frame.—'*What's one blueb'ry pie amongst me?*'"

"He must 'a' had some fun in him once," smiled Amanda.

"They say women folks ain't got no sense o' humor," remarked Mrs. Benson, with a twitch of her thread. "I notice the men that live *without* 'em don't seem to have any! We may not amount to much, but we're something to laugh *at*."

"Why don't you bake him a pie now and then, and send it up, Susan?" asked Amanda.

"Well, there, I don't feel I hardly know him well enough, though William does. I dare say he wouldn't like it, and he'd never think to return the plate, so far away.—Besides there never *is* an extry pie in a house where there's a man and three boys; which reminds me I've got to go home and make one for breakfast, with nothing to make it out of."

"I could lend you a handful o' dried plums."

"Thank you; I'll take 'em and much obliged. I declare it seems to me, now the rhubarb's 'bout gone, as if the apples on the trees never would fill out enough to drop off. There does come a time in the early summer, after you're sick of mince, 'n' squash, 'n' punkin, 'n' cranberry, 'n' rhubarb, 'n' custard; 'n' 'tain't time for currant, or green apple, or strawb'ry, or raspb'ry, or blackb'ry—there does come a time when it seems as if Providence might 'a' had a little more ingenuity in plannin' pie fillin'!—You might bake a pie for Caleb now and then yourself, Mandy; you're so near."

"Mrs. Thatcher lives half a mile away," replied Amanda; "but I couldn't carry Caleb Kimball a pie without her knowin' it and makin' remarks. I'd bake one and willin' if William 'd take it to him; but there, 'twould only make him want another. He's made his bed and he's got to lie on it."

"He *lays* on his bed sure enough, and most o' the time probably—but do you believe he ever makes it?"

Amanda shuddered. "I don't know, Susan; it's one o' the things that haunts me; whether he makes it or whether he don't."

"Do you ever see any wash hung out?" Mrs. Benson's needle stopped in mid air while she waited for Amanda's answer.

"Ye-es; now and then."

"What kind?"

"Sheets; once a gray blanket; underclothes; but naturally I don't look when they're hung out. He generally puts 'em on the grass, anyway."

"Well, it's a sin for a man to live so in a Christian country, and the kindest thing to say about him is that he's crazy. Some o' the men folks over to the store declare he *is* crazy; but William declares he ain't. He says he's asleep. William kind o' likes him. Does he ever pass the time o' day with you?"

"Hardly ever. I meet him once or twice a year, may be, in the road. He bows when I go past on an errand and holds on to his dog when he tries to run out and bite me."

"That's real kind o' gentlemanly," observed Susan.

"I never thought of it that way," said Amanda absently; "but perhaps it is. All I can say is, Caleb Kimball's a regular thorn in my flesh. I can't do anything for him, and I can't forget him, right under foot as he is—his land joinin' mine. Mornin', noon, and night for years I've wanted to get into that man's house and make it decent for him; wanted to milk the cow the right time o' day; feed the horse; weed the garden; scrub the floor; wash the windows; black the stove."

"How you do go on, Mandy!" exclaimed Mrs. Benson. "What diff'rence does it make to you how dirty he is, so long's you're clean?"

"It does make a diff'rence, and it always will. I hate to see the daisies growin' so thick, knowin' how he needs hay. I want to root 'em out same's I did mine, after I'd

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"I meet him once or twice a year, maybe, in the road."—Page 40.

been away three years in Lewiston. I hate to take my pot o' beans out o' the oven Saturday nights and know he ain't had gumption enough to get himself a Christian meal. Livin' alone's I do, Susan, things 'bulk up' in my mind bigger'n they'd ought to."

"They do so," agreed Susan; "and you mustn't let 'em. You must come over to our house oftener. You know William loves to have you, and so do the boys. The Bible may insinuate we are our brother's keeper, but we can't none of us help it if he won't *be* kept!—There, I must be gettin' home. I've had considerable many reminders the last half hour that it's about time! It's none o' my business, Mandy, but you do spoil that cat, and the time's not far off when he won't be a mite o' comfort to you. Of course, I'm too intimate here to take offence, but if the minister should happen to set in this chair when he calls, and see that cat promenade round and round the rockers and then rustle off into the settin'-room as mad as Cuffy, he'd certainly take notice and think he wa'n't a welcome visitor."

"Like mistress, like cat!" sighed Amanda. "Tristram and I get awful set in our ways."

"Kind o' queer, Mandy, namin' a cat for your grandfather," Mrs. Benson observed anxiously as she opened the door. "William an' me don't want you to get queer."

"I ain't got anything better to name for him," said poor Amanda, in a tone that set her friend Susan thinking as she walked homeward.

The summer wore along and there came a certain Tuesday different from all the other Tuesdays in that year, or in all the forty years that had gone before—a Tuesday when the Kimball side door was not opened in the morning. No smoke issued from the chimney all day. The rooster and his kidnapped hen flew up from the steps and pecked at the door panels vigorously. Seven o'clock in the evening came, then eight, and no light to be seen anywhere.

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The dog howled; the horse neighed; the cow lowed ominously in the closed barn. At nine o'clock Amanda took a lantern and sped across the field, found a pail in the shed, slipped into the barn, milked the cow, gave the beasts hay and water, and leaving the pail of milk on the steps, went quietly home again, anxious lest she had done too much, anxious also lest she had not done enough.

Next morning she stationed herself at her kitchen window and took account of the signs. The milk-pail was overturned on the steps, the rooster and hen were perching on the rim, but there was no smoke coming from the chimney. She thought quickly as she did everything else. She waited long enough to make a cup of coffee, then she slipped out of her door and up to Kimball's. Her apron was full of kindling, and on her arm she carried a basket with a package of herbs, a tiny bottle of brandy, one of cologne, some arrowroot and matches, a cake of hard soap and a clean towel, some bones for the dog, and corn for the hen. Caleb's door was unlocked. The dog came out of the shed evincing no desire to bark or bite. The kitchen was empty, and—she thanked the Lord silently, as she gave a hasty glance about—not as dreadful as she had anticipated. Untidy beyond words, bare, dreary, cheerless, but not repulsively dirty. She stole softly through the lower part of the house, and then with a beating heart went up the uncarpeted stairs. At the head was an open door that showed her all she expected and feared to find. The sun streamed in at the dusty, uncurtained window over the motionless body of Caleb Kimball, who lay in a strange, deep sleep, unconscious, on the bed. His hair looked raven black against the pillow and the lashes on his cheekes were more'n a yard long, Amanda told Susan Benson. (She afterward confessed that this was a slight exaggeration due to extreme agitation.) She spoke his name three times, but he did not stir. She must get the doctor and send for William Benson, that was clear; but first she must try her hand at improving the immediate situation.

At nine o'clock Amanda took a lantern . . . milked the cow.

Stealing down-stairs she tied on her apron and lighted a fire in the kitchen stove, with the view of making things respectable before gossipy neighbors came in. Her sister used to say that the minute Amanda tied on her apron things began to move and take a turn for the better, and it was so now. She poured a few drops of cologne into a basin of water, and putting the towel over her arm went upstairs to Caleb's bedside.

"I've done him wrong," she thought remorsefully as she noted his decent night clothing and bedding. "He ain't lost his self-respect in all these years, and every soul in Bonny Eagle thought he was living like an animal!"

She bathed his face and throat and hands, then moistened and smoothed his hair without provoking a movement or a sound. He seemed in a profound stupor, but there was no stertorous breathing. Straightening the bedclothes and giving a hasty wipe to the tops of the pine bureau and table, she opened the window and closed the blinds. At this moment she spied one of the Thatcher boys going along the road, and ran down to the gate to ask him to send William Benson and the doctor as soon as possible.

"Tell them Miss Dalton says please to

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come quick; Caleb Kimball's very sick," she said.

"Don't you need mother, too?" asked the boy. "She's wanted to git into that house for years, and she'd do most anything for the chance."

"No, thank you," said Amanda pitilessly. "I can do everything for the present, and Mr. Benson will probably want his wife, if anybody."

"All right," said the boy as he started off on a dog trot. News was rare in Bonny Eagle, and Caleb Kimball was a distinguished and interesting figure in village gossip.

Amanda Dalton had never had to hurry in her life. That was one of her crosses, for there probably never was a woman who could do more in less time. It was an hour and a half before William Benson came, and in those ninety minutes she had swept the kitchen and poured a pail or two of hot soap-suds over the floor—that may have felt a mop, but certainly had not known a scrubbing brush, for years. She tore down the fly-specked, tattered, buff shades, and washed the three windows; blackened the stove; fed the dog and horse; milked the cow; strained the milk and carried it down cellar; making three trips upstairs in the meantime to find no change in the patient. His lids stayed down as though they were weighted with lead, his long arms lay motionless on the counterpane.

Amanda's blood coursed through her veins like lightning. Here was work to her hand; blessed, healing work for days, perhaps weeks to come. In these first moments of emotional excitement I fear she hoped it would be a long case of helpless invalidism, during which it would be her Christian duty to clean the lower part of the house and perhaps make some impression on the shed; but this tempting thought was quickly banished as she reflected that Caleb Kimball was a bachelor, and the Widow Thatcher the person marked out by an unscrupulous Providence for sick-nurse and housekeeper.

"She shan't come!" thought Amanda passionately. "I'll make the doctor ask me to take charge. William Benson shall stay here nights and Susan will run in now and then daytimes, or I'll get little Abby Thatcher to do the rough work and

"Tell them Miss Dalton says please to come quick; Caleb Kimball's very sick."—Page 42.

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keep me company; then her mother won't make talk."

"I don't know exactly what's the matter with the man," confessed the doctor, when he came. "There's a mark and a swelling on the back of his head as if he might have fallen somewhere. He hasn't got any pulse and he's all skin and bone. He's starved out, I guess, and his machinery has just stopped. He wants nursing and feeding and all the things a woman can do for him. The Lord never intended men folks to live alone!"

"If they ain't got wit enough to find that out for themselves it ain't likely any woman'll take the trouble to tell 'em!" exclaimed Amanda with some spirit.

"Don't get stuffy, Amanda! Just be a good Christian and take hold here for a few days till we see whether we've got to have a nurse from Portland. Man's extremity is God's opportunity; may be Caleb 'll come to his senses before he gets over this sickness."

"I wonder if he ever had any senses?" said Amanda.

"Plenty," the doctor answered as he prepared the medicines; "but he hasn't used them for twenty years.—I'll come back in an hour and fetch Bill Benson with me. Then I'll stay till I can bring Caleb back to consciousness. We shall have to get him downstairs as soon as he can be moved; it will be much easier to take care of him there."

The details of Caleb Kimball's illness would be such as fill a nurse's bedside record book. The mainspring of life had been snapped and the machinery refused to move for a long time. When he recovered consciousness his solemn black eyes followed Amanda Dalton's movements as if fascinated, but he spoke no word save a faltering phrase or two at night to William Benson.

Meantime much had been happening below stairs, where Amanda Dalton reigned supreme, with Susan Benson and Abby Thatcher taking turns in housework or nursing. William Benson was a painter by trade, and Amanda's ingenious idea was to persuade him to paint and paper the Kimball kitchen before Caleb was moved downstairs.

This struck William as a most extraordinary and unnecessary performance.

"Israel in Egypt!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter with you women? I never heard o' such goin's on in my life! I might lay abed a thousand years and nobody'd paint my premises. Let Caleb git his strength back and then use a little elbow grease on his own house—you can't teach an old dog new tricks, Susan!"

"'Pends on how old the dog is, and what kind o' tricks you want to teach him," Susan replied. "It'd be a queer dog that wouldn't take to a clean kennel, or three good meals a day 'stead o' starvation vittles. Amanda says it may be a kind of a turnin' point in Caleb's life, and she thinks we'd ought to encourage him a little."

"Ain't I encouragin' him by sleepin' on his settin'-room lunge every night and givin' him medicine every two hours by the alarm clock? I've got my own day's work to do; when would I paint his kitchen, I'd like to know?"

"We thought probably you'd like to do it nights," suggested his wife timidly.

"Saul in Tarsus! Don't that beat the devil?" ejaculated William. "Caleb Kimball ain't done a good day's work for years, and I'm to set up nights paintin' his kitchen!" Nevertheless the magnificent impertinence of the idea so paralyzed his will that he ended by putting on twelve single rolls of fawn-colored paper and painting the woodwork yellow to match, working from eight to twelve several nights and swearing freely at his own foolishness.

By this time Amanda had made the down-stairs chamber all tidy and comfortable for the patient. She had contributed a window shade and dimity curtains; Susan a braided rug and a chair cushion. The chamber (the one in which Caleb's mother had died) opened from the kitchen and commanded an enticing view of the fresh yellow walls and shining cook-stove. On the day before Caleb's removal Amanda sat on the foot of the waiting bed and looked through the doorway with silent joy, going to and fro to move a bright tin dipper into plainer view or retire a drying dish-cloth to greater privacy.

Even Abby Thatcher was by this time a trifle exhilarated. She did not understand the situation very well, being of a sternly practical nature herself, but she caught the enthusiasm of the two women and scrubbed the kitchen floor faithfully

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every morning in order to remove the stains of years of neglect.

"You wouldn't think Caleb's hen'd be such an old fool, Miss Dalton," she said; "but I kind o' surmised the reason she's been missin', and I found her to-day in a corner o' the haymow settin' on five eggs. Now, wouldn't you s'pose at her age she'd know better than to try and raise chickens in October?"

"I'm afraid they'll die if it should be a cold fall, with nobody to look after 'em; but maybe I can take 'em home to my shed and lend Mr. Kimball another hen. I never like to break up a hen's nest, somehow; it seems as if they must have feelin's like other folks."

"I wouldn't mind her *feelin's;* I'd take her off quicker'n scat, and keep takin' her off, till she got some sense," said Abby, with the Chinese cruelty of youth.

"Well, you let her be till Mr. Kimball gets well enough to ask; and I think, Abby, you might clean up the dooryard just a little mite this morning," suggested Amanda. "If you could straighten up the fence and find a couple of old hinges to hang the gate with, it would kind of put new heart into Mr. Kimball when he's sitting up and looking out the window."

"Why didn't he put heart into hisself by hangin' his *own* gate, before he took sick?" grumbled Abby, reducing Amanda to momentary silence by her pitiless logic.

"Why didn't he, indeed?" echoed her heart gloomily, receiving nothing in the way of answer from her limited experience of men.

Caleb had spoken more frequently the last few days. When by the combined exertions of the Bensons and the doctor he had been brought down into his mother's old room, Amanda closed the kitchen door, thinking one experience at a time was enough for a man in his weak and exhausted condition. William Benson couldn't see any sense in this precaution, but he never did see much sense in what women folks did. He wanted to show Caleb the new paint and paper immediately, and remark casually that he had done all the work while he was "night nursin'."

This struck William as a most extraordinary and unnecessary performance.—Page 44.

The next morning Amanda had seized a good opportunity to open the door between the two rooms, straightway retiring to the side entry to await developments. In a few moments she heard Caleb moving, and going in found him half sitting up in bed, leaning on his elbow.

"What's the matter with the kitchen?" he asked feebly, staring with wide-open eyes at the unaccustomed prospect.

"Only fresh paint and paper; that's William's work."

"O God, I ain't worth it! I ain't worth it!" the man groaned and hid his face in the pillow.

"Have you been here all the time?" he asked Amanda when she brought him his gruel later in the day.

"Yes, off and on, when I could get away from my own work."

"Who found me?"

"I did. I knew by the looks something was wrong up here."

"Something wrong, sure enough, and always was!" Amanda heard him mutter as he turned his face to the wall.

The next day he opened his eyes suddenly as she was passing through the room.

"Did you make that pie William Benson brought me last month?"

"What made you think I did?"

"Oh, I don' know; it looked, and it tasted like one o' yours," he said, closing his eyes again. "If you know a woman, you know her pie, somehow!"

When had Caleb Kimball ever tasted any of her cooking? A mysterious remark, but everything he said sounded a trifle lightheaded.

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His questions came back to her when she was waiting for William Benson at twilight that same day.

Caleb had been sleeping quietly for an hour or more. Amanda was standing at the stove stirring his arrowroot gruel. The kitchen was still.

A smothered "*miaow*" and the scratching of claws on wood arrested her attention, and she went hurriedly to the door.

"Tristram Dalton; what *are* you up here for, away from your own home?" she exclaimed.

Tristram vouchsafed no explanation of his appearance, but his demeanor spoke louder than words to Amanda's guilty conscience, as he walked in.

"No shelter for me at home but the shed these days!" he seemed to say. "Instead of well-served meals a cup of milk set here or there!"

He made the circuit of the strange kitchen discontentedly and finding nothing to his taste went into the adjoining room, and after walking over the full length of Caleb's prostrate form curled himself up in a hollow at the foot of the bed.

"I've neglected him!" thought Amanda; "but his turn'll come again soon enough;" and she bent her eyes on the gruel.

The blue bowl sat in the pan of hot water on the stove, and she stirred and stirred, slowly, regularly, continuously, in order that the arrowroot should be of a velvety smoothness.

The days were drawing in, and the October sun was setting very yellow, sending a flood of light over her head and shoulders. She wore her afternoon dress of alpaca, with a worked muslin collar and cuffs and a white apron tied round her trim waist. She was one of your wholesome shining women and her bright brown hair glistened like satin.

Caleb's black eyes looked yearningly at her as she stood there all unconscious, doing one of her innumerable neighborly kindnesses for him.

She made a picture of sweet, strong, steady womanliness although she did not realize it. Caleb knew something extraordinary was going on inside of him, but under what impulse he was too puzzled and inexperienced to say.

"Amanda."

Amanda turned sharply at the sound of his voice as she was lifting the steaming arrowroot out of the water.

"Whose cat is this?"

"Mine.—Come off that bed, Tristram!"

"Don't disturb him; I like to have him there.—Where's Abby Thatcher?"

"She's gone home for the milk; she'll be back in fifteen minutes now."

"Where's William?"

"It's only five o'clock. He don't come till six. What can I get for you? Have you had a good sleep?"

She set the gruel on the back of the stove and went in to his bedside.

"I don't sleep much; I just lie an' think . . . Amanda, . . . now, they're all away, . . . if I get over this spell, . . . and take a year to straighten up and get hold of things like other folks, . . . do you think . . . you'd risk . . . marrying me?"

There was a moment's dead silence; then Amanda said, turning pale: "Are you in your right mind, Caleb Kimball?"

"I am, but I don't wonder at your asking," said the man humbly. "I've kind o' fancied you for years; but you've always been way down there across the fields, out o' reach!"

"I'm too amazed to think it out," faltered Amanda.

"Don't you think it out, for God's sake, or you'll never do it!" He caught at her hand as if it had been a life line—her kind, smooth hand, the helpful hand with the bit of white cambric bound round a finger burned in his service.

"It was the kitchen that put the courage into me," he went on feverishly. "I laid here and thought: 'If she can make a house look so different in a week, what could she do with a man?'"

"I ain't afraid but I could," stammered Amanda; "if the man would help—not hinder."

"Just try me, Amanda. I wouldn't need a year—honest, I wouldn't—I could show you in three months!"

Caleb's strength was waning now. His head dropped forward and Amanda caught it on her breast. She put one arm around his shoulders to keep him from falling back, while her other hand supported his head. His cheek was wet and as she felt the tears on her palm, mutely calling to her strength, all the woman in her gathered itself together and rushed to meet the man's need.

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"Have you been here all the time? he asked.—Page 45.

"If only . . . you could take me . . . now . . . right off," he faltered; "before anything happens . . . to prevent! I'd be good to you . . . till the day I die!"

"I ain't afraid to risk it, Caleb," said Amanda with as little reflection as if she had been asked to subscribe to the minister's salary. "I'll take you now when you need me the most. We'll just put our two forlorn houses together and see if we can make 'em into a home!"

Caleb gave one choking sob of content and gratitude. His hand relaxed its clasp of Amanda's; his head dropped and he fainted.

William Benson came in just then.

"What's the matter?" he cried, coming quickly toward the bed. "Has he had a spell? He was so much better last night I expected to see him settin' up!"

"He'll come to in a minute," said Amanda. "Give me the palm-leaf fan. We're going to be married to-morrow, and he got kind of excited talkin' it over."

"Moses in the bulrushes!" ejaculated William Benson, sitting down heavily in the nearest chair.

William Benson was not a sentimental or imaginative person, and he confessed he couldn't make head nor tail out o' the affair; said it was the queerest and beatinest weddin' that ever took place in Bonny Eagle; didn't know when they fixed it up, nor how, nor why, if you come to that. Amanda Dalton had never had a beau, but she was the likeliest woman in the village, spite o' that, and Caleb Kimball was the onlikeliest man. Amanda was the smartest woman, and Caleb the laziest man. He kind o' thought Amanda'd married Caleb so't she could clean house for him; but it seemed an awful high price to pay for a job. He guessed she couldn't bear to have his everlastin' whiteweed seedin' itself into her hayfield, and the only way she could stop it was to marry him and weed it out. He thought, too, that Caleb had kind o' got int' the habit of watchin' Mandy flyin'

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about down to her place. There's nothing so fascinatin' as to set still and see other folks work. The critter was so busy, and so diff'rent from him, mebbe it kind o' tantalized him.

The Widow Thatcher was convinced that Mandy must have gone for Caleb hammer 'n' tongs when he was too weak to hold out against her. No woman in her sober senses would paper a man's kitchen for him unless she intended to get some use out of it herself. "We don't know what the disciples would 'a' done," she said, "nor the apostles, nor the saints, nor the archangels; we only know what women folks would 'a' done, and there ain't one above ground that would 'a' cleaned Caleb Kimball's house without she expected to live in it."

Susan Benson had a vague instinct with regard to the real facts of the case, but even she mustered up courage to ask Amanda once how the wonderful matter came about.

Amanda looked at Mrs. Benson with some embarrassment, for she was not good at confidences.

"Susan, you and I've been brought up together, gone to school together, experienced religion and joined the church together, and I stood up with you and William when you was married, so't I'd speak out freer to you than I would to most."

"I hope so, I'm sure."

"Though I wouldn't want you to repeat anything, Susan."

"'Tain't likely I would, Mandy."

"Well, I'd no sooner got Caleb into a clean bed and a clean room and begun to feed him good food than I begun to like him. There's things in human hearts that I ain't wise enough to explain, Susan, and I ain't goin' to try. Caleb Kimball seemed to me like a man that was drownin', all because there wa'n't anybody near to put a hand under his chin and keep his head out o' water. I didn't suspicion he'd let me do it! I thought he'd just lie there and drown, but it didn't turn out that way."

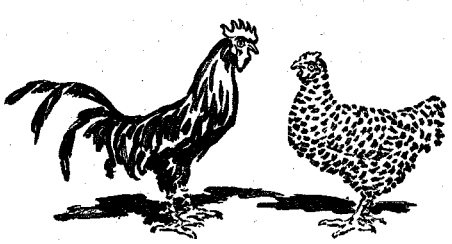
"Well, it does kind o' seem as if you'd gone through the woods o' life to pick up a crooked stick at last," sighed Susan; "though I will say, now I've been under Caleb Kimball's roof, he's an awful sight nicer man close to than he is fur off. So, take it all in all, life and men folks bein' so uncertain, and old age a creepin' on first thing you know, perhaps it's for the best; an' I do hope you'll make out to be happy, Mandy."

There was a quiver of real feeling in Susan Benson's voice, though she made no movement to touch her friend's hand.

"I'm goin' to be happy!" said Amanda cheerfully. "I always did like plenty to do, and now I've got it for the rest o' my life!"

"I only hope you can stan' his ways, Amandy," and Susan's voice was still doubtful. "That's all I'm afraid of; that you're so diff'rent you can't never stan' his ways."

"He won't have so many ways when we've been married a spell," said Amanda.



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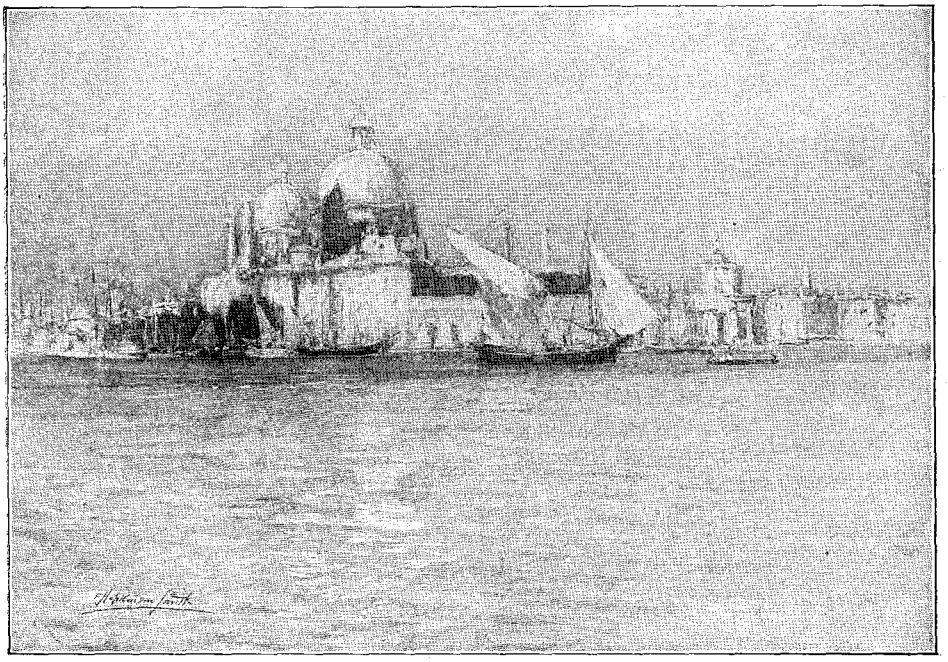

The white dome of Santa Maria della Salute.—Page 52.

VENICE—A SKETCH

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

I SUPPOSE Venice is the one place in the world that does not change. Except for the *vaporetti* (little steamers) darting up and down the Grand Canal the place looked exactly the same as it did years ago when I first saw it, a beautiful fairy city rising out of the sea, all its domes and white marble palaces glistening in the moonlight. We arrived, too, this time at night, coming straight from Rome. We had had a long, tiring day and a very full train. The station at Venice was noisy and crowded with porters, hotel men, and baggage; just what one sees in any station in any large city. We followed the crowd down the long platform to the *uscita* (way out), and the transformation was instantaneous when we emerged on the other side. Before us a large sheet of water, hardly lighted, dozens of gondolas—a black mass—at the steps, the silver lions on the arms of the seats shining out of the darkness. Our hostess had sent a servant to meet us, who took us to the boat, where two gondoliers, in dark blue with silver badges on their sleeves, were waiting. Our small luggage (bags and wraps) was put into the boat behind us, and with some difficulty we made our way out from the crowd of gondolas into the open canal, the little waves making that curious bumping sound against the boat peculiar to gondolas. They are so long they never ride over the waves like ordinary boats. One never sees them pitching, they seem to glide over the top of the water. As it was decidedly chilly I had put on my fur coat. The *felza* (closed top) was on, and it was a curious sensation to be shut up in the little black box, just seeing, through the glass door,

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the tall figure of the gondolier swaying backward and forward.

We turned almost at once out of the Grand Canal, and then began a mysterious progress through numbers of *rios* (small canals) to our destination. I had forgotten how extraordinarily unmodern and weird it was—very dark, some of the canals so narrow one wondered what would happen if we met another gondola. No lights in any of the palaces we passed. Not a sound except the swish of the water over marble steps, and a hoarse cry occasionally from our gondolier when we turned a corner. Once or twice we heard a cry, one sharp note from behind, and a gondola passed us—a long, black object disappearing in the darkness. It was such a wonderful change from the busy, bustling, crowded station we had just left into the darkness and stillness of the fantastic waterway we were following that I thought I must be dreaming, and would wake up in crowded streets with the rumble of carriages, the bells of the tramways, and flaring lights everywhere. We turned a last corner, the gondolier sounding his warning note rather vigorously, as we were coming back to the Grand Canal, where there is always a certain movement; the steamers run until midnight.

We found ourselves opposite a fine large palace, brilliantly lighted, with high pointed windows and overhanging balconies. Several gondolas were waiting at the steps. An entertainment was evidently going on. The men brought us most skilfully around and inside the poles which one always sees in front of the Venetian palaces. They are painted the colors of the family, and the gondolas are fastened to them. Nothing in the shape of a boat-house exists in Venice; the gondolas lie in the canals tied to the poles. The doors were open, two or three servants and a nice English maid were waiting in the hall. We crossed a broad vestibule with a *brasero* (brazier) in the middle, and went up a flight of steps into a fine high hall. The mistress of the house came to meet us, saying it was her reception evening and she had a few friends; thought we would prefer going straight to our rooms as it was late—10.30; which, of course, we were very glad to do, being tired after our long journey. We have charming rooms, communicating, upstairs, looking out on the Grand Canal. The maid brought us some supper. We told her to open the curtains and wooden shutters that we might look out and realize our surroundings. The canal is very broad in front of the palace, quite like an arm of the sea, with a decided ripple on its surface. There was very little light or movement at the steamboat landing opposite. One small lantern was hanging over the steps.

The steamer came along while we were looking out, so quietly one hardly heard it. Up and down as far as we could see there were rows of palaces; in the dim light one could just distinguish their white marble façades. Some gondolas passed, all with their black cabins moving noiselessly along—the gondolier a shadowy figure against the dark background.

The next morning was beautiful, a bright sun and blue, dancing water. Dressing was difficult, as the windows offered distractions of all kinds. Some of the palaces opposite were charming, but one was so black and dilapidated that it didn't seem possible as a residence from an outside view. However, there were curtains in the windows of the first floor (*piano nobile*), as they call it in Italy, and a gondola tied to the poles, which were painted rather a bright blue or white. Boats of all sizes were passing—gondolas. Some coming from the station filled with travellers, their luggage piled high in the open space behind the seats. Sandolos also, a narrow, pointed boat not so heavy as the gondola. Market boats, broad and flat-bottomed, filled with vegetables, looking temptingly fresh and green. Steam launches, one or two evidently from yachts, with very trim-looking sailors on board. Directly opposite to our palace, close to the poles, a painter was established in a gondola with his easel and canvas. I fancy this house is painted very often. It is one of the finest in Venice, and must look charming later in the season when all the flowers and creepers on the walls and gallery are in bloom.

About 11 o'clock we started for *the* Piazza, our hostess telling us to keep the gondola, which would take us wherever we wanted to go and bring us back for luncheon at 1 o'clock. We crossed the Grand Canal and followed the usual winding way of small ones. A great many gondolas were apparently doing the same thing, and it seemed impossible that we

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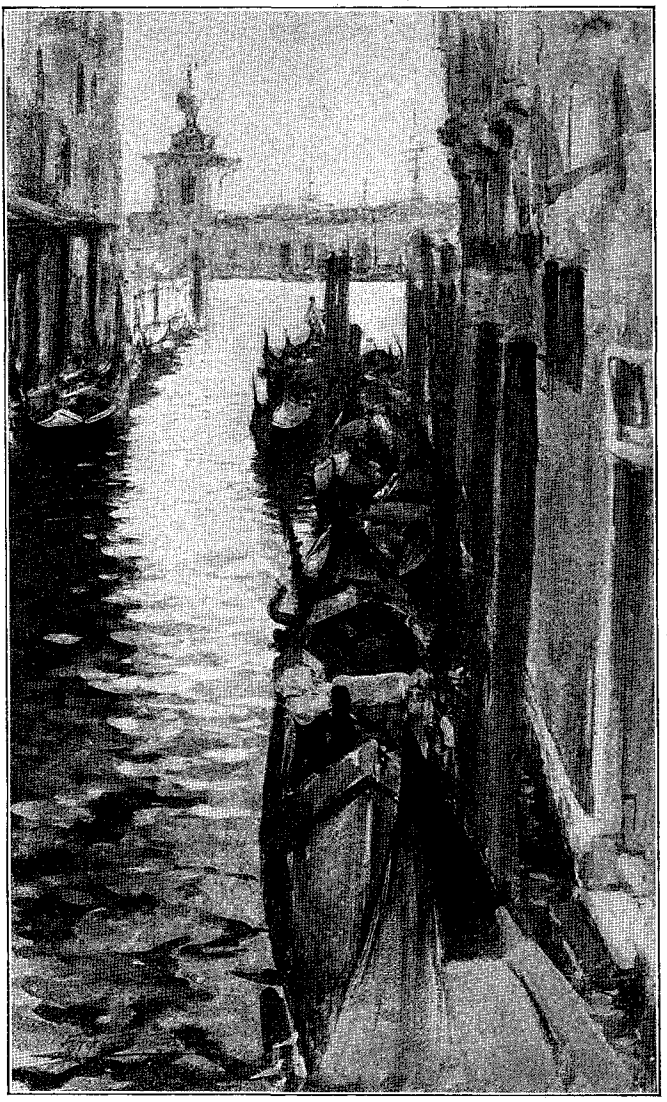

One realizes how many tragedies have happened in those dark, narrow canals: so easy to drop in an inconvenient rival in love or politics.—Page 53.

should not bump up against them, but we never did once. As we came up to the Campo San Moisè, with its ugly, very ornamented church—quite the heaviest and most overdone Renaissance—so many people were walking about and getting out of their gondolas, we thought it must be a back entrance of the Piazza, and were preparing to get out, but the gondoliers shook their heads, and a few more strokes of the paddle brought us back to the Grand Canal with the wide sweep of the lagoon before us, the Guidecca on one side, the Piazza San Marco and the Riva degli Schiavoni with its long line of hotels on the other. An old man, with a badge on his arm, standing on the broad steps, helped us to land. These men are quite a feature of Venice. They are all old gondoliers—a certain number allowed by the city. They are not at all necessary, as the gondoliers can perfectly well bring their boats to the steps, but no one grudges them the few sous they earn, and in the tourist season they make a fair sum, as strangers generally give more than the two sous which is the regular tariff in Venice.

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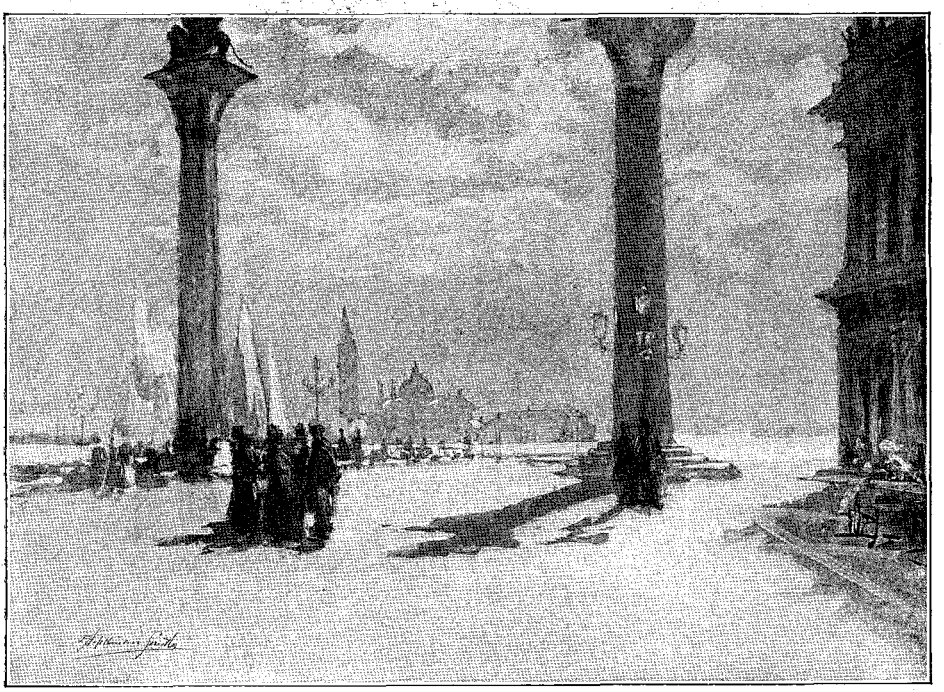
We wandered about the Piazza for an hour; went into the Church of San Marco (I had forgotten how *low* it stands looking from the opposite end of the Piazza), a gorgeous mass of color and gilding. Saw the pigeons all assembling in the middle of the Square waiting to be fed. Walked about under the Colonnades, past the clock tower and the well-known Café Florian. When we were first in Venice, in 1866, the Austrian rule was just coming to an end. All the Austrian garrison had left; there were only three or four belated white-coated officers who were taking their coffee at Florian's, scowled at by the entire population; and everywhere, in all the streets and canals, boys and girls, any one who could sing, were shouting, as loudly and as aggressively as possible, the Garibaldi hymn, *A basso il giallo et nero, viva il tricolor* ("Down with the black and yellow [Austrian colors], and hurrah for the tricolor"). They had only dared sing it before in cellars or behind barred windows.

We got back to the palace for luncheon and had our coffee in a charming veranda, shut in with glass and filled with flowers, directly over the canal. Then began a succession of enchanting days. Hours in the gondola, floating lazily along with nothing to do but to live and enjoy the passing moment. Some of the evenings, with the bright sunset clouds making a glorious background for the white dome of Santa Maria della Salute and a glimpse of the snow mountains in the distance, were too beautiful. One had always the sense of something unreal that would suddenly collapse, and we would find ourselves back again in the ordinary workaday world.

We had two or three cold, wintry days, once a heavy rain falling and the fog so thick when I got up in the morning that I could not see the palaces opposite. However, B. and I went down to the Piazza in a closed gondola, in which we were as well protected as in a shut carriage. Our umbrellas almost blew away when we crossed the Piazza, which was one large pond, it had rained so hard. We went over the Ducal Palace, which is not very interesting. The rooms are large and high, with some splendid ceilings of Paul Veronese and his school. I found my way at once to the corner of the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, which has a frieze of portraits of doges all around it,



We wandered about the Piazza for an hour.

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where a black panel replaces the portrait of Marino Faliero, beheaded while doge. It made a great impression upon me in my youthful days. I always remembered the black corner. I asked a very distinguished Italian professor, who was dining at the Palace one night, what Marino Faliero had done to deserve such a hard fate. I had rather forgotten my Venetian history. Was he a *traditore* (traitor)? No, he said, only an *innovatore* (reformer), which was quite as bad in those days.

When we came out of the Palace it was still raining hard, and the Piazza with its gray, wet pavement looked exactly like the water beyond. There seemed nothing but gray water and gray sky before us. We had intended walking home by the back streets. We are getting quite accustomed to them now and can find our way very well, but we had recollections of having seen people struggling with open umbrellas in the very narrow alleys, becoming at last hopelessly entangled, the points of the umbrellas in each other's eyes, and thought it would be wiser to call a gondola. As we got to the steps the old man emerged from a refuge somewhere on the Piazza (which was absolutely deserted, not a creature visible anywhere), and helped us into the gondola. We were glad to creep into the little black cabin, which was dry and warm.

We went out again in the afternoon. The rain had stopped, but there was still a very high wind, and the lagoon looked gray and stormy—plenty of white horses. There were not many gondolas outside. We had thought we might go out a little toward the Lido, but the gondoliers remonstrated. They could make no headway against such a strong wind and tide. So we made for one of the small canals and had some difficulty in getting around the corners, there were such sudden gusts of wind. The water streets are most interesting. It is so amusing to meet everything we are accustomed to see in carts and vans being transported by boats, and not very big ones. They must be narrow or they could not pass in the small canals. One day we saw the post-gondola being loaded—heavy leathern sacks thrown in from the steps; also furniture being moved—a piano and very fair-sized chest of drawers; in other boats pictures and mirrors, a block of marble, barrels, nets, bales of stuffs; one day, a boat filled with birds in cages—parrots, I should think. We threaded our way in and out of the long procession of boats in the most extraordinary manner. The gondoliers, smiling and skilful, always finding room to pass in what seemed to us an impossible narrow passage.

We see a great many people in this most hospitable house, where the life is absolutely different from the one the ordinary tourist leads in Venice. There are always people coming and going. The house is filled with beautiful things, pictures and furniture from all parts of Europe; the whole arranged with all the comfort and luxury of an English house. I am always fascinated by the sight when we come in from walking in the back streets. One emerges from narrow, dark alleys into a fine broad vestibule; at one end the gondoliers' quarters; the other, with big doors—always open—directly on the Canal, the little waves washing over the marble steps. I often sat on the steps, my feet just out of the water, looking at everything that passed and, when nothing passed, at the great, gloomy palaces opposite, and trying to imagine the lives that had been lived behind those marble walls.

There is always an undercurrent of sadness in Venice, in spite of the pleasure-loving summer city, with its gondolas filled with women in bright dresses and flowers in their hands (I wonder where they come from, there are so few gardens in Venice), and sounds of music and laughter floating over the lagoons. One realizes how many tragedies have happened in those dark, narrow canals: so easy to drop in an inconvenient rival in love or politics. A tidal current from the lagoon changes the water every day, and the sea tells no tales.

The walks in the little back streets are a source of unending interest to me. There were pictures at every turn. Sometimes only a small fruit stall, with oranges, apples, bananas, and figs piled up in heaps and spread out on a board just outside a quaint, curiously carved doorway, and presided over by an old woman with bright black eyes and the inevitable black shawl on her shoulders. They are peculiar to Venice, those shawls; there are hundreds of them hanging up in the shops on the Rialto and in the Merceria, of all sizes and prices. The most expensive ones are all silk with a long,

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heavy silk fringe. The ordinary ones are a mixture of silk and wool, but all with a silk fringe; the length and thickness of the fringe marking the value of the shawl. B. bought a very pretty one. I do not know how it will look out of Venice, over a modern Paris costume, but she saw possibilities of adaptation.

We were strolling one morning behind the palace, rather doubtful as to our whereabouts. We could always find our way back to the Rialto from the Piazza, but once we had crossed the bridge and the market place, a quantity of small streets and squares, all exactly alike, opened out before us, and it was not easy to know which turning to take. We ventured into one narrow opening—it could hardly be called a street—in the direction of the Grand Canal. In one corner just in front of us, where two streets met, a small, elaborately carved balcony stood out from the walls of an old black house. In the window behind it sat an old man, with a long, white beard flowing down over a robe of black velvet, a crimson skull-cap on his head. He looked as if he had just stepped out of one of Titian's pictures. He was looking down into the street, much interested in all that was passing, calling out occasionally to the children who were running under the window. Sometimes the shrines (of which there are a great number in Venice) guided us, one particularly, just at the angle of two small streets directly behind the palace. It had been empty for some time, so Lady L. gave a Madonna and Child she had modelled herself. There were always flowers, generally white ones, in front of it, which made a light spot on the dark walls and guided our wandering feet.

There is quite a party staying in the house, and always people coming and going. Every one goes his own way, and the dinners and evenings are pleasant, all the party telling their experiences. Some are sketching and painting. One can always find a new corner or new effect of light in Venice, whether in the streets or on the lagoons. A nephew of our hostess, working for Cambridge, was learning to row, and what looks very simple in the practised gondolier as he stands steadily and gracefully in his boat, is *very* difficult for the novice, as the oar is long and not easy to manage. A false movement has been known to precipitate the rower into the water.

One lovely bright afternoon, when we were out in the gondola, the young man thought he would like to have a little practice. The lagoon was perfectly smooth, not a ripple on it, and we were out of the track of the steamers. It was amusing to see the face of the young gondolier, on a broad grin, as he gave up his place and sat down close to the young fellow, ready to catch him or his oar should he lose his balance. The gondola zigzagged a little, which so terrified B., who is always nervous in a boat—even a great ocean liner—that she begged to be landed somewhere while we continued our *giro* (turn). We deposited her at the first convenient place—the steps of San Giorgio—and she said she would look at the church while we finished our row.

An interesting man dined one night who could neither share nor understand our delight in Venice. He was not a Venetian, and had lived a great deal in Bologna, where there is a famous university and a very learned and distinguished literary society. He said it was the most monotonous, unhealthy existence one could imagine; very few intellectual circles; the Venetians generally indolent and pleasure-loving; no exercise possible. When he had been sitting all day at his table at his work, and wanted a little air and exercise, he was obliged to go out in a boat. It was anything but a pleasure to walk in the dirty back streets, and one could hardly ask a rational man to walk round and round the Piazza San Marco. "Oh, for the sight of a meadow and green trees!" I wonder if one would miss the trees and the fields if one lived here. Just now life in a gondola on those broad lagoons, with the sea breeze coming over from the Adriatic and the complete absence of noise and dust, seems ideal.

At dusk one begins to hear the bells, so beautiful in Venice; at first sounding far off from the islands, then coming nearer and nearer, till all ring out together, with never a harsh jangle or strident note. The nights are enchanting; not a sound except the incessant swish of the little waves on the marble steps.

Our friend told us we ought to go one day to the Campo San Bartolomeo, where

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the girls from the islands—generally Friulians—come over to Venice to get places as servants. They arrive on a certain day of the week, in the afternoon, with no special certificates as cook or laundress or any definite service; bring merely a note from the parish priest, saying they are honest and hardworking. They find places always. He told us they were quite a different type from the Venetians—fair-haired, round-faced, and of rather a stouter build. We passed through the Campo (one of the smallest in Venice) one afternoon, and could not imagine at first what had happened. It was filled with people, all talking and gesticulating, and there were heads at every window; some wonderful ones, with masses of thick, black, coarse hair elaborately arranged, with curls and puffs held up by a high comb, long gold or coral ear-rings, and always the black shawl over their shoulders. There were old men, too, with black or red caps on their heads, with very ragged white beards and eyebrows, all taking a most lively interest in the proceedings. We recognized the Friulians at once, standing apart in groups. They wore short, dark skirts and bodices; here and there was a white chemisette, a little fichu embroidered in bright colors on their shoulders, rather like what some of the Tyrolean girls wear in some of the cafés at Marienbad; not one had the black shawl. They looked very smiling, did not mix with the crowd; a few Venetians—rather older women—were talking to some of them. I saw one girl, about eighteen, evidently making her conditions with a man. She showed him her papers; there was a little talk, and she walked off behind him, carrying her bundle, and looking very contented and placid. It seems they are all good workers, quiet, and respectable. They generally marry and remain in Venice, and the majority never go back to their island again, though it is only a few hours off.

The Piazza always means the Piazza San Marco. The others are called *Campi*. The one we knew best was the Campo San Polo, the third largest in Venice. We always crossed one end of it coming and going from the Rialto. It is rather a fine square, with some handsome palaces, and a fountain of carved stone or marble in the middle, which one sees in all the squares. We went to see some Roman friends, one day, who have an apartment in one of the palaces. The sun was shining in through all the windows, and the rooms were large and high, with plenty of light and air coming in from the Campo, but one does not like a city square in Venice. Bricks and mortar are out of place and seem incongruous in the sea-girt city. The Grand Canal and the sweep of the lagoons, and even the half-dilapidated palaces on the small canals, with the greater part of their façades black and falling off, and their marble steps worn and broken, are more fitted to the surroundings.

One day as we turned toward the Campo San Polo it looked extraordinary from a distance, as if a thick white mist had settled upon the Piazza, about half-way up the houses. As we got nearer we saw that there were hundreds of lines stretched across the Piazza, with clothes and household linen hanging on them, all white. It seems that on certain days the population of the quarter is allowed to make its *lessive* (I do not know the English term—general wash, I suppose) in the Campo. The people hire so many yards of rope, and a most curious collection of garments and linen was suspended in the air. A space was left around the Square, so that people could get across.

Our days were so full that we never seemed to find time for any excursions to the islands or places of interest near Venice. We did go one afternoon to the Lido, but that was an illusion gone—the place absolutely vulgarized. I remember a long, narrow strip of land, a little stubby grass growing on the top, and a most tiring, uncomfortable walk through deep sand to the beach—really a desolate stretch of shore and sea, rather melancholy, but attractive in its way; the solitude and barrenness and the perfectly calm, almost tideless sea, not blue like the Mediterranean, but gray, with a green shade every now and then. The row out from Venice, too, was charming, passing close to many small islands, under the walls of the Armenian Convent, alongside a long strip of sand, apparently in the middle of the lagoon, which looked almost as if one could walk across to the Lido.

This time we went in a steamer. I suppose the gondolas could have gone, in spite of the very high wind, but it would have

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been long. The crossing in the steamer was about half an hour from the Piazza, and not very pleasant. A beautiful bright sun, the snow mountains looking grand against the blue sky, but the wind very disagreeable, blowing our hats and coats about in the most fantastic manner.

I could not believe it was the Lido when we arrived. Hotels and cafés, with polyglot waiters, opposite the landing, and a steam tramway that took us across to the sea, where an enormous new Excelsior Hotel is being built. We made our way with some difficulty to the terrace, where the noise of the wind and waves was quite extraordinary. The Adriatic looked gray and wild and was thundering big waves along the shore. How Venice has escaped being submerged a thousand times seems a mystery. The sea looked a cruel, irresistible force to-day, and one felt how slight the barrier was that kept it from sweeping over the low sand-bank into the lagoons. The wind had moderated a little when we turned back, and we walked down to the landing. Hotels, pensions, and villas are scattered all along the road. Bands of tourists—many Germans—were walking about buying cheap little bead ornaments and vases of colored glass, and having coffee at some of the various restaurants. Anything so unlike the Lido of our day—with its low ridges of sand and stunted bushes and the glamour of romance thrown over it by Lord Byron's solitary rides—cannot be imagined.

I cannot quite understand why our nineteenth century has developed such levelling influences. We all seem exactly alike, lead the same lives, read the same books, travel over the same beaten tracks. Individuals hardly exist any more. The inheritors of great names who have played a part in history seem quite content to live quietly, ride and shoot and yacht and spend money. The person who counts most is the person who has the most to spend. It is the same all over the world with very few exceptions. There are no strong personalities left.

The Préfet of Venice dined the other night, and I was much interested in all he said about the King of Italy—"So very simple and domestic." What he likes best is a quiet country life with his wife and children. He hates any state or ceremony. When he comes to Venice he will never have an official reception nor receive the city authorities. Consequently very few people really know him or get a chance to speak to him, and no one ever sees the Queen or the children. It was not at all my impression of the fighting *Maison de Savoie*. Simple, rough soldiers they have always appeared in history, but never very domestic. It is a pity the King and Queen do not stay more in Venice. A royal progress down the Grand Canal, with the gondoliers in gala dress and the boats gay with flags and flowers, would be a grand sight for the Venetians. I am sure all the palaces would be hung with red and gold draperies, which would recall the glorious days of Venice when the Doge went forth in state in his galley to wed the Adriatic.

I think what I really liked best in Venice was sitting on Lady L.'s steps. I seemed to drift there naturally whenever I came into the hall. All the life of the city passed before my eyes, and even the dead, for one morning when I was sitting there a funeral passed. The coffin, covered with a black pall, was in the middle of the gondola (it looked rather like the *felze*, except for the flowers and wreaths that half hid it). Two boys, in their white skirts and black *soutanes*, were holding lighted tapers, and the priest, with his open book, was standing at the head of the coffin. It was really a curious sight—the black procession (three or four gondolas were following)—in the midst of the color and traffic of the morning in Venice.

One afternoon, while we were waiting on the steps for our hostess to come and join us in the gondola, we saw a lady on the steamboat pier just opposite making signs to us. It proved to be Miss D., a niece of Lady L., who wanted to be put across —*buttato* (thrown) is the term. There were no gondolas on her side and ours had not yet come in, but in a few minutes a "rover" appeared around the corner, and we sent him over. He brought Miss D. back for the modest sum of two sous. We often hailed a passing gondola and were put across (following a succession of small streets and canals), with many turns and twists and most picturesque corners of old Venice, coming suddenly upon most unexpected bits: an old doorway, wonderful carved balconies with half the ornaments broken off, and once or twice a beautiful

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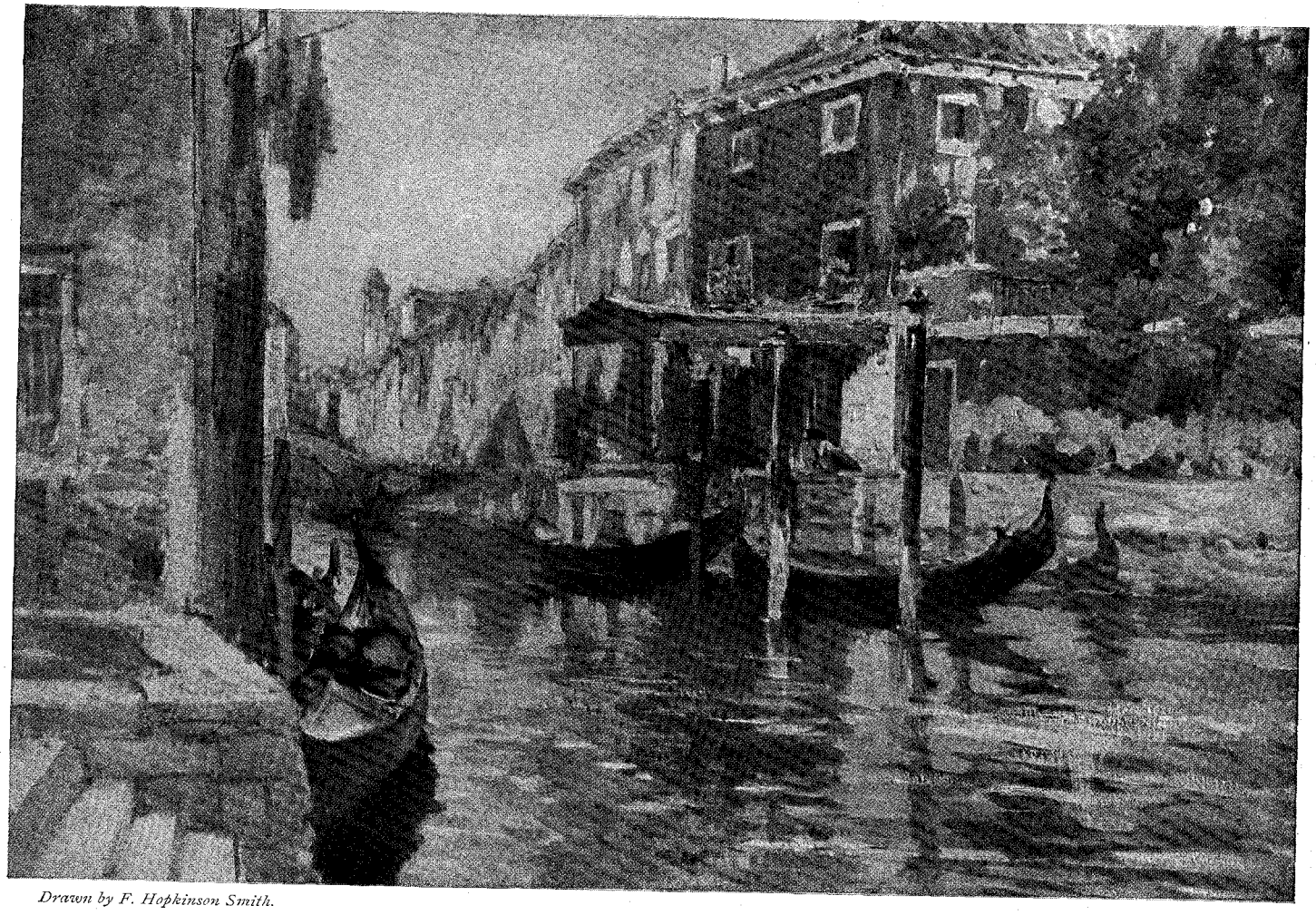

Drawn by F. Hopkinson Smith.

A beautiful little palace, with façade quite intact, in the midst of the most sordid surroundings.—Page 56.

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little palace, with façade quite intact, in the midst of most sordid surroundings, dark, low shops with most unwholesome-looking fruits and vegetables, and cook shops, with rows of fried fish spread out on boards, which one smelt before coming into the Campo; bridges over such narrow canals that a man with ordinary legs could jump across, and every now and then a glimpse of the lagoon; finally emerging into the busy, crowded Piazza, where all the modern life of Venice is concentrated.

We made a charming excursion one afternoon with Lady L. to her hospital—half gondola, half steamer, and a little walking. It was interesting walking along the quays of the Giudecca, as we saw boats from all parts of the world. One or two were unloading very leisurely and with a great deal of conversation between the men on the boats and everybody who passed either on the quay or in a gondola.

The hospital is very well situated on a fairly broad canal, close to the lagoon; a garden, one of the few in Venice, opposite. The matron, an Englishwoman, most attractive and capable (she had been through the Boer war), showed us all over the building. There is quite a large garden. An invalid was stretched out on a sofa in the sun, an awning shielding her from the direct rays. The wards were beautifully clean and bright and the private rooms most inviting, so fresh and pretty. We had tea with the matron in her sitting-room, opening on a terrace, with an enchanting view over Venice and the lagoons. One would think the quiet and beautiful air would cure any malady. We went into the garden when we came out, walking over the bridge. It was too early in the season to see it in all its beauty, but there were borders of daffodils and hyacinths, and rose trees and creepers all over.

There is a solid sea-wall on the side of the lagoon, and leaning on it, looking out on the extent of water, the fishing-boats in the distance with their deep orange and red sails, smaller craft flying backward and forward, the low shore of the Lido, and the domes and roofs of the buildings on the islands half veiled in the evening light, we had again the impression of something unreal, as if the curtain would fall and the wonderful fairy scene of shifting lights and dancing water would disappear. I think it must be the absence of noise which gives one always that curious feeling of being out of the world.

We have not been inside many of the palaces. The exterior is always the same—high, pointed windows, carved balconies, marble steps with the water always rippling over them. I cannot even say *splashing*, that would mean too much life. The little waves just *bathe* the steps. We had tea one afternoon at the Palazzo Barbaro on the Grand Canal, where B.'s daughter was born. As the child was born on Palm Sunday, she was called Palma. It belongs now to an American lady, who has made it most livable and comfortable. There is a fine stone staircase in the courtyard, very high and very steep, most elaborately carved, which makes a very picturesque corner. We passed through a very wide, high hall, running, as they all do here, straight through the house from the canal to the courtyard, with rooms opening out on each side, into a pretty, comfortable, modern *salon* with books, arm-chairs, and a wood fire, where we had tea. After tea the hostess showed us the other rooms, which are charming, so well arranged. The ballroom, or big drawing-room, is quite unique of its kind; three sides of the walls are covered with frescoes wonderfully well preserved, the colors really extraordinary when one thinks how long they had been there, and probably never cared for at all until the present owner lived in the house. When B. lived there, more than thirty years ago, the big room was not furnished, and was used as a *débarras* to put in trunks, boxes, etc. It is arranged with a great deal of taste, with pictures and furniture which harmonize perfectly with the very marked style of the period. Modern furniture against those old frescoed walls would be impossible.

We walked home—at least to the steamboat pier opposite the palace—thinking that, as it was late, the gondola would probably be there and come to get us; but there were no signs of it. We waited some little time, then tried to persuade the gondoliers of a private gondola, who were waiting at the landing, to put us across; but they would not be bribed. They were very smart-looking, dressed in blue, crimson sashes with heavy gold fringe, and crimson cords on their hats. The etiquette of the

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private gondola is carefully regulated. When it goes out in the morning shopping, sightseeing, or to the station, *one* gondolier in ordinary livery goes with the boat; in the afternoon for the Grand Canal or visits there are *two* in full-dress livery. We were getting decidedly impatient, as no "rover" was in sight. At last the man of the pier came to our assistance. He called loudly for *poppe* (the gondolier is called *poppa*, from the part of the boat where he stands rowing). His cry was instantly answered; a gondola appeared and put us across. The man was rather sorry that we did not want to make a longer turn and suggested various short excursions.

We walked almost every morning either to or from the Piazza, and I am ashamed to say how often I lost my way and had to be escorted home by a small boy. There seemed to be dozens always waiting at the corners of the streets, smiling and willing and *talkative*. They show one the way and give a great deal of information for a few sous. I thought I was quite sure of my direction one day, and rang at the door of a passage which looked exactly like the one leading to the Palazzo Capelli. I did not ring very vigorously, but the bell-rope almost came off in my hand, and there was a wild, jangling peal of a long-disused bell which brought all the heads out of all the windows in the neighboring houses, with such a torrent of explanations and directions, everybody speaking, or rather screaming, at the same time, that I thought I was in Bedlam, and fled around a corner and down another narrow street pursued by cries of *a destra, a sinistra, dieci passi* (right, left, ten steps). However, I was brought up short by a stone wall, my street apparently leading nowhere, and had to retrace my steps, very glad to find one of the small boys of the Campo to show me my way. He, too, said *dieci passi*, and he was right—a few steps brought me to the door of our entrance. He knew the Palazzo Capelli well, as does everybody in Venice. It is one of the finest in the city, filled with beautiful things and well known to all tourists and art lovers. Lady L. is most amiable about showing it, and certainly when one has such beautiful pictures it would be a shame not to let them be seen.

The evenings at home are very pleasant. There is always some one to dine, or in the evening. The small drawing-room, where we usually sit after dinner, is charming on a cold night (and our evenings *have* been cold), when the heavy red satin curtains are drawn and the wood fire sends little flickering lights over the pictures and dull gold of the frames and mirrors. There is a spot of light in one corner where Lady L. has her table and lamp. Some of the ladies are always working, and the mistress of the house has *des doigts de fée*—can do anything she likes. She is making a wonderful catalogue of her pictures. On each page is a small vignette, charmingly painted, of the picture which is described on the next page, and which tells you who was the painter, when and where the picture was bought, and what it cost. When one knows what a Tintoretto or a Bellini would cost now, some of the figures seem impossible.

Sir H. L. had lived abroad all his life—at school as a boy, later as a most distinguished traveller and diplomatist, finishing his career as ambassador in Constantinople. He had, of course, numerous opportunities of finding and collecting art treasures of every kind. His autobiography is most interesting; reads like a novel. His account of his school-days in France, particularly where the unreasoning animosity of the French, both scholars and masters, made the English boy's life intolerable, seems incredible. I give part of it in his own words:

"The feeling of hatred and contempt which the long wars of Napoleon had engendered between the French and English had not yet been removed by the peace. It extended to the rising generation, and being an English boy I was a victim of it. Both my nationality and my religion were hateful to my fellow pupils and, I doubt not, to my masters, who always gave me a double share of punishment. There was no abuse that was not heaped upon me. I was denounced as a Protestant and a heretic. A popular amusement in the college was to make a cross with white chalk upon the filthy floor, and then to endeavor to force me to kiss it. When I resisted with all my might I was held down by main force and beaten on the head and elsewhere with the wooden shoes, or sabots, which many of the boys, even at that time, wore."

My lazy fingers usually remained idle. It is pleasant to do nothing sometimes. B.

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learned to make some lace like what Lady L. was doing, and some of the other ladies were making bags and chains of Venetian beads, which are very pretty and make a great effect; some of the white ones twisted in ropes look like pearls. I enjoyed the general talk, half English, half Italian, very much. We were talking one evening about books—how everything that was worth reading was translated into all languages. Mr. M., son of the great London publisher, told us his father had seen a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" in Chinese, with John Bunyan depicted as a Chinaman with a pigtail. We had no bridge, which was a pleasure, as that craze has put an end to all conversation. We had music one night, Mrs. H., an American, half artist, half amateur, singing charmingly. The hall looked most attractive and *signorile*, with the grand piano standing out in the middle and all the party scattered about. It was so cold that at intervals we all, including the singer, retired to the small drawing-room and sat *in* the fires. It is very difficult to warm the big palaces. The Venetian stoves (brought originally by the Austrians) are insufficient, and they do not dare put furnaces or hot-water pipes in these old walls. Lady L. lives upstairs when the snow on the mountains makes Venice cold and damp. She has a charming boudoir, or rather *atelier* (she is always painting or doing enamel work or embroidery), on the corner of the two canals, and has floods of sunshine when it is fine.

One evening we had a Royal Princess with her husband (not a Prince) and lady-in-waiting at dinner. They came in an open gondola from their hotel some little distance off, and were nearly frozen when they arrived, in spite of rugs and furs. She was a gracious, stately figure; one would never have imagined from her expression that she had had a tragedy in her life.

The town is filling up now with tourists; there were very few when we first arrived. We saw a pretty sight this morning in the Piazza. Two English babies, dressed in white, were sitting in the sun in the middle of the enormous square, a basket of bread between them. The nurse was standing behind, and hundreds of pigeons were hopping about close to them and fluttering over their heads, a crowd of people making a circle around them. The babies, quite unconscious, were gleefully giving bread to the pigeons and laughing out loud with delight when there was a scramble for a big piece, not in the least frightened when the birds came too near. I said to the nurse, "I don't think you ought to let your children sit down on the stones." "Oh, it won't hurt them, madame; the stones are quite warm with the sun, and the children are very warmly dressed; they don't *sit* all the time, only stoop down." I was sorry I hadn't a paint brush or a kodak. The children were about three and four years old—little white bundles—and would have made a charming picture.

We heard a great noise of guns as we turned out of the Piazza. We asked what it was, and a policeman told us it was the Port of Venice saluting the *Hohenzollern*, the German Emperor's yacht, which had just come to await His Majesty's arrival. We saw her quite well when we were out in the gondola in the afternoon. She is a big, white boat, not very graceful in her outlines; looks more like a strong sea boat than a yacht. Two other German boats, a cruiser and a small steamer, were anchored near her, and several gondolas and steam-launches were alongside. A little later we crossed a steam-launch flying the German colors, with some very smart-looking officers in uniform. I should like to see the Emperor, but our visit is drawing to a close, and he does not come for some days yet.

We have done some last sightseeing, and went the other day to the Academia. I wanted to see Titian's "Presentation in the Temple" again, and wondered if I should have the same impression as when I last saw it,—not perhaps exactly expressed as it was by my small nephew who was with us, and who was much astonished at our admiration of the picture. "That ugly little girl going upstairs! Do you really think that's pretty, Grandma?" The Virgin's face and figure are certainly not very idealized. The face is square, nothing spiritual; more like the Dutch Madonnas one sees, who are often red-cheeked, chubby little maidens. The rest of the picture is beautiful; such splendid coloring and picturesque old men; B. was very anxious to see a picture by Paul Veronese, which she thought was in Venice, of a beautiful, fair-haired woman, dressed in white satin, her hands full of roses, which she was throwing down

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from a balcony; but though we saw scores of beautiful women by Veronese and all his school, that particular one was not there. What splendid pictures they painted! I know many of the art critics say Veronese could not draw, his proportions were all wrong. His arms and legs looked all right to me, the women graceful and the men straight and tall, and the colors quite gorgeous.

We made our last turn in the Merceria this morning, passing under the clock tower and following the crowd—a long, hurrying, motley line—to the Rialto. There is not much to buy except beads and pearls, which make pretty, fancy chains. I imagine one might find some bargains in the way of real pearls in some of the little, dark shops, but it would be dangerous to buy without an expert. Our last day was beautiful—warm and bright.

Lady L. and I lunched with Prince and Princess Bülow, who were staying at one of the hotels on the Grand Canal, with a lovely terrace directly on the water. We were not a very large party—one or two secretaries; the captain of the *Hohenzollern*, in uniform; some Italians; Donna Laura Minghetti (mother of Princess Bülow), with the same beautiful eyes and smile I remembered twenty-five years ago, and even longer; and the Countess M., a beautiful Venetian. The conversation was interesting, though a little bewildering, four different languages being spoken around the table—French, Italian, English, and German. The Chancellor seemed equally at home in all: spoke French with me, English with Lady L., discussed Italian politics and the last Roman elections in Italian, with the Conte X., an Italian friend. Some one remarked casually from one end of the table, *Tous les princes romains sont Socialistes* (all the Roman princes are Socialists), which statement, partially true, made a very lively argument.

I was delighted to see Bülow again, and found him looking very well, not in the least tired or careworn. Certainly the cares of state sit lightly upon him, for he has had some difficult moments and a tremendous responsibility. However, as I told him, if politics were not difficult they would not be interesting; when there is no fight, there are no fighters; any one can do the routine work. He told me nothing rested him like Italy; Venice, particularly, with its wonderful stillness.

After breakfast the band of the *Hohenzollern* played in the garden; they were very numerous, over fifty, and played remarkably well; never too loud. All the people staying in the hotel were grouped at one end of the terrace. The light dresses of the women and the quantities of flowers on their hats made a pretty effect of color. The musicians in uniform were in the middle; the leader had a fine string of medals on his breast, and many of the men had several. It seems that the Emperor takes great pride in his music and encourages the men very much. They looked very smiling, quite pleased to play. Princess Bülow thanked them very graciously when the concert was over.

After breakfast B. and I walked to the Riva degli Schiavoni and took a steamer to the Public Gardens, the pride of Venice. The sun was so hot we were glad to sit down on a bench in the shade. I did not find the gardens very interesting. There are some big trees, of course, but it looked like any garden in any large city, except the view over the lagoon, with the fishing-boats drifting slowly along, their sails flapping against the masts, and far off beyond the islands; little puffs of smoke from steamers coming and going. One hates the commonplace in Venice. Except for the steamers on the Grand Canal the city is absolutely unchanged, and has quite kept its extraordinary fantastic, poetical charm, with always a sense of sadness and of past greatness that can never come back. Of course, some of the palaces on the Grand Canal have been repaired, façades and balconies cleaned and mended, but they hardly count with the hundreds that are left apparently just as they were in the old days when the Queen of the Adriatic sent her galleys all over the world.

I see no building anywhere, nothing that looks like the enlargement of the city, nothing new except the Campanile in the Piazza San Marco, which is being built upon exactly the same lines as the old one. It is more than half finished and does not look too appallingly new. They have been able to give a mellow tint to the stones.

I think one should go about in some of the small canals at night to understand what the life of old Venice was. One passes

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hundreds of palaces black with age; bits of marble broken off; the windows with no panes of glass, clothes and rags stuffed in the openings and hanging down over the façade; marble steps cracked and broken; poles rotting as they stand in the water; and yet the effect is extraordinary. One glides noiselessly along between the rows of palaces, quite dark. Sometimes a little dim light high up at the top; sometimes a dull lantern hung over the door to guide the uncertain steps of the inmates and prevent them from stumbling over the broken pavement and falling into the water. The stillness is absolute. There is no sound, no life, no light; nothing that belongs to the busy outside world. In the dim light the balconies jutting out over the water seem grand fantastic monuments, and as one leans back on the cushions of the gondola, half dreaming with the swaying motion, there seems no reason why one should not glide on forever and lead a ghostly life with the phantoms of the Past.

I am very sorry to go. Our stay at the Palace has been delightful, and I have seen quite a different Venice from the one I remember when I came as a tourist and stayed at the Danieli. I had vague recollections of walking to the Rialto bridge and in the Colonnade of San Marco, but I had no idea of the wonderful, dark, twisting streets and alleys at the back of the palaces, with every now and then a glimpse of the Grand Canal; nor the curious little *Campi*, shut in on all sides with fine old palaces, quite dilapidated, crumbling away; shops downstairs, and various degrees of poverty and squalor in what had been the *piano nobile* and fine apartments in bygone days. I don't know exactly what the charm is, but it exists. One feels the sea everywhere, and I understand the gondolier's phrase, *Il mare ci chiama* (the sea is calling us).

THE CAMPAIGN TROUT

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

JOSEF and I were lifting our canoe into Lac Lumière from the Dammed Little River when we saw paddles flash up the lake. The "garçons," Blanc and Zoëtique, the brace of younger guides, had been out to the club for mail; as that happened only once in ten days we hustled.

I ought to mention that the Dammed Little River is not so named entirely for love of blasphemy, but because it is little and is dammed—it was over that dam that we lifted the canoe. I'll grant you, however, that it may add a tang to the harmless stream to call it by the fierce name, and also it makes you feel pleasantly like a perfect devil to swear that way without sin. Anyhow that's where we were that September afternoon, Josef and I, just back from a two days' hunting trip to Lac Sauvage country. I'd missed a moose, and I knew I was going to get jeered when I got back to camp and told my brother Walter, who never leaves much to reproach himself with when there's an opening for jeerings. But I might as well face the music, and besides, there was the first mail for ten days a mile ahead between two glints of sunlight coming and going—the paddles. So we hustled, as aforesaid.

But Blanc and Zoëtique paddling the home stretch are hard to beat, and they had landed minutes before we got there, and were making oration with Walter on the porch. He detached himself with difficulty to greet me.

"Hello, Bob," he threw at me, and "*Bon jour*, Josef. Glad to see you. Any luck? Wait a moment and I'll talk to you."

I sat myself on a bench and stretched my hunting boots over the landscape and waited per order. It's good for the soul to hear Walter talk French. He was enthroned in the one store chair, a red rocker, in the middle of the big camp porch, and I'll tell

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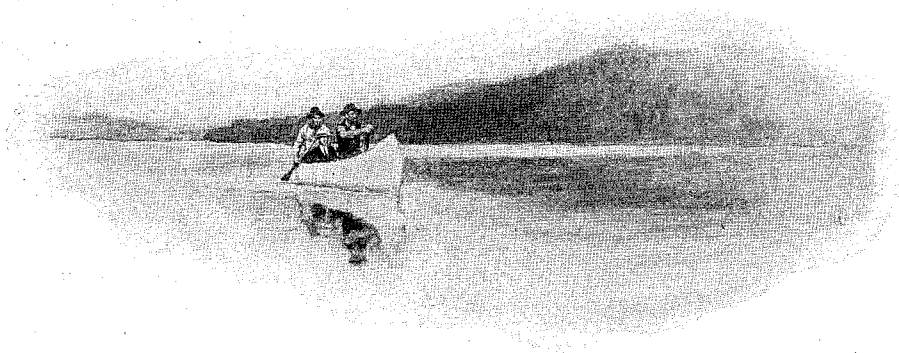
how he looked, for local color's sake. He's a lot older than I to begin with—over forty, while I'm only at Yale—and they made him a judge the minute he cut his teeth—the youngest in the State. Well, he sat there looking pretty prosperous, with his nice beefy color, and his dark gray clothes, and his dark gray hair, for his honors have gone to the outside of his head only. He's a trifle too embonpointish around the hips, but great men often have a rush of dignity to the waist-line, I notice. The light splashed on his spectacles so they were all



you could see of his eyes, but the glasses looked full of earnestness, and there was a deep line in the middle of his forehead which comes when he's most awfully serious. He was this time. I'd have bet on it, when I saw his pipe sitting on his knee like an interrogation point upside down.

Before him stood Zoëtique and Blanc, dressed in odds and ends; trousers under their armpits, multiple suspenders, slouch hats, a red bandanna, an axe in Zoëtique's belt, and a caribou-skin knife sheath with buckskin fringe in Blanc's. Rummage sale effects. For all that Zoëtique's got a figure which any athlete might envy, deep-shouldered, small-waisted, musclely—and Blanc moves like a greyhound, all steel springs and lightness. They stood respectfully in front of the red rocking-chair, and behind them two miles of lake stretched from the camp porch to the everlasting hills. In musical, incorrect French, with the nice polite manner all these habitants have, Zoëtique was getting to the end of a story, as I gathered, about a fish. That made it clear why Walter's soul depths were bubbling and he couldn't pay attention to me. He's keen for fishing. He'd rather fish than be President—rather than shoot the biggest bull moose on record. He had the package of letters in his hands, the first in ten days; around him were piled rolls of newspapers, and he hadn't heard a new in all that time—but nothing mattered. Nothing but Zoëtique's fish story.

When Zoëtique's crisp, rippling sort of low voice stopped, Walter leaned forward and got ready with anxious care to talk. To talk French was a necessity, for the men didn't understand English, and I could see him working his intellect. He usually helps himself to the French dictionary and kicks it, and calls that conversation, but this was different. This was about a fish—it was important to be understood.

"*Si je comprenne*, Zoëtique. *Comme celà. Vous l'avez view sortir à le Remous Doré, yune gros poison—gros grosse—vous disons celà?*"

I yelped a short yelp. The guides canvassed the sentence with perfect gravity. I could see them guessing. "View" they recognized as "*vu*," I was sure; and "yune poison," was a fish, "*un poisson*"; these transformations they'd run up against before. But "*sortir*," stumped them a minute. They looked at each other trying to remember if they'd seen a big fish go out—*sortir*. Then Blanc got it—it was "jump"—"*sauter*."

"But, yes, Messieur, it is true that one saw a big fish jump—at the Golden Pool—as one passed. A very big one—*b'en gros—gros de même*"—and the knotty hands of Blanc measured a hearty three feet.

"Great Scott!" gasped Walter excitedly, taking it all verbatim as he does a fish

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story; "Holy Moses! it's a six-pounder, at least!"

And with that the French language was batted through a game. A Parisian would have sobbed. But Walter got his questions out of his system, and I pulled him from one or two sad holes by the boots. And then the garçons raconté-d over again for me how they had been passing the Golden Pool—the *Remous Doré*—on their way up from the club with the mail and provisions, and had been brought to a dead stop by an enormous splash in the water. Zoëtique specified that it was "*épouvantable*," and Blanc, with gestures of hands and shoulders, told how he was so scared blue that he spilled into a two-foot hole, and the pack slid off him. Then the trout came up again, and concerning that appearance they gave measurements. They had him half the length of a canoe, and ten pounds heavy, by egging each other on a little, and Walter didn't doubt a syllable; he didn't want to.

"*Je vous dites ce que nous faisait*," he addressed them enthusiastically.

Then he arranged, with further language, that the three, he and Blanc and Zoëtique, should go down to the Golden Pool the next afternoon and collar that fish. Then he let the men loose, and they dissolved into the woods toward their own camp, and Walter glared at me joyfully through his goggles.

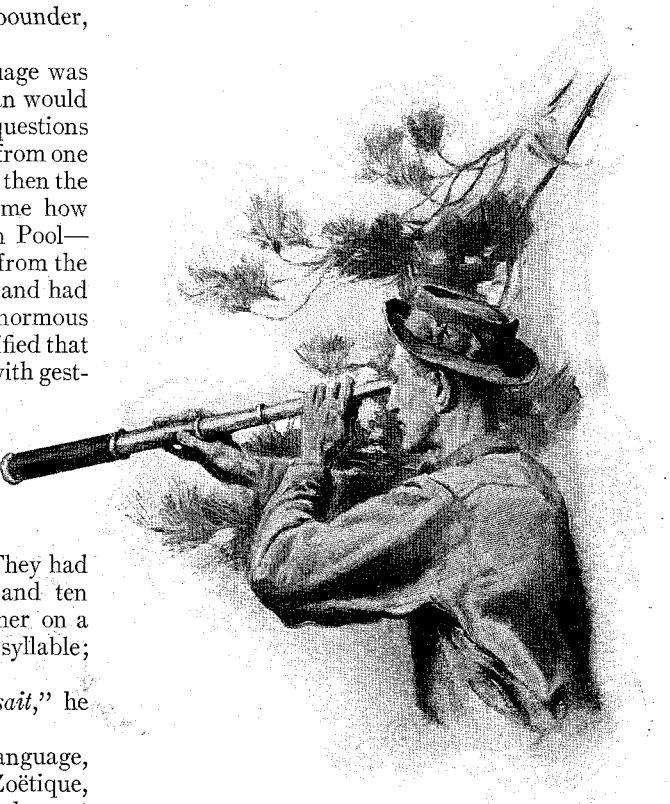
"Bob, it's a sockdologer; it's the one that nibbled at my fly two weeks ago, and I couldn't get him on. But it was hot, then, and low water, and lots of flies for the fish to fill up on. Now it's cold, and they're gathering in the deep holes, and the flies are frozen out—I'll get him."

"Please the pigs, you will," agreed I. "Sounds like an old he-one, doesn't it? And Zoëtique never does lie as well as the rest. Give me my letters, won't you?" and with that he came too.

"Well, Bobby, I haven't heard about your trip. Did you have a good time? How was the water on Lac à l'Isles? Have the beaver raised it? And did you see anything? Get a shot?"

My time was come, so I unbosomed my sorrow, and Walter was decent at first and said we all knew what it was to miss, and likely the sights of my rifle were wrong, as Josef suggested, and shooting from a canoe was hell anyhow, and these Frenchmen couldn't hold a boat still—and all such things. When you shoot crooked there are just so many excuses from which your friends will choose comfort to offer up to you, and you knew beforehand which. But the feeling left is the same. If you've missed, you've missed, and nothing alters that fundamental grief and the yearning for blood and one more shot, which remains. And conversely, if you've hit you don't give a button how easy the shot was, or how many times you pumped your gun to do it. There's a profound peace in the pit of your being that religion is powerless to bestow.

So as Walter ran over the reasons why I couldn't possibly have hit I appreciated his courtesy, and rejoiced to be let off, but I was sore all the same. Besides, there was a gleam behind the spectacles which gave me a good hunch that I wouldn't be let off forever. A moose—to miss an old bull moose the size of a barn! I couldn't for-



It's, a, straw, hat!"—Page 65.

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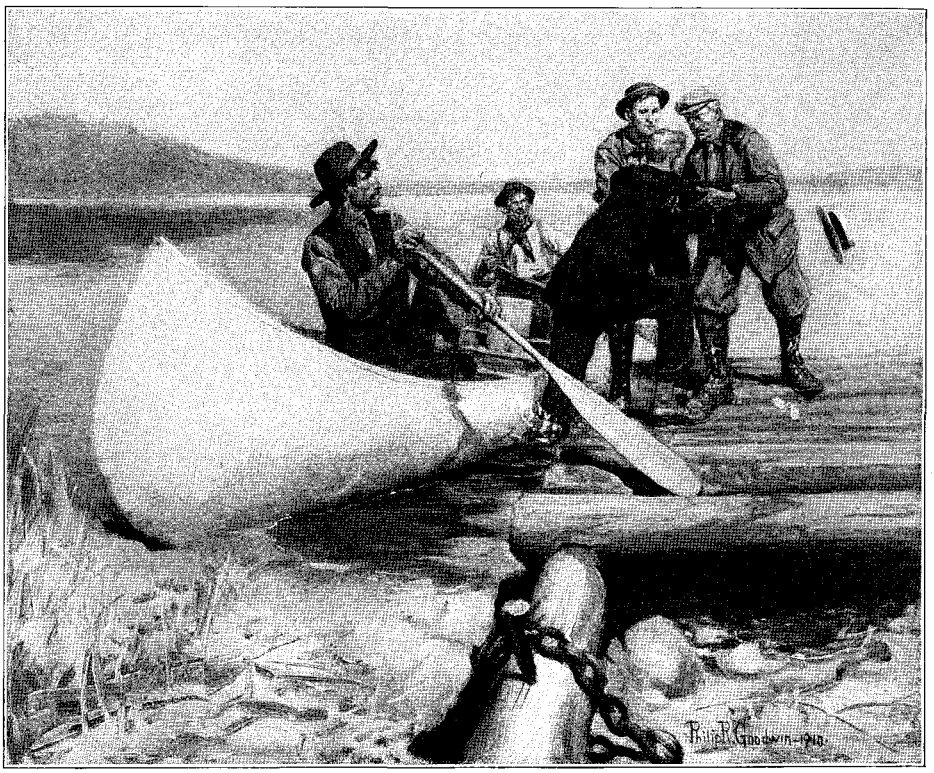

Yanked him landward, but in the enthusiasm of salvage his eyeglasses jumped him.—Page 65.

give myself, whatever Walter said, and even if the rifle was gone queer, which it was. I'll mention in passing that not long after I killed one bigger than the first, but that's quite another story. I told about my trip, and began on my letters, and Walter took to the newspapers. I heard him laughing in a few minutes, and I looked at him.

"What's up?"

He glanced at me over a paper, grinning sheepishly. "They're talking about me for Governor."

"Hey!" I hurled at him, for I was surprised. "You!" And I got up and kicked before him a little. "You! Hooray! Glory has come upon us. And me associating with you just as free—!" Then I sat down. "Tell me what it says," said I.

Walter read some paragraphs from different papers, and it sure did appear like a promising young boom.

"Why, look here, Walter," I gasped. "What's the likes of you doing in the wilderness? Oughtn't you to be down there fussing? Why don't you beat it for the settlements to-morrow—oughtn't we to go home?"

But Walter frowned evilly. "Go home? Not much. I'm going to take that fish at the Golden Pool to-morrow," he snapped at me. "Besides, if they need me they'll let me know. Whatever happens, I mean to get my fish to-morrow."

Then I addressed him. "That's too ridiklis," said I. "An afternoon's fishing—and us candidates for Governor! Why, you make me laugh. I'm in charge of you, my good man——"

"Oh, are you?" he inquired sarcastically.

"I am that. See?" So I punched him about a bit till he yelled for mercy. I can handle him since he got his embonpoint. I'm in training, and he isn't.

"Don't—don't," he howled; and then, as I slowed down, "I do dislike physical demonstration," said Walter. And I gave him a dig that rounded his sentence up with a squeal.

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"That's all," I stated. "Just wanted to put you in your place. Am I in charge?"

"Yes, yes—leave me alone, Bob," he threw at me hurriedly, and just at that second I happened to look out at the lake.

I stood petrified. There was a canoe on it. Now our own guides and canoes were all in camp, and we're away beyond everybody's passing. Nobody comes to Lac Lumière unless they come to see us. Who under heaven could be coming to see us? It was 5.30 in the afternoon, and nobody from another camp would arrive at that hour, for it would be too late to get back anywhere. One doesn't walk portages after dark in Canada. So I was petrified. It was a canoe all right, however, and the paddles were flashing fast; it would be at our dock in five minutes.

"What the devil does that mean?" Walter growled, and I lit into the camp and brought out my telescope, and in half a minute it was on the canoe.

"Two guides—don't know 'em," I reported. And then I shrieked in agony, "For cat's sake—for cat's sake!"

Walter got excited. "Who is it—what is it?" he threw at me.

"That's what I say," answered I. "What is it? what is it? It's, a, straw, hat!"

"A straw hat?" Walter repeated, dazed like.

For you see nature may abhor a vacuum, but I'm willing to bet she doesn't abhor it a patch on the way she does a stiff hat. And there it sat in the middle of nature, the lake gurgling around; dingy, regulation guides dipping paddles bow and stern; outraged mountains rising up green and sanctified at the horizon; and in the centre of the stage, a shiny straw hat. It was too much. I dropped the glass and doubled with too-muchness. And Walter glued an eye to the lookout.

"It's a straw hat," he admitted, and reserved judgment, and went down to the dock, me following in all maidenly modesty.

In five minutes more the canoe's nose ran up the bank to our feet. We "*bon jour*-ed" the guides, and then the hat was lifted respectfully and a lanky figure of a man arose to his feet and stood wobbling. The guides tried to keep the boat steady, but he lurched at the dock and slopped over. His forefoot went into some quite wet lake which we kept there—Canadian canoes aren't meant for doing the barn dance. Walter and I snitched as one man at him, and yanked him landward, but in the enthusiasm of salvage his eyeglasses jumped him, and according to the law of gravity made for a crack in the dock. And somebody—said to be me—knocked off his lid. It took to the deep and bobbed away riding a wave, and Auguste, the guide, had to *depêche* like sin to fish it in with a paddle. It was an eventful landing for that sandy-haired youth as we discovered him to be on the escape of the hat. He squushed water sorrowfully out of the yellowest low shoes I ever saw, and you couldn't cheer him even when I set his crown back on him and picked up his glasses. He just pulled off his hat promptly and gazed at it like an anxious mother and squushed more lake out of his yellow foot, and clucked softly—I don't know how to spell the noise, but it was a kind of a regretful cluck. Finally he got his glasses rubbed and his hat wiped, and Walter and I volubly offered him dozens of shoes, though I knew we'd have to short-come on the color. With the most exquisite courtesy we walked him upstairs over the muddy little precipice of a trail to the camp, and sat him in the red rocker, and offered him whiskey. But he wouldn't. Heavings, Maud! No. Not him. So we fed him Jamaica ginger and hot water, which I prefer myself, if there's sugar in it. And behold! he smiled like a split in a potato and arrived at the next station.

"I beg you will pardon me, Judge Morgan. I have been disturbed a little by these unfortunate accidents. I have forgotten to explain my presence in your hospitable camp. My name is Spafford. I am head clerk in the office of Bush, Engelhardt & Clarkson. I come from Mr. Engelhardt, Judge Morgan."

"Huh!" grunted Walter in a sweet way he has, like a cross codfish.

The sandy one looked bewildered. "Mr. Engelhardt," he emphasized, "the Chairman of the State Committee, I mean, *that* Mr. Engelhardt," and he paused to give Walter a chance to whoop for joy. Walter not whooping, he trotted along glibly: "The convention which is to nominate the candidate for Governor is on the eighteenth, and Mr. Engelhardt decided yesterday that it would be best that you

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should be there. You know, of course, Judge, that you are likely to be nominated?"

"Huh!" remarked Walter again, making awful faces, biting his cigar.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Spafford answered that sound with firm politeness. "Mr. Engelhardt thinks it best." And that to Mr. Spafford seemed to be final. "To-day is the 14th. If you take the train with me from the club to-morrow night at eight, leaving from Quebec the next morning, we will reach headquarters on the 17th, the day before the convention. Mr. Engelhardt and I planned it out," and he smiled that split-rock smile again.

For the third time Walter said that insulting "Huh!" And then in a flash there spread over his face a thick layer of a peculiar sirupy smile which I knew to mean an attack of pig-headedness.

"I'm afraid I shall not be able to join you on the journey, Mr. Spafford," he cooed.

Mr. Spafford looked flabbergasted. He simply didn't know the repartee. That anybody should disobey Mr. Engelhardt seemed one form of insanity. But here was a human being playing fast and loose with the nomination for Governor—that was a form even more awful. His pale eyes popped till you could have knocked them off with a stick.

"Are you ill, sir?" he exploded finally.

"Oh, no—not ill, Mr. Spafford," Walter answered gently. "But I'm going fishing."

The cigar which Walter had fed him dropped splib on the floor, and the lower half of his mouth nearly joined it. "Fishing!" he gasped. "Fishing! But—but," hope dawned. Maybe Walter was absent-minded or deaf or something—he surely hadn't understood. "Judge Morgan," he began in a first-reader effect, "it—is—the—nomination—for—GOVERNOR." He got into capitals at that point. "Mr. Engelhardt—the Chairman—of—the—State——"

Walter headed him off. "I know—I grasp," he interrupted softly. "I would like to be nominated for Governor very much, but there's a big trout, Mr. Spafford—are you a fisherman, Mr. Spafford?" he interrupted himself in dulcet tones.

"No." The stunned one stared.

"Ah! then you can't really quite understand. I'm so sorry to disappoint Mr. Engelhardt if he wants me, but you see it's this way." He proceeded to explain elaborately, as if in court, the situation to that dumfounded youth. Walter showed him carefully how the fish wouldn't bite of a morning, and so the first time he could take this one would be the next afternoon. He pointed out that he'd been after this fish off and on all summer, and how big he was, and how one could see that it would be out of the question to leave before he killed him. This and more—details about flies and low water and such things.

When he got through, the head clerk of Bush, Engelhardt & Clarkson didn't know what he possibly could be talking about. Then a bright idea struck him. Walter was a practical joker, and with that we got the privilege of hearing Mr. Spafford laugh. It wasn't dead merry laughter; it sounded like a rapid-fire Christmas horn gone rusty. "I see," he arrested the flow of it to explain. "You are jesting." And with that I butted in.

"Not on your life, he isn't," I stated. "But it's too blamed bad. Walter, don't go and do such a perfectly rotten—" and at that point Walter's eyes flashed fire, and I stopped hurriedly.

But I didn't give in for all that. I can get him to do things sometimes when most people can't, and I was bound to try this time. So that night, after we'd tucked up the Spafford blossom in his downy guest-tent—and he was horrid nervous about beasts and spiders—I went into Walter's camp and reasoned with the Judge. I pointed out things which are obvious to the intelligence of a frog, and after a while I got him to shed his sirupy smile and talk sense.

"I'm not keen about being at the convention, Bob," he explained. "If the nomination comes of itself I'll be delighted, but I'm not the build to roll logs and keep my dignity. And I don't care to be led down on a leash by that young fool. I don't know what Engelhardt means by sending me such an infernal puppy."

"Ought not to talk that way before a boy like me, Walter," I remonstrated. And then reminded him that Mr. Spafford meant awfully well, and that it was his proud boast that he'd been sent because of his reputation for persistence.

"Persistent—heavenly powers!" Walter groaned. "I should say he was persistent.

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Like a terrier this whole evening. Made camp a hell. I'm so relieved to get him to bed that I could yell for joy."

Back I went to the point. I saw he was only reluctant to go out, not dead set against it, and I thought Mr. Engelhardt could likely judge better than he could. I asked him, and he said yes, likely, and that it was no harm to be there for the convention, only —he didn't feel like it. And he felt amazingly like taking that trout. Well, I managed a compromise. It was agreed that we should break camp next morning, and go down ahead of the guides early in the afternoon to the Golden Pool, he and I and Mr. Spafford, and there Walter should fish till it was time to go on to the club to catch the train. If he could corral the sockdologer before that psychological moment, well and good. If not—well, he wouldn't promise, but I had a hunch that if we were all packed up he'd go on. Anyhow it was the best I could do. So I took Mr. Spafford aside next morning and stated the case, with a rosy glow over possibilities; and I warned him politely not to nag at Walter or he'd break for the North Pole, and never be Governor or anything else but a frozen corpse.

Next morning we were busy little housewives, bundling our earthly alls into the big canvas mail-bags which are our camp trunks. The guides were flying back and forth, and everybody was bubbling French, and lots doing. And in the middle of it the poor Spafford waif clung to the red rocking-chair, with the straw hat on his head, lost in wonder. He couldn't comprehend why people who might live in houses with rugs on the floor, and lace curtains and upholstered chairs should choose to do this. I saw him stare at a three-inch hole in my left trouser, where my complexion showed through, and then lift his wondering eyes to my gray flannel shirt, with much mountain wiped upon it, and a red cotton bandanna decorating the neck of it—he couldn't see through the game. You have to be born to it, or you can't.

We got off about two, Walter and I paddling, and Spiff in the middle, in the hat. We left all the guides to shut up camp and bring on the "*butin*." We paddled two miles down the lake, and then into the river among the rocks—it was low water and you had to know the channel. We shot a little rapids, and the flower of civilization was scared blue, but we made the portage, and there I flopped the canoe on my head and walked off, and Walter guided the steps of the stranger. It's only a mile down the portage to the Pool, so we got there an hour after leaving camp, and Walter at once paid no more attention to anybody. He began to put up his Leonard rod as if it were a religious ceremony; he does it that way. He had his leader ready, and I saw him meditate on the flies, and then open his fly-box and look it over thoughtfully to see if there was anything more seductive to the troutly mind. I remember that cast; it was a Jock Scott for hand-fly, a Silver Doctor in the middle, and a Montreal tail-fly. That's the way he started. Afterward he changed the Silver Doctor for a brown hackle—it was a brightish day. The minute he began to string the rod, it came to me that we'd forgotten the landing-net. That was ghastly when we were out for big fish, but it was much too far to go back, and I knew the guides would have it, and so I hoped the giant wouldn't get on, and Walter wouldn't notice about the net till the guides got there. And I kept mum, not to fuss the fisherman.

The Golden Pool was named that because it is. In September, when we fish there most, the leaves around it have turned yellow, and yellow only, for we're too far north for red foliage, and it's all in a bath of gold light. It's a widening in the river about a hundred yards across, and a lot of it is shallow, so, of a bright afternoon, the tawny colored sand-bars show through. And all around the shore are tall birches, which lean over, and their thin leaves are gold-shot, and the sun glitters through them. There are alders close to the water, and these are frost-touched too, and the stream rushes in over a steep rapids at a gorge between alder walls. It tumbles flashing around rocks in tier on tier of champagne whiteness, with sherry-colored slides of smooth water, and in the deep holes it's the gold-brown of brandy. Flecks of foam whirl all over the surface, and under the bushes at the edge lie feathery hunks of it like piles of whipped cream a foot square. As you get to the place from the shadow and quiet of the woods, you seem to have come into a shower of glancing light and movement and excitement.

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You breathe in autumn and energy sharply. Yet it's all as still and remote as the big shadows on the mountains. That's the Golden Pool, and that's where we got, the afternoon of September 15, when my brother squatted on the rocks, and put up and strung his rod.

The reel sang as the first line ran, and the snells fell stiff and curly—but not over the hole—trust Walter not to stir up that hole till he was ready for business. In two or three casts the snells were wet, and the flies spun out on the brown, foam-spotted water. And then Walter cast carefully at the edge of the real fishing ground. Along the left-hand side of the Pool the bottom is all big rocks, and in between are deep, cold holes, and there the big trout lie—never many, yet every year two or three good ones are taken by the few who know the secret, from a place about twenty feet square. It's ticklish fishing, for there are sharp edges to the rocks for an educated fish to dodge under, and more than once a leader has been cut in two by a jerk from a fish that knew his business; and many's the fly yanked off around those edges. So it's skill against skill, man with his clumsy inventions against trout with his exquisite instinct—human brains out of their element against trout cleverness in its stronghold. That's the way it is when you go fishing in the Golden Pool.

Walter cast his prettiest from the first, and that's very pretty casting indeed. The dim-colored Jock Scott danced delicately toward us as he lifted the tip of the rod, hardly touching the surface; the Silver Doctor just wet its bluish, silverish wings, and the Montreal, with its streak of purple-red, dragged a bit in the water; big trout are more likely to take a fly underneath than to jump for it. It was all done in regulation form, slow recover, wrist motion only, sidewise jiggle as the flies came in, a lengthening line covering the hole slowly from side to side. Close back of us was the forest, with just a few yards of big rocks and low bushes for clear space; the recover, you'll see, was a critical business. It was mighty easy to catch a fly in one of those alders or on a fringe of tree, but Walter didn't catch once. He's a shark at the job. However, it was too early; the sun was too strong; nothing doing. So, after half an hour of exhibition casting:

"Take me across, Bob," said Walter, his eyes still fast on the Pool.

So I slid the canoe in, away off one side, awfully cautiously so no ripple would disturb the sacred and holy twenty feet square. And Walter stepped in the bow, and I slid the paddle into the water without a splash, and in two or three careful strokes I had him over at the farther side of the pond, well away, but yet within casting distance of the hole. "Zip" went the reel, with the businesslike, sharp, soft sound which means it's well oiled and well wound and well managed. It's a joy to hear Walter's reel. Out flew the nine-foot line of light which was the leader, and over the brown water danced three spots of color which were the flies. And then I saw Walter's fist jerk back about two inches, hard, and my eyes jumped to the leader, and the hand fly was taut, and there was a bunch of white foam where it should have been, and a great bubbling of water, and the Silver Doctor and the Montreal were floating loose, and the kicking and bubbling and struggling were stronger each second. A fish was on the Jock Scott, and Walter had hooked him. I watched about thirty seconds with my heart in my mouth, and then I knew it wasn't what we were after. And with that Walter gave his pretty grunt.

"Huh!" he said, and began to reel in, casual-like.

"Smoll feesh?" I asked, as Blanc talks English.

"Yes, the little cuss," Walter murmured, and yanked up alongside the boat a three-pound trout.

"Want to keep him?"

"Heavens, no!" said Walter with contempt.

So I laid the paddle in the boat, and wet my hands in the stream, because if you don't do that your touch will take off the overcoat of slime that's necessary to a fish's life, and he'll die. If I'd wanted to keep that fish I couldn't have landed him without a net. He was hooked by just a thread in the upper part of the mouth. But I got the hook out gingerly, and presented him with the freedom of the pool, and he slid off with no remarks. He lived all right. Then big brother proceeded to disgust himself and me by taking rapidly, one after another, five half and quarter pounders. I threw them all in, and seeing we were too

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popular with the small game, we moseyed back to the rocks.

Meanwhile, all this time the outcast from civilization was sitting on my sweater on a rock gazing in wonder at the lunatics. If it hadn't been for the infallible Mr. Engelhardt, I'll bet he'd have shaken Walter as no fit thing for Governor, but as Mr. Engelhardt said he was, why he was. Somehow, because the Chairman of the State Committee ruled the cosmos, and said so, Walter had to be nominated. So he sat, and just wondered. I thought I'd try to open a dark side of life to his vision—be a missionary, as it were. Walter had brought the rod-case, and I dug out an old fly-rod and strung it, and put on a leader and three flamboyant flies—a Scarlet Ibis, and a Grisly King, and a White Moth—regular flag effect. Then I charmed him with kind words to follow me down the pool a way, and he followed, lamentably complaining. He fell into holes. At last I got him where he couldn't hurt the fishing, and I showed him how not to hook the tree-tops, and how to work the automatic reel, and then I put the rod in his virgin hands and said "Fire away."

For about three casts he was doing it to oblige me. Then an infant trout, out of an asylum for feeble-minded orphan fish, jumped at the Ibis and hooked himself enthusiastically. And I took it off and showed it to Mr. Spafford—his first trout! And you wouldn't believe what a hurry he was in to cast again. It sure was funny. But that's the magic of the game. The primmest of humans aren't proof against the lure of fishing when they take something. So he took another, and he was a figure of fun, standing on a rock in that wild place in his store clothes, gleaming at head and foot with brightness of straw and leather, prancing with excitement, and casting very fast. I showed him points, and he began to catch on, but he threw a fit when he hooked the Grisly King to a spruce tree, and I had to climb for it.

"If you could go faster, Mr. Morgan, I'd be obliged," he panted. "There's a large trout in the pool which I can see, and I want to catch it." And then a frank groan: "Oh, mercy, *do* hurry!"

So I yanked the fly off the branch and slid, and he was casting before I struck *terra cotta*.

About then I began to be conscious that time was passing. I looked, and it was 4.30; the guides might be along any minute and we'd have to go on our winding way in half an hour if we caught the train. I glanced across at Walter. He was changing a fly. He put a Brown Hackle in place of the Silver Doctor. He sent two or three short casts, letting out line, and the reel whirred sharp above the gurgling of the rapids. Then he loosed a reckless handful of line on the butt, and his wrist went back, and the flies sailed high and forward and floated out over the pool and touched without a sound—the Montreal under water, the Hackle skimming, the Jock Scott an inch over the surface. A corking cast, over sixty feet, I reckon.

Suddenly there was a swirl, and the Montreal went under deep, with a steady old he-pull. No mistaking that taking of the fly—it was a big trout. Sometimes a huge catfish will make you think he's a trout, but you can't ever mix a trout of large calibre with a catfish. It isn't done.

I saw the swirl and pull, and I leaped into the woods and heard my scholar fisherman wailing as I fled. I knew that Walter had on the whale, and the thought of the landing-net minus made me sick. I crashed through till I got back of Walter; then I called just a word:

"Go slow till I get the net," and up the trail I bolted to meet the guides.

Right where the Green Velvet Brook comes in I met them; we call it that because there are yards of flat rocks each side of solid emerald-colored moss. Zoëtique was prostrate on his lungs with his face in the drink; Blanc was dipping it up in his hat; the others were lighting pipes; my eyes lit on the four-foot handle of the net, and with that I lit on it. I grabbed it without breaking the stride, and was loping back down the trail, and not a word said. Those men were surprised—the tail of my eye saw that. I took the portage at a hand gallop, and slowed down twenty feet behind the pool, and crawled out over the rocks to Walter.

"The net is here," I gasped at him, and Walter didn't throw me a syllable, but I knew he heard and would be civil when he got time. The brute was sulking. Down in the rocks—blamed dangerous trick. It was all uneven on the bottom, and the rocks were big, and there were deepish holes, and

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if he could get the leader across a rough edge and yank, or if Walter pulled a bit too hard, he could cut the leader and be off in a second. He knew it too—he was an educated person, that trout. Wherefore it behooved Walter to fish like an archangel.

He didn't look the part, being screwed into a wuzzle behind his gleaming glasses, but if pretty is as pretty does, he was a beauty. He held Mr. Sockdologer on a short line, just feeling him, and giving him a tiny lift now and then to keep the game going. Exactly the right amount, that's why fishing is hard; you have to do it right to a hair's breadth, which is instinct. You acquire it by patient years of losing fish. So the candidate for governor, huddled in a brown lump, sat on an inconvenient-shaped rock and held himself there by one boot planted in the water, and didn't give a hang for the governorship or the discomfort—those qualifications also go with a fisherman.

I lay along a chosen log six feet back, and watched the battle. And pretty soon I was aware of shapes that melted out of the trees, and it was the guides. They slid together back of me like a group of fauns or other woods creatures only half human, in the shadows, and there wasn't a sound from them, but a wreath of blue air floated forward in a minute, and I got the dim odor of Canadian tobacco. That odor always seems to me just one remove from leaf-mould and growing ferns and spruce-needles and other forest-speaking smells. So there we all watched, while Walter fought the fight.

And around the corner of the pool, out of mischief, Mr. Spafford, mad with excitement, fished his first fish with squeals of rapture and of agony. I couldn't see him, but I could follow the plot by the noises he made, and I had to chuckle, in spite of the real job on hand. First there'd be an "Oh!" high and sharp, of excitement and hope—a trout was on; then an "O—O—Oh!" deep and mournful—he'd lost him. Then he'd adjure them.

"Come, little fishy," said he; "nice fly—jump for fly, little fishy," as unconscious as a kitten, and as lost in the game. And pretty soon I heard the men behind me giggling softly, and as I squinted up they were shaking *en masse*, and trying to see the débutant Izaak Walton around the trees.

About then, out of the hidden deeps the whale suddenly rose right at the rod, coming with a smooth velocity that was terrific. The tip went up, and the reel ate line; the line kept taut. But it was a miracle that did it, and if the beast had got an inch of slack he'd have shaken loose; he knew his job, the trout. And the next second the reel screamed, and off he went like a cannon-ball, out and out and out, tearing down the stream, and Walter had the rod straight forward, lowered almost to the water, giving him line by the yard. It was a tremendous rush, and I tell you I was proud of Walter. That minute and the next two or three were the most superb fishing show I ever had the luck to be in at. For no sooner had the beast run like mad for sixty feet straight from us, than he whirled as chain lightning, and scooted for us, lickety-split. I thought that settled it; no human could manage line at that angle, I thought. I heard Zoëtique gasp softly back of me:

"*Mais, bon Dieu, c'est fini!*"

But it wasn't "fini." Up flew the tip of the rod; Walter was turning the reel rapidly, and the line was ripping in without a sag, without a jerk—I never saw the equal of it. That, if you please, sir, is fishing. Also it was lightning. Quick! Heavings! It discouraged old man whale. Down he went into the rocks again, sulking, and I knew Walter would rather have him do rushes than that, for there's nothing so anxious in all fishery. You can't ever tell what minute's going to be an earthquake, and you don't know what jagged edges he's got down there to jerk himself across, and you don't dare pull him, and you don't dare hold him easy. It's all guesswork, and mighty dangerous. Moreover, for a hole, the hole was shallow, and you had less leeway with the line, and a mistake in gauging the depths would be fatal quicker than in deep water. So Walter had a handful and a brainful.

Into that breathless situation reverberated a roar. "Oh, Mr. Morgan! *Oh*, Judge! Oh, Mr. Morgan—come and get ME. I—want—to—go! It's five o'clock! Come, and get ME! It's five o'——"

And about there Walter looked up and frowned vaguely, and I arose and hesitated as to how to kill quickest. Walter's eyes strayed back to the brown pool with the white bubbles doing waltzes and two-steps

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across it, and with that, as I stood reflecting, I was aware that Mr. Spafford was trying to come alone. All of two hundred yards —the dare-devil. I knew it by a crash as of a bull moose, and a howl following. He'd gone into a hole the first thing. "Oh, my! Oh, my!" I heard him moan, and then more crashing, and the guides splashed suppressed laughter all over me, but Walter didn't hear. His soul was at the end of the thread that dipped out of knowledge at a point of the dark water.

And in a second we were all intent on that same point, for the trout opened up hostilities once more. Without warning he gave an enormous pull and rose to the top and shook himself, and broke water, and beat with his tail, and tossed, and jerked, and rolled, and raised the most dangerous Cain ever, and Walter's wrist followed the ins and outs of it faster than any mind could possibly think. If your subliminal consciousness doesn't understand fishing you might as well give up when a trout gets to that act, for no up-stairs thinking machine ever could follow. However, Walter's subqualities rose to the strain and saw him through, and the whale went down again visibly tired from the struggle.

And out of the woods burst our guest. So sad and bad and mad he was that I crouched before him. "Judge Morgan," he fired at Walter, who paid no more attention than if a puppy was barking: "Judge Morgan, I'll say nothing about the condition of my clothes." So I took notice, and there was a six-inch square tear in the right knee of them clothes, and the piece flopped.

"Too bad," I murmured, and he glanced at me sarcastically as who should say he knew well enough I'd put that stick to catch him, so I needn't be hypocritical. He further addressed the court:

"Judge Morgan, I'll suppose that my discomfort has not been caused intentionally—I'll suppose that."

Walter lifted the tip of the rod the least gingerly bit, and promptly lowered it; he was there.

"Judge Morgan, I'll not further mention myself, but for Heaven's sake, for reason's sake, for Mr. Engelhardt's sake, stop catching that fish and come and catch the train. I adjure you, do not throw away the prize of your career, the Governorship," and that was shrieked in large capitals. His voice trembled with emotion. He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, and halted a mere second; then he pulled out of that pocket as he went on—I couldn't believe my eyes—he pulled out of that trousers pocket a small, slimy, dead trout, and cast it from him, and pulled out another, and up to six, and discarded them on the rocks contemptuously. And I gasped, and the guides lay down and rolled, choking, but his voice went on in great exhortation: "The Governorship! For a fish! Come, Judge Morgan. Be sane. There's time, but not more than time. We must start this instant—we must hurry—but we can make the train. Judge Morgan, I entreat you—come!"

And that "come" was a howl that penetrated even Walter. When he's annoyed he's likely to take his glasses off. He did that now, pulling them away hurriedly with one hand, and staring up at the exhorter near-sightedly, like a troubled bat. "What's all this?" he growled, and threw me an appealing, irritated glance. "I'm not going anywhere till I kill this fish—you ought to know that, Bob!" and then he put his glasses on and threw one surprised glance at the little dead fishes on the rocks, and settled back to his rod, and I think plain forgot Spafford and me and everything else.

I realized that the universe, barring the trout, had been put up to me, so I took the wheel. "Mr. Spafford, I'm sorry; but it's no use. Derricks couldn't stir him. If you want to go on, you can take two guides and make the train all right. I'm awfully sorry, but my brother wouldn't drop his rod, as things stand, to be made Czar; we might as well give up."

"But it's insanity! It's—it's criminal! It's——"

I just agreed. "All of that," said I. "Only it's Walter. He's that way, and I can't change it. It's pretty selfish of course"—and I looked sidewise to see if the criminal was taking in things, but not an eyelash quivered.

The outraged Mr. Spafford held out a disgusted hand in answer to mine. "I shall tell Mr. Engelhardt, and he will believe me, but he will not understand. No reasonable person *could* understand that a sane man would throw away the Governorship for a fish. Good-by."

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At that Walter looked up with the nice beaming smile which makes him so popular and said pleasantly, "Good-by, Mr. Spafford. Sorry you have to go. It would be nice to be Governor, Mr. Spafford, but it's necessary to finish the job I'm on." And in two minutes more the dumfounded youth was in a canoe between Henri and Godin, and the paddles were flashing down stream beyond the Golden Pool.

Walter played the trout twenty minutes more—forty-five minutes in all. There were more rushes, and more sulking, but the runs were shorter each time, and the brute was plainly getting tired. At last the battle was practically over, and the huge fish was swimming near the surface, rolling on its side and flapping its fins helplessly, and Walter drew it this way and that, waiting to land it till the psychological moment when it should be too tired to shy at the net and break loose, as happens often after a great fight. Zoëtique knelt by him on the rocks, intent and excited, but responsible, and dipped the net softly in the stream to make it pliable, and then held its mouth toward the moving fish, following its course, ready every second for Walter's signal.

"Now," said Walter, and the net swept toward the trout, and the trout, with a last effort, splashed, tore, ran—Zoëtique had missed him.

We all gasped in unison. Then for two or three minutes more the fish was played gently, carefully, back and forth, near the surface always now, and then suddenly Walter's chin lifted, and Zoëtique, half in the water himself, brought the net around and up with a splendid sweep, and in it, high in air, flapping and splashing spray over us, was the great trout! And when the net was lowered, and Zoëtique got out his big dirk to finish the beast with a rap on the skull, *v'là!* he fell off the fly into the net. Lightly hooked as that, and Walter had saved him! It sure was a mighty fish fight!

My! you ought to have heard Walter sigh. And one minute later you ought to have seen him grin. It was an hour of glory. Then the guides were given cigars and drinks, as is seemly at a great killing, and then the scales were dug out. Six and seven-eighths, just short of seven, the record in the club for the Salmo-Fontinalis on a fly. Of course, they're taken up to nine pounds in our waters in spring, but that's trolling, and no credit to anybody. The whale of the Golden Pool holds the record, to this writing, for sporting fishing.

And here ends the first chapter. Walter claims that here ends the story, and that the sequel is a detached incident. But I am now come to man's estate, and I happen to have a perfectly able hunch of my own about that. It's the sequel—I give it. We went back to camp that night, and by careful observations my brother hadn't a regret in the world, and crowns and principalities and governorships weren't on his mind, which was et up by a huge gloat over his fish. He was the most deeply satisfied man I ever saw, that night, after he'd "thrown away the Governorship"—see Spafford as above. We trotted along back and unpacked our "*butin*," and settled down, much like that Emperor of Russia and his thirty thousand men who drew their swords and put them up again. We stayed a week, and not an uneasy glance did I surprise in Walter, but once and again an amused one with a chuckle on to it, as something recalled the Spafford episode. We got no mail and he seemed not to care. At length we broke camp definitely, and paddled down the lake in the sunshine of a glorious cold September morning, looking back longingly to where our long, low, log palace, barred and empty, blinked blind, reproachful windows at us through the trees. We did hate to leave—we always do.

We got to the club-house at five in the afternoon, and everything was dead quiet; not even Demerse the steward, was in sight. So we wandered up through the birches to the big house and stood a moment on the veranda to watch the guides bring up the *pacquetons*. Walter was bossing it, so I just stared at the last wild woods picture I'd see for a year. Around the cup of *Lac à la Croix* in front of us were two sets of mountains: one stretched calm miles of greenness and sunshine into the horizon; its double dipped deep in water upside down, and the wind zig-zagged wet silver across the submerged spruce spires. With that, out of the spruce spires as it appeared, leaped Demerse panting before us, excited, much-grinning.

"*Bon jour*, Demerse," said Walter cheerfully, and shook hands and went on bossing

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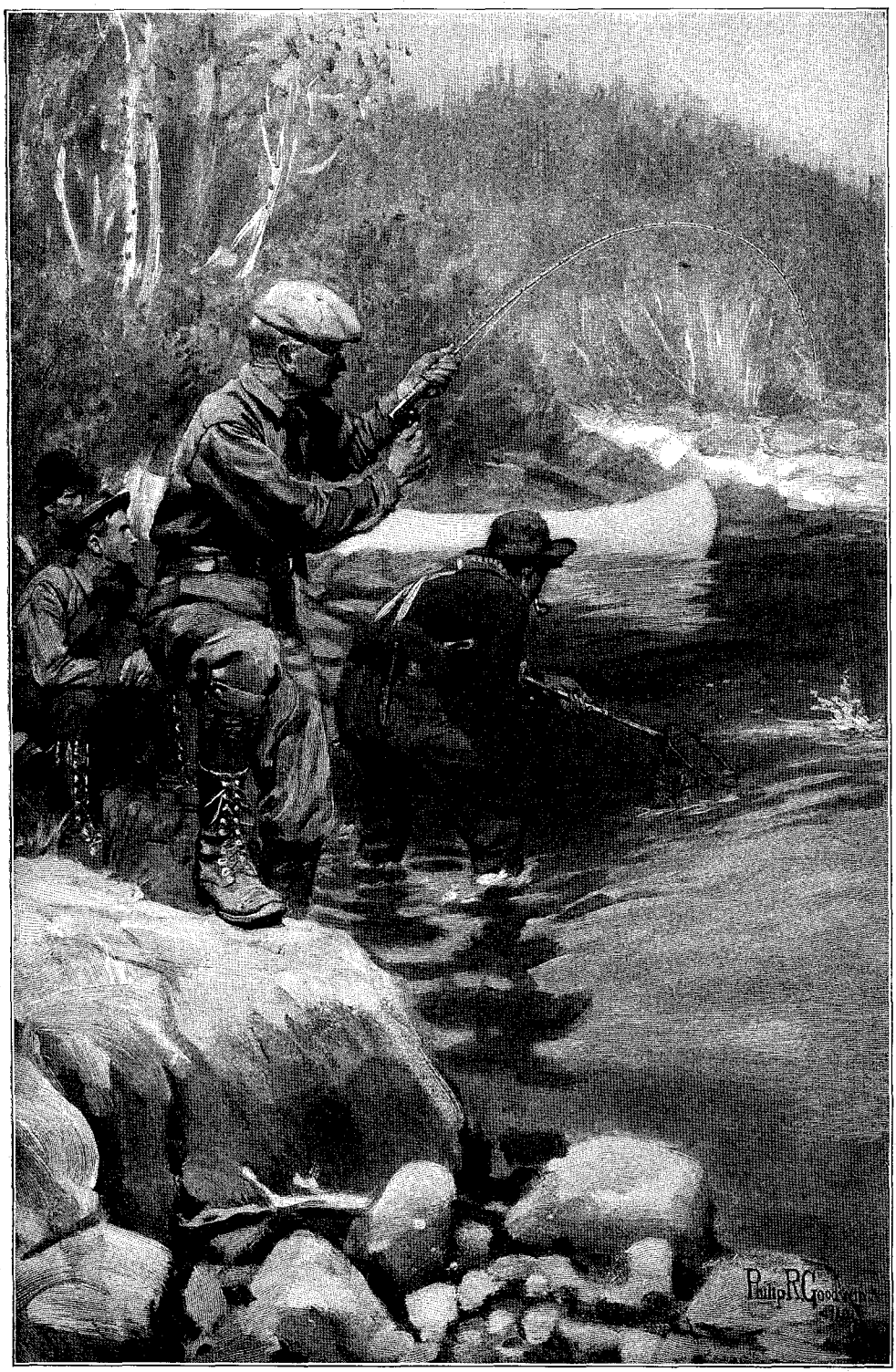

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

"Now," said Walter, and the net swept toward the trout.—Page 72.

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the guides. "Godin, *je veux que vous faisait*," he began. But Demerse wasn't to be corked that way. Not much.

"*Bon jour, M'sieur le Gouverneur*," he burst forth. "*Mes félicitations à votre Excellence. On est b'en content de ces nouvelles, M'sieur le Gouverneur*," and he grinned and panted more.

"What the devil are you talking about?" remarked Walter impolitely, and instantly translated, with that friendly comic grin of his which nobody seems to resist. "*Quaw le diable est-ce que vous disez*, Demerse?" he said. With that Demerse burst into the club-house and brought forth bunches of papers. It was so. They'd nominated the old rascal, whether he would or not. We read that first, and Walter was interested enough and pleased enough to satisfy even Mr. Spafford. Then I lit on a headline in huge letters, which read:

"'Consider the Contrast. Candidates of Different Calibre. Holloway Leaves Sick Child to Make Speeches. Morgan Says'"—and then I yelped, and joy got in my legs, and I threw down the paper and leaped a leap in mid-air.

"Read it, Cub; read it, you young cuss," Walter fired at me, and I read:

"'Morgan says: "It would be nice to be Governor, but it's necessary to finish the job I'm on."'"

In small type below was the story about the fish. All straight, too. Spafford in deep disgust had told it to Mr. Engelhardt, and the Chairman had been quick to see how to use it as a campaign catch. Holloway, Walter's rival, had left his small boy, about to be operated on, to get to the convention, and was awfully criticised for it; so the picture of immovable old Walter sticking to his fishing made a grand set-off to Holloway's nervousness.

We found it in paper after paper. Mr. Engelhardt said afterward that the simple account of Spafford's despair and Walter's solid rock-front of determination to get that trout first, and then attend to the Governorship, but to get the trout first anyhow—that the account of that did more for the nomination than Walter's presence could have done. It seemed to tickle the people to have him look after the job on hand, and be impervious to everything else till he put that through—and that's the way the old chap is. Single-minded. I brought him up rather well, if I do say it, and I only hope this governor job—for he's elected now, you see—isn't going to spoil our camping trip next summer. So does Walter.

WHERE LOVE IS

By Amelia Josephine Burr

By the rosy cliffs of Devon, on a green hill's crest,
I would build me a house as a swallow builds her nest;
I would curtain it with roses and the wind should breathe to me
The sweetness of the roses and the saltness of the sea.

Where the Tuscan olives whiten in the hot blue day,
I would hide me from the heat in a little hut of gray,
While the singing of the husbandmen should scale my lattice green
From the golden rows of barley that the poppies blaze between.

Narrow is the street, Dear, and dingy are the walls
Wherein I wait your coming as the twilight falls.
All day with dreams I gild the grime till at your step I start—
Ah Love, my country in your arms—my home upon your heart!

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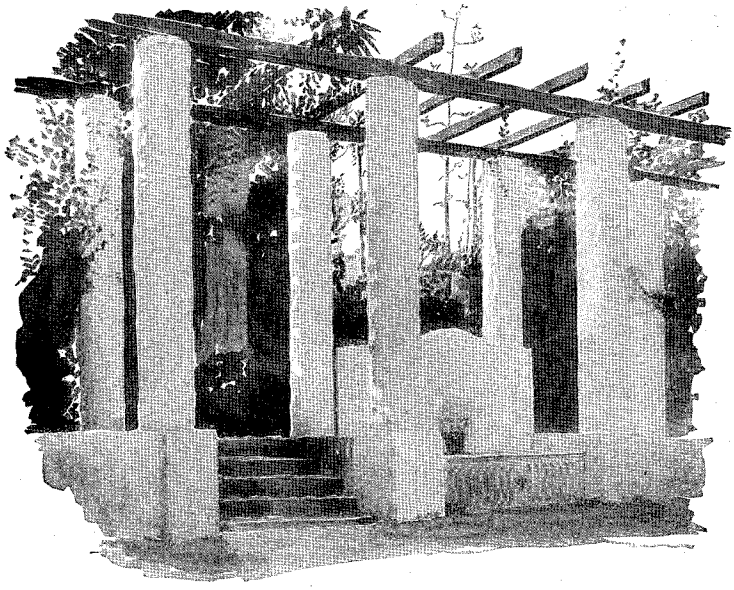

To recall the villas of Capri.—Page 76.

ITALY IN CALIFORNIA

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WHO that knows the Mediterranean country could fail to note the tie that binds the Latin lands to the hill-slopes facing the channel of Santa Barbara?

The soft breeze, fanning the face like a caress; the limpid air—the *cielo sereno* dear to every Italian heart—the scent of the orange blossoms wafted from the terraces; the shimmering olives backed by dark oaks; the suave lines of the coast reaching from the headlands of Miramar and Montecito down toward the bluffs of Ventura; the lazy blue sea sending its subdued rumble to the ear; the islands floating like mirages upon its bosom, evoke the noble panoramas of Camaldoli, of Positano, of Nervi, of Bordighera. Even the laborers, ploughing between the lemon trees, chatter the liquid note of Italy's language, and toward evening, when nature is stilled in the hush which comes with twilight, from the cottage behind our house, come the soft notes of the romanzas of Posilippo sung by the gardeners and their families.

Such for a general impression. And even when you look more closely, the comparison holds. In the gardens the gorgeous hybiscus blooms beside the agapanthus, the heliotrope, and hedges of strawberry guava; the bougainvillea transforms prosaic cottages into Sicilian villas, and row upon row of pink amaryllis balance their shapely heads along the pathways, their lily-like flowers undefiled by any leaf.

The finely drawn mountains, with infinitely broken surfaces, fold on fold along the sea, ashen in the white light of mid-day, rosy in the flush of evening, clothe their lower slopes with pungent thickets of southernwood and wild lilac where canaries nest and bluebirds whose azure wings flash in the sunlight, and the canon-wren whose song at daybreak awakens one with a thrill of pleasure.

The choicer homes, too, affect the Latin type, and, when not frankly Spanish, are

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built to recall the villas of Capri or Sorrento. Such a one, for instance, is the large mansion that caps a rounded hill beyond Miramar, a veritable *castello a mare*—low, turreted, towered, blank and square facing the sea, and so well planned in ensemble that I hesitated to approach it for fear of dispelling the agreeable impression. Such another is a certain home in Montecito, a snow-white villa with grilled windows and pottery roofs, set in dark, cypress-grown gardens laid out on steep terraces, whose staircases and gleaming walls are reflected in long basins of silent water, and decorated with cacti in earthenware pots.

But Southern California has often enough been called "Our Italy," and it is not so much my purpose to follow these reconstructions of Italy in California as to seek out the veritable bits of the motherland that are to be found within its borders. For there *are* real bits of Italy in California—colonies that retain their traditions intact, living the picturesque life of the old country, cultivating their patches of *basilico* for the *minestra*, drying their strings of garlic on the roof-tops, or mending their brown nets in the sunlight by the sea.

And besides these simple folk, one may chance to meet all sorts of interesting people in the colony (at the present writing the grandsons of two of Italy's most distinguished patriots), for California has always been a lure, a synonym for wealth, a land of gold to the Italian—a bit of his own Latin land, and an adventurer's land too—so much so, in fact, that an unruly son who threatened to disgrace his family would often be told "to go to California" much as we would mention a rather warmer place.

The grapes were just ripening, and I had heard that up in the Napa Valley there was to be a vintage festival. Knowing how many foreigners dwell in the three valleys that form the last dimples of the northern coast range, I dreamed of some such sort of Bacchic revel as I had seen in Dalmatia, or in the Piedmontese Hills.

So one late afternoon found me at St. Helena under the shadow of the mountain of the same name—known to all lovers of

An Italian grapepicker.

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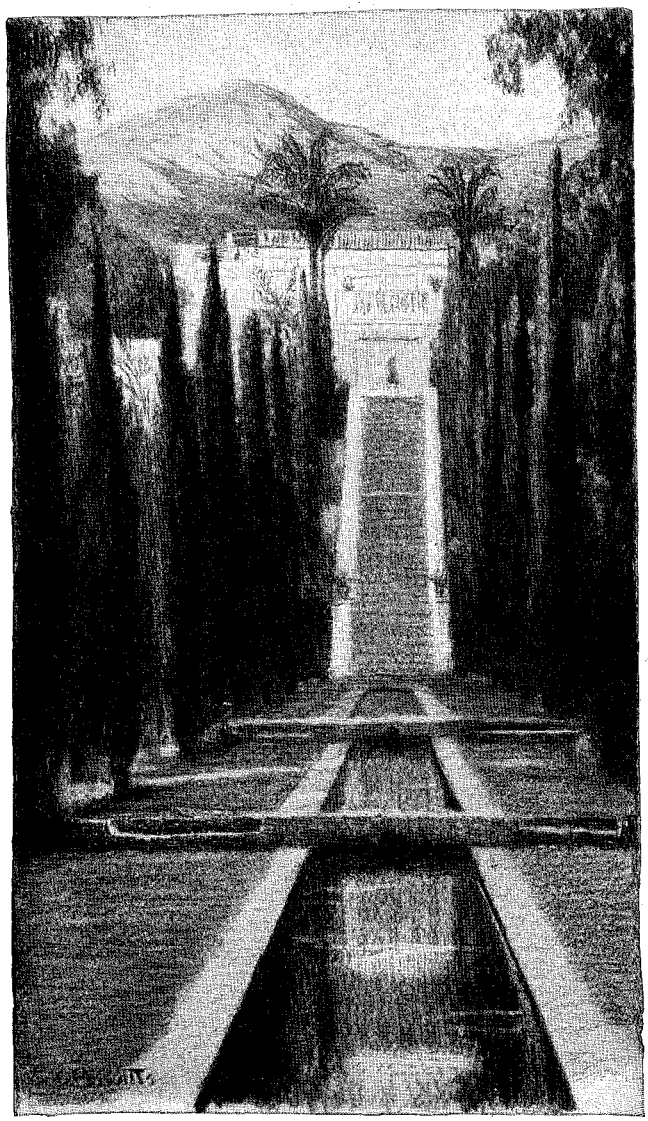

A snow-white villa, set in dark, cypress-grown gardens.—Page 76.

Stevenson as the home of the Silverado Squatters. Here a big auto was waiting and sped off in the gloaming up toward the mountains. Evening closed in, and the great eyes of the car, stronger far than the orbs of Jupiter, lit up, at each turn of the road, weird pictures succeeding each other with the bewildering rapidity of some phantasmagoria—reversing the truths of nature and, as in imaginative scenery, making light objects dark and dark objects light; flattening everything in their shadeless light; disclosing now a farm-house leaping from the darkness, now trembling aspens hung with heavy festoons of wild grapevine, bordering a Styx-like rivulet; now solitary oaks of giant size, blocking the whole horizon, their great branches soaring aloft only to fall low again in pendant boughs—then, in a moment, darkness, the stars overhead, and the white winding road.

The festival, from my point of view, was not a great success. There were, to be sure, some pretty grapepickers' costumes, and a country dance followed by a big dinner, with the first wine-press of the valley used

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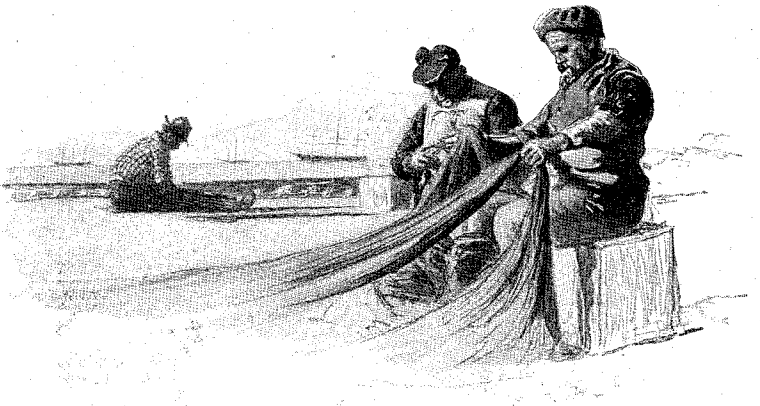
as the piece de resistance in the decoration. Speeches were made deprecating the use of fiery liquors, but extolling the juice of the grape—nectar of the gods—and the temperate drinking of healthy wines that stimulate, but so seldom inebriate.

From another point of view, however, the festival to me was a great success, for at it I chanced to meet one of the two men who upon acres of vineyard spread out in the sunshine, drawn up in regiments and brigades, climbing the hummocks and descending the other side; clothing the valleys with their battalions in close array, their vanguards even attacking the surrounding hills and, foot by foot, forcing back the natural growth of madrones and oaks to their fastnesses upon the hill-tops.



Mending their brown nets in the sunlight by the sea.—Page 76.

have done more, perhaps, than any others for the cultivation of the vine in California.

A day or two later I was visiting his vineyards just over the mountain, named for the township in Piedmont that produces the most renowned of Italian sparkling wine—the Asti spumante.

Situated on one of the upper reaches of the Russian River, in a wide and comely valley, surrounded by partially wooded hills, with the tall shafts of redwoods, last remains of the northern woods, punctuating their crests from time to time, Asti recalls the foothills of the Bergamesque Alps, or the lower slopes of the Apennines.

While visiting here, I veritably passed my time in Italy, for every one I met and everything I saw was Italian.

My host, with the true Latin courtesy, spent all his time in driving me about through miles of vineyards, each named for some township in the motherland, and producing the various well-known Italian wines: the barolo and barbera and the chiantis, white and red.

We topped a rounded hillock, at one point in our drive, dominating the whole valley, and from it, as a general commands his field of operation, surveyed these acres

And the vicissitudes of this twenty-eight-year campaign have been many and varying. Started with an acre of mission grapes (and a bad start too, for the original strong Spanish stock has never produced fine wines), many a setback has been encountered. The dreaded phylloxera has been fought and conquered; the inroads of sheep in a night have destroyed armies of tender shoots, while clouds of locusts have accomplished similar destruction. But here, as a reward to the general for his years of effort, now lie these acres of well-grown vines, bearing their tons of grapes; here live his countrymen and their families, thriving and content.

As we drove on we met the pickers in the vineyards—whole families of them, the babies asleep in empty crates, while men, women, and children filled pile after pile of boxes with great clusters of luscious grapes. Every once in awhile a big wagon drawn by four mules (substitutes for the oxen in the old Chianti country), with long red *fiocchi* dangling at their ears, would come along and load up, then drive off to the great winery in the valley below near the railroad and the bank of the Russian River.

Here for once Italian methods have been

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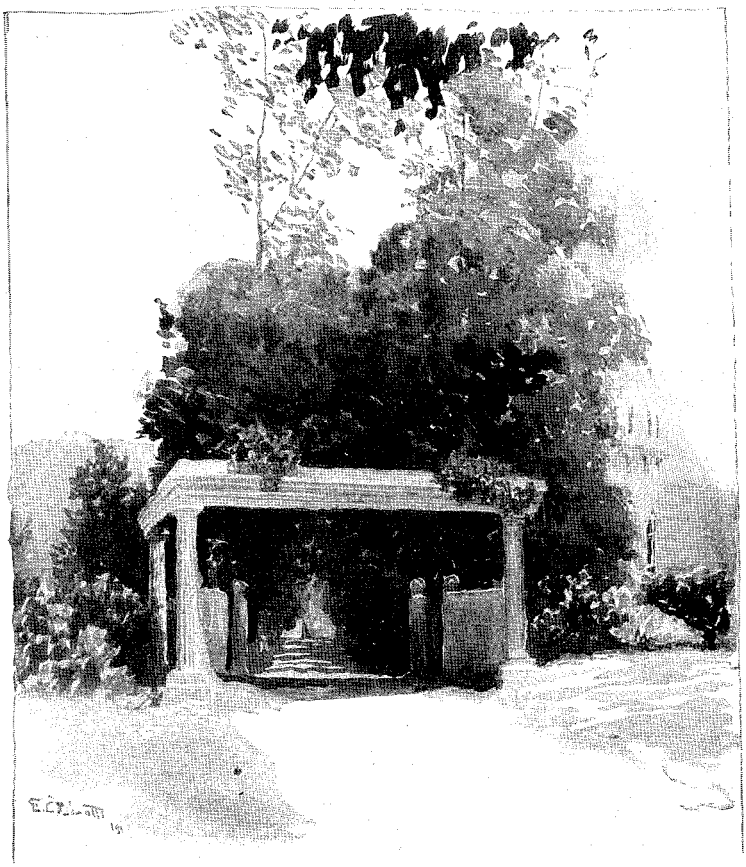

Entrance to the Villa Pompeii, Asti.

abandoned. Instead of the primitive fashion of crushing the grapes in vats with the bare feet that still prevails in most parts of Italy, the enormous yield of these Asti vintages is crushed in modern fashion by machinery. The grapes are dumped from the boxes on to an endless chain that hoists them to a sort of pent-house at the very apex of the winery roof. Here the grape crusher, run by electricity, grinds and stems them at a single operation, then throws them into troughs that lead down into the fermenting vats below.

What a sight you see as you look down from this crusher onto the tops of the open tanks—row upon row of them, each holding several thousand gallons—standing in dusky aisles with shots of light at intervals illuminating the seething mass within, touching its myriad bubbles with magic, changing them to emeralds, rubies, topazes, diamonds!

About ten years ago the capacity of even these enormous vats became so overtaxed that in six weeks' time a cement cistern, with a capacity of half a million gallons, had to be constructed adjoining the winery. I said half a million gallons, and I meant it. It is a pride with these Italians to tell you that when the cistern was emptied after the first vintage they held a dance within it for a hundred couples, the floor well washed, but the walls still stained with that wonderful *lie du vin*—the royal purple residue of the crushed grape.

Of economic conditions here at Asti I make no pretence to judge, but to the casual observer the colony seems happy and prosperous. It is entirely sufficient unto itself having its own general store, its smithy, its bakery (many a family has its own oven besides), its dairy, its quaint church—la Madonna del Carmine, where they sing Gregorian chants on Sundays—its school-

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house and post-office, and a cooperage, one of its most picturesque features, down by the railroad—a bit of the infernal regions this, with its red-hot braziers heating the barrels to bend the staves, while half-naked men hop round them, demon-like, madly beating the hoops into place.

The families live in scattered houses, but the single men occupy dormitories near the Colony House, as it is called, the official residence of the superintendent. Any one who thinks of the Italian as a small, dark, and weakly looking man should see this native of Verona, six feet in his stockings and broad in proportion, deep-chested, with clear blue eyes, blond hair and bristling moustache, bestriding his fiery young stallion—Arno—like one of the king's *corazzieri*. The colony has its diversions also, and on fête days you may find them fishing by the river with the little square nets of the old country, or under the trees at evening playing home-made reeds and pipes.

I spent most of one afternoon playing *giuochi di bocci* in the fine hard court down at my host's villa. Some years ago a visit to Pompeii suggested to him a country house modelled after the Casa dei Vettii and a charming idea it was. The villa is set in a grove of palms and orange trees. The atrium greets you with the familiar "salve" in the mosaic pavement; the peristyle, of highly pictorial effect, invites to quiet and repose with its long colonnades, its prim privet hedges, its cool fountain capped with a *tempietto;* its Janus-heads and green-bronze *putti*, and its panelled walls of Pompeiian red framed in black and gold.

Two giant oaks, centuries old, form a majestic background, separating the garden from the river, whose winter wash threatens its very existence. Just behind the peristyle and to the right, a group of hammocks swing in the cool recess of a large grotto made of parti-colored rocks, and so truly Italian in taste that one marvels until told that it was built stone upon stone by a *contadino,* a simple peasant workman, after his own design. The gardens, full of quaint conceits and unexpected features, contain a number of those *giuochi d' acqua*, so familiar to all lovers of less formal Italian gardens, such as the Pallavicini, near Genoa. As you admire the goldfish in a basin or search in vain for a wondernest in a trellised arbor, suddenly the pressure of your foot upon a trap concealed in the gravel path, or under the fallen leaves, turns a spigot and sprays your face with water; or should you be thirsty and turn a faucet, the water gushes from a jet above as you start back, amazed and spluttering.

Some years ago, when the Duke of the Abruzzi first came to California as a simple ensign on a man-of-war, he visited this Villa Pompeii for several days. He was accompanied by six of his brother officers, among them one who was the practical joker of the party—a sort of court jester as it were. It was a warm day when they arrived, and this young nobleman, spying the hammocks in the cool grotto, incontinently threw himself into one, only to bob up, aghast and bewildered, as a heavy shower of water sprayed down upon him. His companions, delighted at his discomfiture, at the joker joked, went into gales of laughter, and the Duke, in his amusement, backed into a tree only to receive a heavier shower in the back of his royal neck!

The Asti colony, though perhaps the most important and most thoroughly Italian, is by no means the only one in California. At Madeira, in the San Joaquin Valley, and in the broad fields of the Sacramento, there are important though more scattered groups of Italians, while in the gardens of Visitation Valley, flecked with the whirling shadows of scores of windmills, men cultivate the terraces as in Lombardy, weeding on all-fours in the vegetable patches, drying garlic on the shanty roofs, and rearing their numerous progeny.

The Italian population of San Francisco has always affected the district under the shelter of Telegraph Hill. I remember when I was a boy the fascinations of Dupont Street, as it then was called, and its succession of wonder-shops where Bologna sausages encased in tinfoil hung in dazzling clusters from the ceiling; where tinned eels from Commacchio, and confetti in brilliant wrappers lay side by side in the showcases; where ponderous millstones rolled the dough in macaroni factories, while presses ground out yards of tagliarini and tortellini, lasagne and reginnini. To-day conditions are quite the same, for on this same street, now Grant Avenue, China-Bisleri and Fernet-Branca and Florio's Marsala tempt

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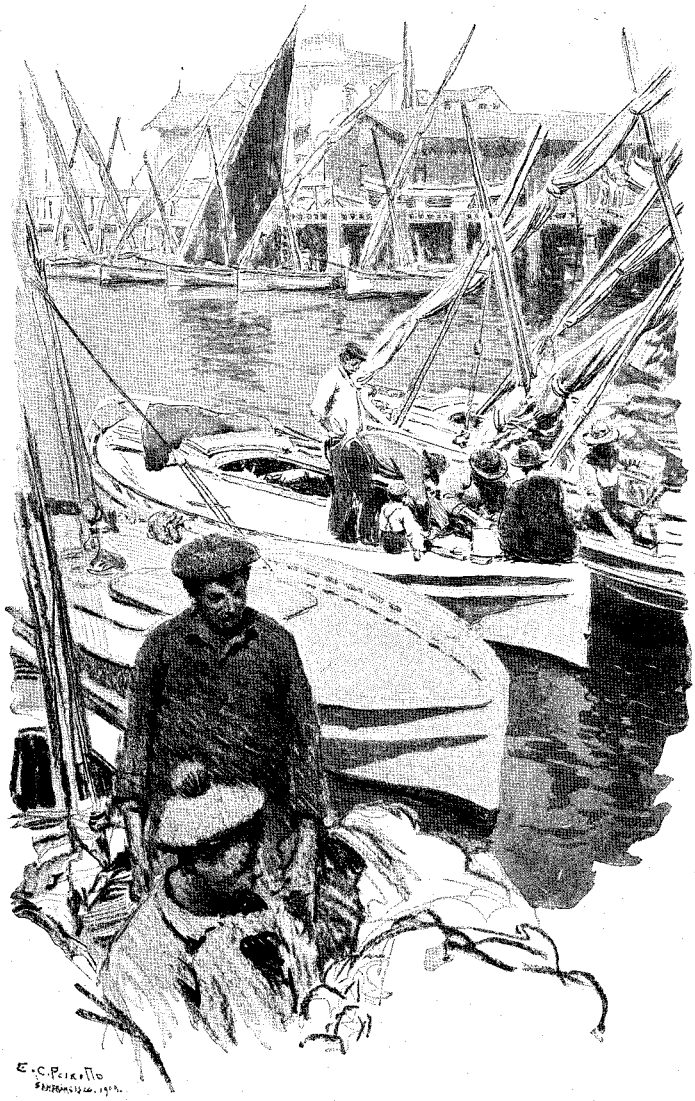

Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco.

from the windows; big crescents and the hard nubs of bread that every traveller in Italy has sighed over are sold in the bake-shops; gay calicoes flaunt in the doorways, and at the back of the wineshops they still press out with the feet that execrable *vin d'uva* so dear to the fisherman's heart—his own wine that he offers with such pride to his honored guest.

Montgomery Avenue, one of the few streets in San Francisco that consents to run at any other angle than a rectangle (how happy I should be if there were more like it), acts as a gateway to the Quarter. It houses the larger industries: the steamship offices, La Veloce and the Florio Rubattino—how familiar they do sound—the Banca Popolare and La Voce del Popolo, the mouthpiece of the colony. It houses, too, the most important bookstore, whose long windows are always stocked with the latest illustrated books and papers—the caustic "Asino" and "Mulo," beside the more commonplace "Corriera della Sera," the songs and barcaroles that one hears in Venice and Naples, beside pretty picture

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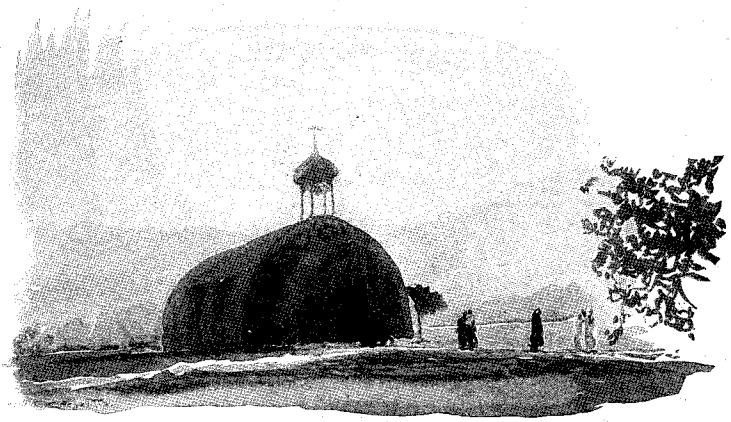
postcards of the motherland; the paper-bound "Storia dei Paladini di Francia," beside the "Cavalier di Malta" and other lurid melodramatic tales, among them "Il Processo Thaw."

At the intersection of Broadway, the only other wide street of the quarter, you will find the principal restaurants, bona fide *trattorie* like the Trovatore and the Fior d'Italia, where white-aproned waiters serve the programme you can have anything you like, from "Fedora" and "Camille" to "Giosué'il Guardacoste," "an emotional drama," as the poster tells you, with acts labelled, "One who sells his honor," "Twenty years after," "The portfolio and reward," and so forth; or, on other nights, if you prefer, as I do, the *zarzuella*, or vaudeville, combined with one-act farces. These latter are my special favorites.



La Madonna del Carmine, Asti.

minestra and *fritto misto*, breaded cutlets and *zabajone*, while a piccolo brings bottles of wine from a counter tucked under the stairs.

Near them the marionettes used to hold forth, and there have I often heard Orlando recount his fiery love, and seen the Palladins of Charlemagne slay Turk and Saracen in true Sicilian fashion. Now, alas, the blatant nickelodeons and moving-picture shows have drawn away the patrons, and the last expounder of the doughty deeds of Orlando Furioso is driven to make his final stand in a small Sicilian colony in the Mission.

A few blocks further up The Avenue, as it is familiarly called, and you come to Washington Square, whose rows of venerable cedars have sheltered generations of Italian children just as the elms of Washington Square in New York have long sheltered the Italian denizens of the Bleeker Street quarter.

Here the Italian Theatre thrives—a large structure, clean and up-to-date. Except upon festival nights, it is a ten-cent show, but, I assure you, a good one. If you watch Modelled after the manner of Goldoni's comedies, simple, childlike in their naïveté, they are full of Italian character, and appeal strongly to the simple emotions of the fisherfolk and tradespeople in front of the footlights. To give an example: a young modiste is discovered trimming her bonnets; to her appear in turn three suitors: a decrepit but proud marquis, with monocle and rheumatic legs, then an overdressed but handsome young city chap, and finally Stentorello, the country clown, dressed after the old tradition in a sort of Watteauesque motley, with spiked wig, long velvet waistcoat, small clothes, and beribboned knees. He is fond of cracking vulgar jokes, but with all has a certain peasant craftiness, getting the best of everybody, and, finally, of course, outwitting his rivals and winning the pretty milliner.

The Italian quarter was practically wiped out by the great fire three years ago, so little of its outward picturesqueness remains. It was, however, one of the first districts to be rebuilt—thereby showing the thrift of its population, but its new buildings evince but little Italian influence, excepting in the back

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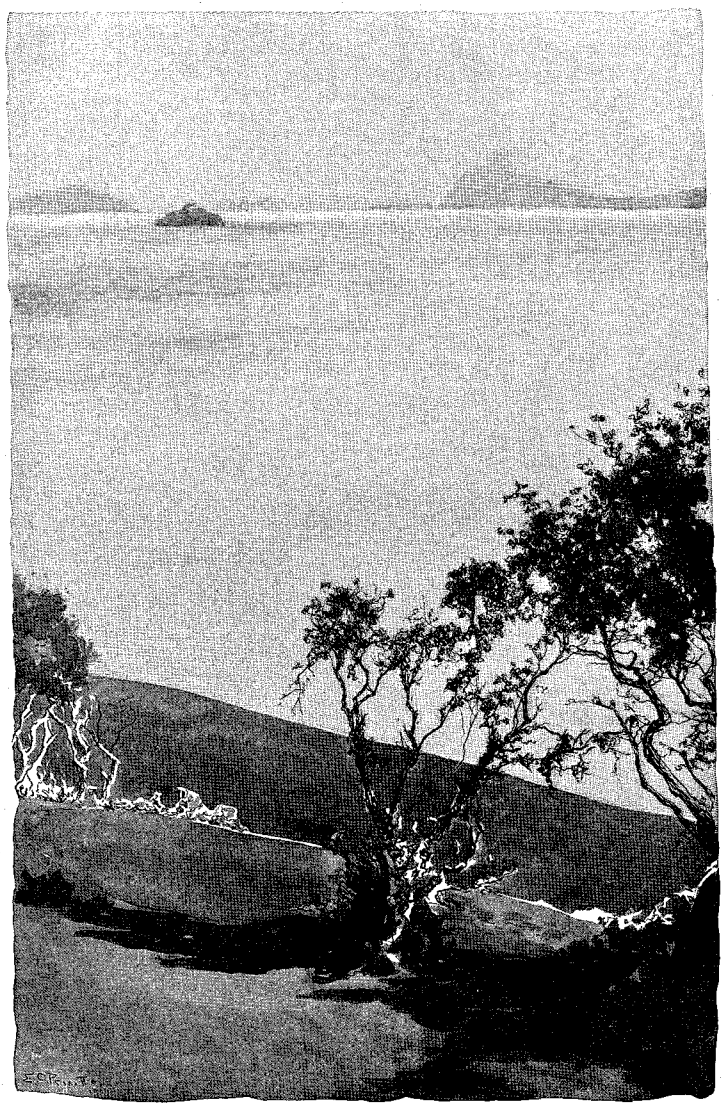

San Francisco Bay from Sausalito.

yards where tomatoes lie drying, or fishermen sit mending their nets, and on the roof-tops, where a vast space is always reserved for lines of clothes flapping in rows like scarecrows against the clear blue sky. Its double character, half American, half Italian, may best be summed up I think in a sign I saw advertising apartments to rent, and concluding with the mixed information "la chiave al janitor in rear!"

Fisherman's Wharf still remains, however, to delight the lover of the picturesque. In a rectangular basin, with but a single exit to the Bay, lie the lateen-sailed fishing smacks, blue, green, or striped with red and yellow, with their warm brown sails shading groups of fishermen gathered round their demijohns of wine. Long lines of tawny nets hang drying along the wharves, while men in gum-boots mend their broken strands, or readjust their corks and leaden weights, working, on rainy days, in a big shed near by, whose sombre interior presents great possibilities for the painter, with its Rembrandtesque effects of light disclosing the heavy nets suspended from the

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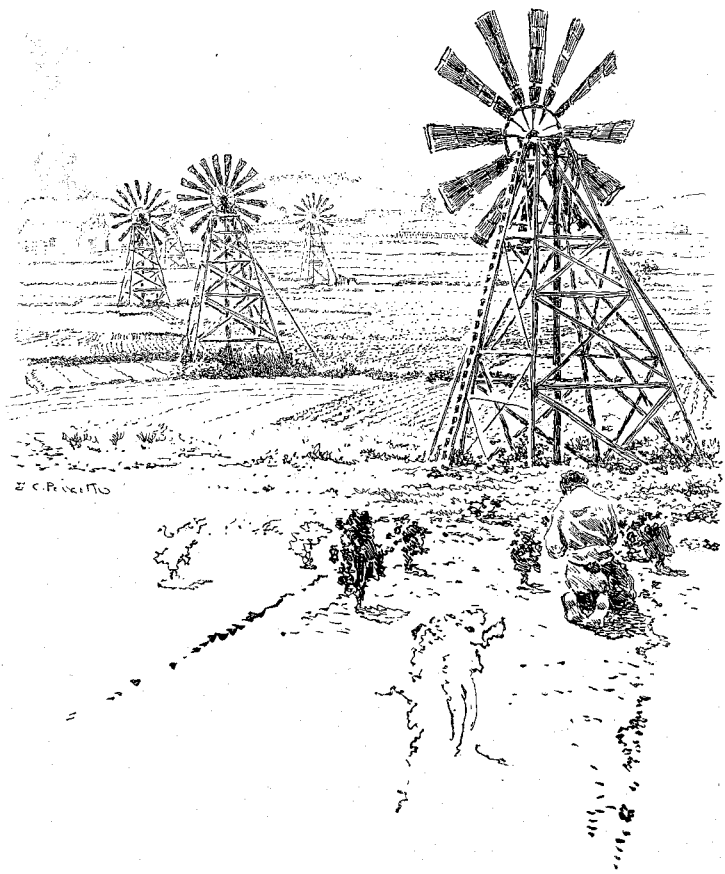
rafters, while dark figures in picturesque garb move about, or work in the scant patches of light. Adjoining this shed is the boat-builder's house full of flying chips, of bent timbers, and bits of spars and rigging. Most of the fisherfolk are Ligurians, and still count in soldi, awaiting the day when, with a tidy sum, they may return to the old country to settle themselves in some tiny villa in the olive groves above the sea. Many such a one have I encountered, passing his old age in the safe harbors of Sestri or Chiavari—men who have fished for years the far waters of San Francisco Bay.

But from their gayly painted houses above the Ligurian Gulf they command no fairer prospect than the views surrounding Fisherman's Wharf. To the westward the dark mass of Fort Mason shades the narrow orifice of the Golden Gate shut between the bluffs of Fort Point and the Point Lobos Hills, which terminate in the volcanic silhouette of Tamalpais with Sausalito's safe haven, and its tall-masted ships lying beneath. To the eastward the pink hills of Contra Costa—the Opposite Coast—reflect the setting sun, while between spread the broad waters of the bay, flecked by the western trades, and dotted with shipping and with islands, Alcatraz, low, buttressed, grimly fortified, sailing like some grim dreadnought in the nearer distance.



The gardens of Visitation Valley.

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THE WINGS OF THE MORNING

By Calvin H. Luther

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYNARD DIXON

THE desert is not inhospitable; its doors swing all unbarred. It welcomes the guest with rich feasts of color and form, pouring the high wines of the air into his cup, regaling him with strange flavors. He lies down beneath an incomparable starlight, and the music of utter silence plays about his couch.

But the desert is inflexible; to abide in it one must accept its will and its law. And the God of the desert—is he not the God of the ancient Israelites?

Herr Seifert came to Arizona in June, when the desert is at its best and its worst. He bore letters from a German university, and a brief but pointed introduction to the Indian agents of the Painted Desert region, signed by one of the Committee on Indian Affairs. It appeared that he was a scientist of note and an authority on seismic and volcanic phenomena.

He was a spare man, near-sighted, black of beard, unemotional, and a sceptic in all things. Once, being challenged to name the Twelve Apostles, he began with Galileo and ended with Kant. His monograph on the Duality of Things was regarded as a triumph of agnosticism.

Using Winslow as a base, he traversed the lava-flows of the Mesa de Malpais, note-book in hand. Indians will not cross this plain; Mexicans will not even approach the region. Herr Seifert penetrated to the black heart of it, lunched in the Kettle of the Devil, and returned unimpressed.

Next, the professor visited Canyon Diablo and the Meteorite Mountain. He found a crater which was not a crater, rock fragments struck off by celestial hammers, flakes of a star. He did not quote from Genesis, as the pious do, nor even exclaim, after the usual manner of scientists. He merely remarked:

"So! It might have happened."

Then Herr Seifert came to Flagstaff. This town is to the desert what Gloucester is to the sea.

Though a barrier of pineland intervenes upon the north, Flagstaff does not smell of the pine; though a principal railway station, Flagstaff is not aware of the fact. It faces toward the desert; it savors only of the desert. There is a suggestive sandiness in alley and yard; Mexican bayonet advances into the back streets; neglected gardens are overcome with sage. The people are burned in the face; eyes squint, brows frown, against the sun. The speech continually refers to the desert, to rain and the hope of rain. Showers are measured in fractions of an inch, as diamonds are weighed in carats. Sand-storms, cloudbursts, bombardments of lightning come from the desert; visitors arrive by way of the desert; evil-doers retreat into the desert; men stray into the desert and are lost.

For the Atlantic north-easter, here is the sand-storm; for the corroding saltiness, here is burning sunshine; for drowning, here is dying by thirst—death from the other end of the weapon! Sea and desert alike persist in savagery to the very doors of men's homes, are unimpressionable, absolute—environments which do not reflect, but are reflected.

Flagstaff may expand a little, extending soft gardens, pier-shaped, into the wilderness. This is called "reclaiming the desert." But as the sea has endured, so shall the desert; some time it may reclaim Flagstaff!

Herr Seifert inspected the town, finding it raw and unlovely; examined the Navajo blankets, which seemed to him garish and of coarse texture; watched the play of colors at sunset, remembering that they were due to suspended dust; listened to the oracles of the barroom with impassive distaste, and finally went to bed.

Next morning he rose up from his pipe and called for horses and a guide to take

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him to the Navajo Mountain country. He explained that he wished to see something of the desert, and would return in ten days.

The landlord protested. Navajo Mountain was at the other side of everything, up against the Utah line—a hundred and fifty miles by trail. Nor was this the season for desert travelling—most of the springs were dry, there was little grass even at the water-holes, the heat was beyond description. It would require three weeks at least, with long days in the saddle and danger from thirst. As to Navajo Mountain, it was the roughest country in Arizona; nobody went there, nobody wanted to go. He could supply four horses, with a buckboard to carry feed and water; but he strongly advised against the attempt.

Herr Siefert misunderstood, thought this a plausible argument in favor of a large and expensive outfit. He calmly replied that he required three horses only; would carry no feed or water; and that, if the landlord did not care to furnish the outfit, he would go elsewhere for it.

"It's tempting Providence!" asserted the landlord.

"I am my own Providence," replied his guest. "I know of no other."

The landlord, being of philosophic temperament, merely stared and withdrew. Later he introduced a man named Ellison, as lean and swarthy as the professor himself, though lacking his serenity of manner. Ellison, he said, was the only guide in Flagstaff who knew the country beyond Red Lake.

The guide, using the frontier idiom garnished with many oaths, warned Herr Seifert of the danger of entering with so slender an outfit, but said that other horses and supplies could be bought at Tuba. He added that he was not afraid to go—the desert had never got one of his family yet! But he wanted it understood that he was not to be held responsible for anything that might happen. Herr Seifert, assenting, waved him away and sat down by the door.

Leaning against a post of the wooden awning was an Indian—a Navajo, moccasined, dressed out in high colors, with heavy ornaments of silver, and a red scarf about his head. Herr Seifert studied him calmly, looking upon the barbaric dress as artful make-up, the cloak of a beggar. The Indian looked at Herr Seifert as the Sphinx might look at a dancing-girl from the Soudan. Suddenly his eye lighted; he spoke in harsh, deep gutturals, motioning with hands and body. Herr Seifert recognized the sign-language of the plains. But the landlord intervened.

"Get out!" he ordered roughly.

The Navajo backed a little way, then stood still, his narrow eyes shifting from the professor's face to the ring he wore, to his heavy fob and chain. Then he pointed to the rude silver buckle of his own belt and back to the ring and chain.

"He wants to make a trade," explained the landlord. "Hey, Charley! What brave is this?"

"He's from 'way up; come in with two mountain-lion skins this mornin'; I never see him afore," replied the trader, crossing over to the hotel.

The Navajo turned, his face alight with eagerness.

"He wants the ring," interpreted the trader. "He says he'll give his belt and blanket for it. He thinks it's your medicine; he don't know the value of it. Indians like things that glitter."

Herr Seifert drew forth his note-book; here was interesting material! The Navajo made a sudden exclamation, drawing the blanket over his face.

"He thinks you're makin' a charm. He's talkin' bad. Hey, clear out!" The trader motioned away the Indian, who slouched a few steps down the walk and turned. He eyed the ring and the chain, held out a hand; then, with a last grunt, he crossed the street and sat down in the shade, pulling the blanket over his head.

Within an hour the guide clattered up to the door with two saddle-horses and a pack-animal. Forthwith the professor mounted and, cantering up the little street to the north-east, they entered the wilderness.

The landlord withdrew to the barroom; the trader loafed along to his own door, where he sat smoking. At length something called him inside. When he came out again, the Navajo was gone, the yellow pony was gone, and a little cloud of dust rose from the north-east trail. He shook his head thoughtfully, shrugged his shoulders, and went about his business.

Ellison, a voluble, good-humored man, rode forward in high spirits, introducing

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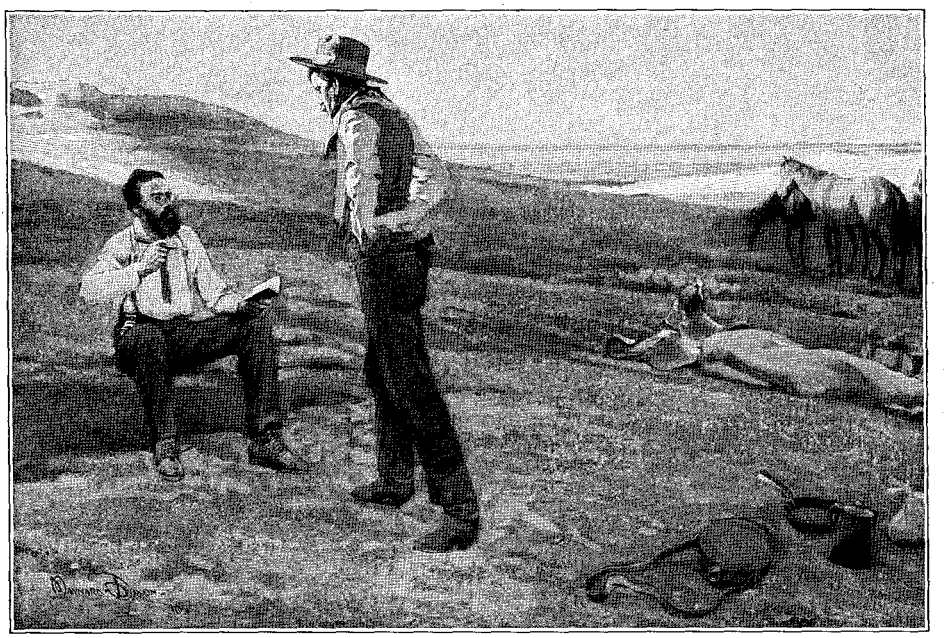
Herr Seifert to the wilderness. This was the loco weed; this the quinine bush; that other a prickly pear. He could lather his face with the yucca root; the Indian women used cactus thorns for sewing; that was a piñon tree—he wished he had some nuts. He discoursed upon his most private affairs, regretted that he could not leave the cards alone, told of a certain Spanish woman. The professor interrupted.

to right and left along the aisles of the forest—all without emotion.

In this manner they travelled to the base of the mountains and rested at noon. Here was thin grass, but no water. Ellison maintained a resentful silence. The professor, occupied with his note-book, placidly ignored his companion.

By nightfall, riding through interminable stretches of forest, they came to Cedar



"What are you going to do about it?" snarled Ellison.—Page 88.

"There is too much talk. I wish now to be quiet!"

Ellison's face glowed beneath the tan; his eyes narrowed; then he spurred forward and rode alone, driving the packhorse with short curses.

They followed a sage-gray trail by walls of yellow pine, through washes swept clean by the wind, with the Franciscan peaks rising before. Dull-plumaged birds flitted among the cedars; hares skimmed down the arroyos ahead of them; a mangy coyote followed curiously for a while. Always the land rose, always the sun shone, always the breeze held fresh from the south.

These things were duly entered in Herr Seifert's note-book as he rode. He sketched the ragged sky-line of the peaks, calculated the height of the pines, gazed searchingly

and camped below a slim trickle on the hillside. They supped on bacon, beans, and coffee. Ellison hobbled the horses, smoked innumerable cigarettes, and finally lay quiet, gazing up at the Milky Way. At last he broke the silence.

"This is God's own country!" he murmured, half to himself.

"It is certainly a very desolate region," rejoined Herr Seifert, puffing at his briar. Ellison did not reply.

In the morning the horses had wandered far in search of grass. Ellison followed them for miles, returning with them at midforenoon, warm and weary. This delay was most irritating; the professor was at no pains to conceal his displeasure at what he felt to be inexcusable carelessness. His words were native to the class-room or the

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A Navajo brave, . . . mounted on a yellow pony and slowly follo

servants' hall, but full of cold venom to a plainsman. Ellison eyed him darkly for a moment, hands on hip; then strolled away, rolling a cigarette.

As they mounted, he curtly said that they would camp at Willow Spring that night; that Herr Seifert would be wise to save the water in his canteen—wetting his lips only, not drinking—since the spring could not be depended upon. The professor hardly listened, made no reply whatever. His thoughts were busy with the outline of a monograph on meteoric showers, commenced the night before.

On this day they forced the horses, lunched meagrely in the saddle, and came to the northern skirts of the forest late in the afternoon. But Willow Spring was dry! They camped in an arroyo as bare as a bone, overlooking a wide belt of chapparal and the desert beyond—a gray coast and a yellow sea.

The horses were very restless, and Ellison hobbled them with care, making camp between them and the back trail. Also, he fed them the contents of a can of tomatoes, poured into his hat. Herr Seifert was surprised. Ellison shortly informed him that tomatoes were good for thirst. This was carefully noted, for Herr Seifert knew that even the most serious of reports lost nothing by occasional glints of humor.

The guide, preparing to make coffee, took up Herr Seifert's canteen; it was empty! He dropped it and stood up, glaring at the professor.

"You damn fool!" he exploded.

Herr Seifert was amazed, then furious.

"Be silent! You shall not speak so!" he thundered.

"What are you going to do about it?" snarled Ellison, advancing a step.

The professor, by no means afraid, was hot with anger; but the sudden shifting of his horizon left him speechless. He had not been aware of this man, except as a servant, and was guiltless of any intent to offend him. He ate his bacon and beans in silence, smoked, and rolled himself in his blanket, without a glance at Ellison.

The guide, having so far transgressed, planned other violations of the code. He would refuse to go farther—would ride back in the morning, leaving Herr Seifert to find the trail if he could; better still—he would lead on to the Little Colorado without relieving the professor's thirst for a night and a day! He convinced himself that there was justice in this.

Three times that night the horses stumbled past them, remembering the little pool at Cedar; and at last the guide staked them out with lariats, cursing sorrowfully—for he loved horses. Twice more he rose up, sniffing, his chambered forty-five in hand. To Herr Seifert's brief question he made a brief reply: there were hydrophobia-skunks about the camp! In the

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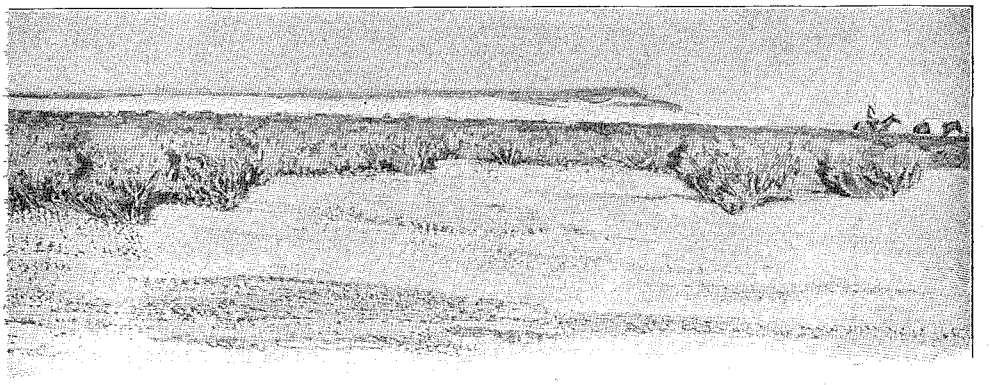

:m, keeping a short distance to the right of the trail.

gray of early morning he shot one, aiming directly across Herr Seifert's body.

The professor sprang to his feet, dazed and alarmed; but he glanced at the guide and asked no question. The drawn weapon, still smoking; the lean, vindictive face; the sombreness of the hour and the surroundings—these were not without effect upon Herr Seifert. He lighted his pipe, kindled a little fire of squaw-bush, and sat before it till daybreak. Meantime, Ellison rode away in the half-light, seeking the pack-horse, which had broken its lariat and escaped.

In an hour the guide returned with the missing horse and they made a hurried breakfast without coffee. The professor was thirsty to the marrow of his bones, and longed for Ellison's canteen; but he did not risk an encounter.

The desert, in certain aspects, is malevolent, bitterly vindictive. At such times, men who abide in it either cling the closer, combining against it; or they draw apart in contagious hate. As Ellison threw on the saddles and drew up the cinches, he glowered at the professor; Herr Seifert, riding away, pulled savagely at his beard, planning to hire another guide at Tuba. In this manner they departed, following a zig-zag trail through dense chapparal leading down to the desert itself.

As they emerged from the arroyo, a Navajo brave, his hair bound by a red scarf, mounted a yellow pony and slowly followed them, keeping a short distance to the right of the trail.

The horses lagged, heads drooping; barbs of the cactus, harsh twigs of mesquite, tore at man and beast; hoofs sank deep in yellow sand; and the implacable sun kept them company. The professor hardly glanced at the high blooms of the yucca and the vivid cardinal flowers. Lizards darted everywhere; ominous rustlings sounded in the brush; carrion birds swung low above the sage; but he made no entry in his note-book, asked no questions—only rode and rode, in a bitter jungle of thorns and sand, worn, thirsty, scowling. Far ahead plodded Ellison, sombrero tilted against the sun, cursing the horses, the trail, and the desert. Back of them the south wind played with the light soil, unfolding yellow banners of dust, launching sand-whirls abroad to left and right.

Insensibly, by delicate gradations—as a man leaves behind him the green of his youth—they entered the desert. Far to the south extended the ragged wall of the forest; the outpost of the piñons grovelled in the dust of the lower slope; only the sage and the yucca, struggling in parched arroyos, broke the eternal sweep of the sands.

The forest had been savage; the desert was fiercely malignant. Herr Seifert had traversed many wastes, by railway or caravan; he had studied and written of desert vegetation and desert geography. But

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never had he encountered such blistering sunshine, such overwhelming heat; never had he suffered such choking thirst. He called to the guide.

"Let us rest." Then—"Have you any water?"

Ellison turned in the saddle without halting.

"Come on; we can't rest here! We shall reach the ford by night." Then he held up the canteen. "There is a little water here, but you can't have it."

He couldn't have it! Herr Seifert spurred forward.

"Give me the water!"

The guide reined in, facing him. His eyes seemed to reflect something of the desert glare; his face was not pleasant to see.

"I told you not to drink—only to wet your lips; but you knew better. You're smart—you think you know everything! Look at that!"

He pointed to the pack-horse, whose tongue protruded; then he dismounted. He forced open the mouths of the animals, pouring a little water upon their tongues; he saturated his red bandanna and swabbed out their mouths again. Then he struck the professor's horse with the empty canteen.

"Go on, damn you!" he shouted.

In the desert, it seemed, a man might defy his master, insult him, curse him as he pleased. But the professor made no note of this—only clung to the pommel of his saddle, raging in silence. He could no longer sit upright. His throat was swollen. He closed his eyes against the glare.

Had either man looked behind, the dust raised by the yellow horse of the Navajo might easily have been seen, drifting lightly off to the north from the broken ridges near the trail.

Suddenly the horses lifted their heads, one by one breaking into a painful canter. A wandering gust had brought them news of the Little Colorado. But Herr Seifert was fainting; in a few moments he reeled and fell upon the sands. The guide, with remorseful curses, laid him in the shadow of a rock, where he soon revived.

"Hell! I didn't know it was as bad as that!" he mourned, looking down upon the professor. "Can't you hang on—can't you ride?"

Herr Seifert shook his head.

"Well," said Ellison, "it's only a few miles to the river. I'll take the horses and be back in a few hours with all the water you can drink. But you've got to hang on to yourself. Just lie still; don't move."

He placed a blanket under the professor's head, removed the coat, opened the flannel shirt, and spread his own handkerchief, still moist, over the professor's face. Then he rode away, spurring his horse, driving the other animals before him with loud shouts.

"Don't move, old man; I won't be long!" he called back.

A certain rough gentleness in the touch, a note of real sympathy in the familiar address, cooled Herr Seifert's anger at once. He had plainly misjudged this man—had been too careful of his own dignity. But he would apologize, would reward him generously. He thought of a wonderful bridle in the store where Navajo blankets were sold; that would be a fine gift for such a man! Weak, giddy, and racked with thirst, something of a smile came over his face.

Meantime, the little dust-cloud fluttered along the ridge, growing as it neared. The head and shoulders of the Navajo appeared for an instant upon the hillside and vanished. There was a long stillness. Then the Indian rose up from behind the rock and peered over it. Herr Seifert lay so that the ring and the heavy gold chain showed plainly from above. The Navajo could not repress a movement of eagerness. The professor stirred; then sat up, listening.

"Back already?" he called. There was no answer—only the whisper of wind upon the sands. He lay down.

The Navajo withdrew, trotted softly to the summit of the ridge, gazed long down the trail toward the Little Colorado. Then he trotted softly back, knife in hand.

Herr Seifert gazed at the sky, thinking of his old mother, of their green home on the Louisen Strasse, at Bonn. How dark the Rhine flowed there—so much verdure, so many brooks among the hills! He would soon be back, telling the students of this desert, of the heat and thirst. But first he would reward the guide; surely, the man would not refuse it, after an apology.

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He turned over, exposing his side. There was a flash of bright steel in the sunshine, a little noise of struggling—then silence.

A half-hour passed, the strip of shade narrowing as high noon drew on. Lizards darted up and down the face of the rock, a great vulture circled above it. Herr Seifert stirred, moaned, opened his eyes, struggled to his feet, and reeled out upon the sands, calling weakly. Half crazed with pain, half blinded by the glare, he travelled as water runs, continually seeking lower levels. This carried him away from the trail, westward, into a shallow wash which runs to the lava plains of Black Mesa. He left a sharp trail in the sands; indeed, he could have been traced from a distance by the dust-swirls which followed and careered about him. But the hot south wind filled in the tracks again; the pillars of dust subsided, or growing as they moved, marched out to the northern horizon. Before he had staggered past the first angle of the wash, the desert wore its accustomed look; the lizards were back upon the rock, and the vulture had wheeled away to the red cliffs of Coconino.

Herr Seifert came to himself at the bottom of a stifling arroyo, into which he had rolled or plunged from the sands above. He looked about him, bewildered. Then he became aware of his hurt, of his thirst. Suddenly, as a man recalls an event of which he was but a spectator, he remembered what had happened. A dark face framed in black hair; a lean brown arm; a knife which glittered in the sun—this vision seemed burned in his eyes, confronting him wherever he looked. He shuddered fearfully and swooned once more.

The cold pain in his side pierced his stupor and awoke him. There was a stain below his heart, slowly growing larger. He was half unclothed; red lacerations covered his hands and feet; his finger bled where the Navajo had torn the ring away. So much blood, so many bruises, nauseated him. But he clenched his teeth, summoning all his will, determined not to faint again.

As his mind cleared, he became amazed that this thing should have happened—it seemed like a lurid passage from a romance. He speculated as to his chances—whether he should die of this or that, or be saved in the end. Finally, with the clear reasoning which had distinguished him at Bonn, he marvelled at his body—at his own tenacity of life.

Afterward he fell asleep again, or rather sank into a fevered stupor, whither the heat and thirst and pain of his wound accompanied him. For hours he tossed in wretchedness, instinctively but vainly seeking relief from his tortures, shifting constantly about on the sharp edges of the talus. Once, a faint call floated down the wind; later, a succession of pistol shots. But Herr Seifert did not hear; he was at Bonn, worrying among the fires and fumes of his laboratory.

Reviving, he opened his eyes to the shine of white stars. The rocks had cooled; a chill wind moaned in the arroyo. He tried to rise, but fell back, groaning; tried repeatedly, at length succeeding. His body was a furnace of pain, his tongue so swollen that it seemed to fill his throat. This forced him to swallow constantly, though each effort was a separate torture.

But the night wind, which is from the mountains, carries a little moisture. Gradually he strengthened, though his sufferings grew the more acute; gradually he forced himself to think clearly, though the horror of his situation grew with thinking. He decided at any expense to escape from the arroyo to the plains above, where a signal could be seen from a distance.

Somehow he got upon his knees and climbed a little way among the perplexing shadows, each movement a fearful task. But his little strength was soon expended. The rattle of stones falling into the bed of the arroyo brought a coyote to the brink. For an instant the sharp muzzle and pointed ears were silhouetted against the sky, then disappeared. A long howl, ending in shrill laughter, insane chattering—and Herr Seifert lay alone with the stars again.

Fatigue sharpens into torture, subdues itself, then benumbs. Suffering is a message which may grow too shrill to be heard. Utter dejection of the flesh may loosen the bonds of the soul.

Herr Seifert rested high above his pain, gazing almost placidly into the sky, awaiting death, inviting it. He had emptied the cup—what other bitterness could pass his lips? He submitted, thankful for the stars—glad to die in coolness, away from the sun.

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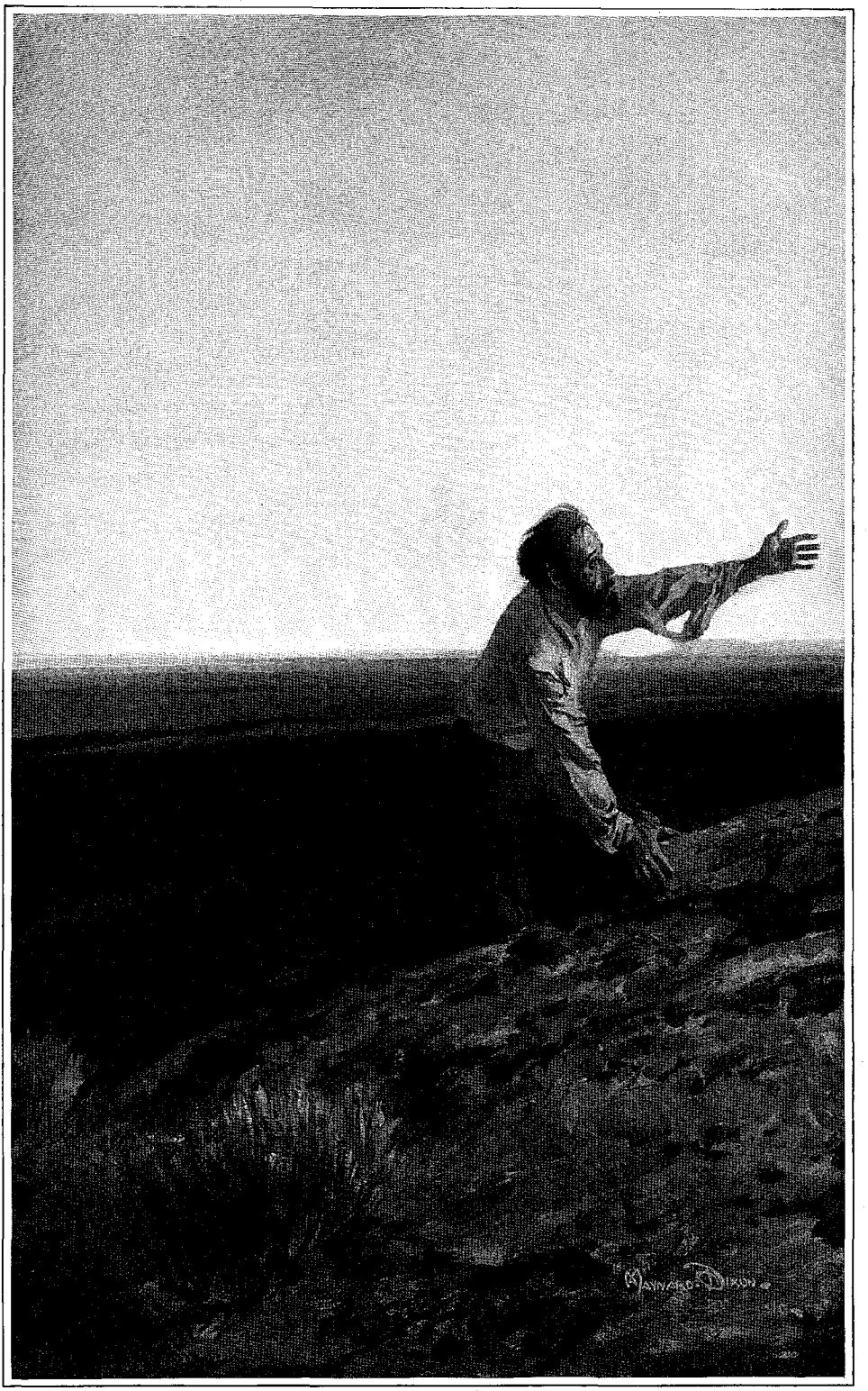

Drawn by Maynard Dixon.

But always he rose again.—Page 93.

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In this dry air the stars were very beautiful, brighter than at home. If the little mother could only see them! His first lessons in science had been from her, on those evenings when they sat beside the hedge. Ah, the tales she told—to her they were not stars, merely! How well he remembered everything——

"'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,'" murmured Herr Seifert, nestling in the rocks, as though upon the lap of the little mother.

What a marvellous thing Copernicus had done—to chart the heavens, to find order in that disorder! Herschel—a master mind; Flammarion—too fanciful, perhaps, a scientist, yet a novelist! What was the rest of that verse?—yes——

"'—what is man, that thou art mindful of him?'"

Herr Seifert sat up, vaguely terrified, as though a ram's horn had sounded in the wilderness. A dry sob was in his throat—the sob of a child alone in the dark. He strained his inflamed eyes into the night sky, panting. Texts, phrases long forgotten, swept in upon the freed currents of his memory. Sombre passages, read over and over by the gloomy Calvinists of Bonn, rang high above the drone of wind among the rocks.

"'My strength is dried up . . . my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death . . . I may tell all my bones . . . they part my garments among them.'" With thick lips Herr Seifert mumbled over the words, fingers plucking at the rags of his shirt. God! they were written for him—they were prophecies!

"Ich habe gesündigt!" he whispered—"I have sinned!" And for a long time he lay quiet, weeping.

The deep blue of the heavens shaded into turquoise; uprose the morning star and the constellation of Mo-mo-bi, the Lizard, whereby the desert people foretell the dawn. A pallor crept into the eastern sky; high in the west a little cloud blushed suddenly; the shadows in the arroyo faded; the wind ceased.

Herr Seifert rose upon his elbow, facing the transfiguration of the dawn. Gray turned to opal before him; bands of lavender and purple spread tremulously, vanished again—chromatic harmonies dying to silence. A shaft of rose darted to the zenith, flickered and fell. High walls and spires, upraised from golden slopes, showed through mists of gold. Then a great billow of crimson submerged the lower sky; subsided, leaving pools of carmine; swelled again; advanced. The farther summits, the crowding pinnacles of the mist, caught the glow and flamed together. The heavens were encompassed in a conflagration! Gray rocks reflected it; the parched shingle of the arroyo lay purple and ruby beneath it.

There came a sudden peace, a quieting of the tide; the high flames cooled; the drifting fumes of amber vanished. Uprose a single shaft of gold—then another—leaping to the high dome, wavering, shimmering, gleaming brighter and brighter till scarlet and carmine faded before the radiance—till east and west shone with the glory of it!

Herr Seifert, trembling, stood up; wavered to and fro, his worn eyes alight, his face drawn with something not fatigue, not fear. He moved forward as in a dream, outstretching torn hands to the east.

"'The wings of the morning!'" he muttered, thickly. Then the full strain rose to his lips.

"'If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there—even there——'"

Thus, as a bruised child comes stumbling home, Herr Seifert advanced to meet the sunrise. The desert bared its fangs, black jaws of the lava opened before him, again and again he fell; but always he rose again, facing eastward. The golden wings of the morning trembled a little, drooped, lay folded in the bosom of the east. The white sun leaped high; a furnace blast crackled across the plain. Staggering to the crest of a yellow dune, he fell and lay still.

What chance, infinitely remote—what triumph of unconscious reasoning—guided Herr Seifert thus to the trail again, almost to the rock where the guide lay encamped? What gentleness descended upon him, what meekness crowned him, during the long days of his illness? Can any good thing come out of the desert? Is there anything in the wilderness that is not in the laboratory?

Perhaps, after all, the God of the desert is the God of the burning bush!

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SANTA FELICITA

By Anita Stewart

LAST night I dreamed a dream, in which there passed
Through all the land a maiden crowned and stoled,
Her eyes aflame with a great light that told
Of joy celestial. Silent through the vast
Sad world she took her way; a shell impearled
Is not so fair as the small face of her;
So white and sudden is the grace of her,
A shaft of silver in a midnight world,
Or a pure flame to guide us through the night
That all our doubt and fear about us weaves;
Her slender feet that go bright-shod in light
Are flowers dancing 'neath the gentle wind.
The sweetest of God's saints—her passing leaves
The golden hush of perfect joy behind.

REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK IV—(Continued)

IV

MRS. JOHN CHEVENIX, a young and lively woman with ash-colored hair, audacious nose, and a clear complexion, was devoted to her husband's family, and especially tender to our young friend and Sanchia's, with whom she had a strong alliance. Her husband had a sense of humor, which he indulged for the most part in silence. He spoke rarely, swallowed his laughter, and yet was good company. You felt his sympathy, found yourself depending on it. You gauged his relish by a twinkle, by a deeper shade of purple in his cheeks, by a twitching ear. The Stock Exchange gave him a sufficiency, and his wife, with her taste for dinner-parties, saw to it that it gave him no more. "Let's bleed old Jack," was Bill Chevenix's pleasant way of suggesting an escapade which might run into hundreds. "It will do him good," Mrs. John used to say; and John Chevenix would chuckle internally, and say, "Go it, you two." On these terms they were all very happy.

Bill Chevenix had told his sister-in-law as much about Sanchia as he thought fitting. To begin with, he took all responsibility upon himself for the opening scene of her wild adventure. He had introduced "the chap" into the Percival household, and it was he, too, who had *not* introduced the fact of his unhappy marriage. "Took it all for granted—thought they knew it—forgot they didn't belong to that gang—your gang, my gang, Nevile's gang. Rotten of me, my dear, but there you are." Mrs. John understood him to feel more contrite than he appeared. And next he lauded Sanchia, after his own manner. As thus: "A queer young fish. You can't judge her by the rules of the game. She shows her strength

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by breaking 'em. She'd break anything, and anybody. Oh, she's as deep as the Dogger. But mighty pleasant with it, you know. Fine, quiet style of her own. And a Beauty. My word, but she's like a rose." Then his eyes met hers confidentially. A wink passed. "No. We're great friends. That's all there is to it, on my honor. But you can't leave a girl like that stranded, can you now? Especially when you've run her aground yourself—in a way. So I thought of old Aunt Wenman in a minute. In fact, I've seen her about it, and, by George, she hit on a phrase in a trice. 'Unfortunate attachment.' She's perfectly happy with that, and rather keen. Now all you have to do is to give a party and I'll ask Sancie."

Mrs. Jack thought that was too casual. "You mustn't treat her like a dancing man," she told him. "I shall call on her, and you can tell her I'm coming. We'll do the thing in form."

All this had been done. Sanchia's still serenity, seen through the rosy mist of her momentary confusion, pleased Mrs. Jack. The invitation was made and accepted in parting. "Do come. We shan't have many people, you know; but I won't let you be dull. And Bill will be there, of course—and you rather like Bill—and a queer old aunt of ours who knows everybody. So I hope you won't mind."

"I'm sure I shan't," Sanchia said, and then they shook hands.

Bill Chevenix, who had been present, waved his ally away from the doorstep. "By-by, my dear," he said. "You've done bravely by me. Isn't she splendid?"

"I like her," said Mrs. Jack. "But she's rather unapproachable."

Bill chuckled. "That's her little way. She don't kiss easily."

Mrs. Jack said that he ought to know.

The party was anything but dull. Lady Maria dined, with seven other people—the best that could be mustered on short notice—and Sanchia came in at ten o'clock, when the drawing-room was full. She came with an elderly friend, a Mrs. Quantock, whose acquaintance she had made in an omnibus, and renewed at the British Museum. Mrs. Quantock was an authoress by profession, a poetess by temperament. Her emotions, not always under control, consorted oddly with her broad and placid face. She knew Lady Maria Wenman, and it was she who actually performed the introduction, Mrs. Jack being fast at her stair-head.

"I particularly want you to know my dear friend—Miss Sanchia Percival—Lady Maria Wenman. A great heart, Lady Maria—in a frame of steel."

"Oh, indeed," said Lady Maria, who knew something about these materials. Then, "Come and sit with me, my dear; I've heard about you. But I hope you've left your steels at home."

"If I had a trumpet," said good Mrs. Quantock, "instead of a penny whistle, all the world should hear what I think of Sanchia."

"Then it's a very good thing you haven't," said Lady Maria. "The less young ladies are trumpeted in public the better!"

Sanchia, during this interchange, had stood smiling and self-possessed; but she was a little fluttered, and looked none the worse for that. Without a word she obeyed the twinkling and puckered old lady, sat by her on the sofa and awaited, her hands folded in her lap, what might be in store for her. She liked the looks of Lady Maria, and had no disrelish for her sharp tongue, nor fear of what might fall to her share when Mrs. Quantock took herself off. She liked the little deep-set, dark-gray eyes, the beaked nose, like the prow of a trireme, and the drawn-in mouth, which seemed to be victim of the astringencies it was driven to utter. And then she liked the signs of race, the disregard of opinion, the keen look which lit on a man or woman and saw him negligible and left him in the road. She had herself an artist's eye for style, and saw in Lady Maria the grand manner. The praise or blame of such as she would be worth having: awaiting either, she felt herself braced. She could envisage the past, collect it, display it in her lap without fear. "Here's my life's work, so far as it has gone. Now beat me if you will; I'm not afraid of honest blows." She knew there would be no sham outcries from this high-looking old dame.

Lady Maria Wenman was rich, imperious, whimsical, and afraid only of boredom. By birth a daughter of Lord Starcross, by fate the widow of a judge, she was strongly of opinion that she could do as she pleased. It was not so clear to her that other people could also; but the reason of that was that

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other people, not immediately about her, were not themselves clear. She once said of a prime minister, "My dear, he seemed to me a very good sort of man"; and that was her attitude all the world over towards those not connected with her by blood or the affections. Marks of race she had, but not pride of it. She was her own fountain of honor, and were you omnibus-tout or commander-in-chief, if she liked you, you were in being, if not, you didn't exist. One curious consequence of this was that she hated nobody, and was offended at nothing. The vices or crimes of a non-existent world were mere shadows, naturally; those of her circle of cognizance she had a way, very much her own, of accounting for. A trick of hers, which had become inveterate, was to explain states of being by phrases. These not only explained, they seemed to condone, and to her, there's no doubt, they accounted for everything. Mr. William Chevenix, much aware of her foible, did not scruple to turn it to his ends when putting before her Sanchia's case. "You see, aunt, one rather admires her loyalty to the chap. He was precious miserable, and she pitied him. Well, we know what comes of that, don't we? It turns to liking, and gratitude and all those swimmy feelings; and then they swim together, all in a flux, eh? And there you are." To which, when Lady Maria had nodded her head of kindly vulture sagely, and mused aloud, "I see: an unfortunate attachment. Very common, I believe, and quite sad"—he knew that he had scored a point. When she had added, "We must do what we can, of course. I'll see her. I've nobody with me just now," he presumed that he had won the rubber.

Apart from the comfortable *cliché* in which she was seen enfolded, Sanchia pleased the eye. Her father, in league with her throughout, had "stood" her a frock, the cunningest that Madame Fréluche could supply, and would have added pearls for her hair and neck, if she had not tenderly refused them. She took his counsels in the general—that she was to show them what was what, "for the honor of the Percival girls"—and her own for the particular; would have no ornaments at all. By an entirely right instinct she chose to wear black. It set her off as dazzlingly fair, as more delicate than she was. Her eyes, from her pale brows and faintly tinted cheeks, gleamed intensely, burningly blue. Her strength appeared in her shut lips and firm chin—subtle, and, as Mrs. Quantock said, like that of steel wire.

She did not talk much, but what she said was simple and direct. She seemed to be reticent about herself, not by any means from shame, but because her acts and intentions appeared too obvious to be worth rehearsing. Once or twice her laugh, low and musical, showed that she relished a joke. Lady Maria occasionally made jokes. Here was a girl who understood them.

To the old gentlewoman, who never beat about bushes, but mostly walked through them, Sanchia's bluntness made immediate appeal. Her reply, for instance, to the inquiry, What had induced her to go on with the affair? was a counter-question. "What else could I do?" she had asked, with pencilled brows arched. "I thought it made no difference. I wanted to, you see. What you do is nothing compared with what you want to do."

"Then why do it, my dear?" said Lady Maria. Sanchia did not blink the answer, "Nevile wanted me. He was very unhappy."

"Well," said the old woman. "What is he now?" This time Sanchia did not reply.

Lady Maria drew her lips in until her mouth looked like a dimple in her face. "Oho! That's it, is it? He's neglected you, and now you don't care."

"I care for some things very much," said Sanchia. "I want to please papa, and Vicky, my sister, you know—and I think I want to put myself right with the world. But——"

"But you don't care two pins about him?"

Sanchia shook her head sadly. Her brows were arched to her hair. "No," she said, "I don't care one pin."

Lady Maria was no fool. She saw exactly what was going to happen, and no reason why she should not declare it. She had formed already a high enough opinion of Sanchia—which is to say that she liked her—to be sure that it would not influence her conduct. "I'll tell you what the end of this will be," she said. "You'll have him on the floor, kissing your toes. He'll be mad to have you—and you'll marry him. Then he'll be your slave for life. And they tell me that's the happiest state a woman

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can live in. I have some reason for believing it. I and the judge got along admirably, though the poor man bored me to extinction. Oh, you'll do very well. But don't make him jealous."

Sanchia considered this. "I don't think he would be jealous," she decided; "but we are rather premature, aren't we?" And then she related, as if they were an anecdote, the circumstances of her departure from Wanless.

Lady Maria listened carefully, nodding a dispassionate head at details which would have raised Philippa's hair, and depilated Mrs. Percival. "I think he's a human being, if you'll allow me to say so," was the conclusion she came to. "It was no affair of the gardener's that I can see; and to be battered in your own drive by your own servant, even you must allow to be provoking."

"Oh," Sanchia assured her, "I didn't at all mind his being vexed. But he accused me of—all sorts of things."

"Of course he did, my dear," cried Lady Maria. "He was in a towering rage. How was he to know that you hadn't egged on the gardener?"

"By what he knew of me already," said Sanchia with spirit.

Lady Maria twinkled; but her scrutiny was keen. "I don't think you have explained the gardener," she told her. Sanchia blushed.

"He's a boy," was her suggested explanation; but Lady Maria's comment was, "And a bruiser, it seems."

Sanchia smiled gently. "Poor Struan. He was very difficult. He made me furiously angry. What he did was outrageous. But I am sure he's a genius."

"What!" cried her ladyship. "A genius for gardening? Or for thrashing gentlemen?"

Sanchia said simply, "It's extraordinary what he can do with plants. He's certainly a genius there. He's like a plant himself. He never goes to bed, but walks about the garden all night, talking to them."

"Like a burglar," said Lady Maria. "Pray, what does he talk to them about? Growing?"

"Sometimes, I think. I don't know what he says to them. But he talks about all sorts of things."

"You, for instance?" Lady Maria asked, suddenly; and Sanchia blushed again, and presently looked at Lady Maria. "He's—always nice to me," she said mildly.

"I think," her ladyship resumed, "I think I like to think of him best in prison;" and then washed him out of her memory as she faced more serious topics.

"It will be much better for you to come to me," she told Sanchia. "I'm an old woman, and an old tyrant, I dare say, but I'm somebody, you know. And I'm pretty lonely, and happen to want company just now. It will be good that you have a foothold to your name when your Nevile Ingram comes after you. I shall bring him to reason quicker than most people, I don't doubt. Your quarrel is absurd; you can't afford to be picksome with your bread and cheese. You've your father, you'll say; but my answer is that it's not very decent to live upon your father when you've got yourself kicked out of his house. I quite see your point of view, mind you. These things will happen, and in theory you're perfectly in the right. It's your practice that won't do. All for love and the world well lost—very fine indeed. But so long as we're in the world, you see, we *can't* lose it. There it is! Now you've had your kisses, and can afford to settle down; but you must do it in the world's way if you want peace and quietness; and I'm very ready to help you. Really, I don't see anything better for you—short of your own home."

"I shall never go there again," Sanchia told her directly.

"Very right, my dear," said the old lady. "Then you had better come to me."

Sanchia said, "I should like that," and Lady Maria, taking her by the chin, patted her cheek.

"And so should I, my dear," she said—and the thing was settled.

Mrs. John, released from her stair-head, came up presently; Bill Chevenix was with her. "Dear Aunt Wenman," she said, "I haven't had a word with you since you came; but I'm sure you've been happy."

"Miss Sanchia and I have been swearing eternal friendship," said Lady Maria.

"Exchanging drops of blood, eh, aunt?" chirped the cheerful youth. "Nothing like it."

"I have no blood to spare, William," she replied, "and if I had, Miss Sanchia has too much. Now you can take her away while

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I talk to Helen. Good-by, my dear," she bade Sanchia.

"Good-by, Lady Maria," the girl replied with deeply sincere eyes. "You've been very kind to me."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Lady Maria, "I like you. Now run away, the pair of you."

"Right, aunt," said Chevenix, and crooked his arm.

After a decent interval, in which we may suppose formal visits exchanged between Charles Street and Great Cumberland Place, Sanchia set up her rest in the former haven. The time was full June.

V

THE string of episodes which discovered before the autumn was over the heart of Mr. Cyrus Worthington at her feet hardly deserve record in her history but for the spring which they gave to her spirits. Tribute is tribute, and Mr. Worthington was a warrantable gentleman. The tarnish she had discerned upon her armor, the foxmarks upon her fair page, dispersed under his ardent breath; she realized herself desirable and loveworthy; she arose from the thicket in which she cowered with the light of triumph prophetic in her eyes, the flush of victory after victory prophetic in her cheeks. Therefore Mr. Worthington's career in the Charles Street lists shall be chronicled.

He was a portly widower, a banker, a father, who made his bow to Lady Maria some three times a year when he dined in Charles Street. In return, he received her ladyship once during a summer at his mansion of Fallowlea, Walton-on-Thames. On such occasions the Misses Worthington and their cousins, the Strensham girls, who lived at Esher, would enact a pastoral play in the shrubberies with various entangled curates, with young Sam Worthington from Oxford and friends of his. Mr. Worthington himself, master of the difficult art of declaiming verse as if it were encumbered prose, rehearsed the Prologue and Epilogue, in a master's gown and mortarboard, which he would retain for the rest of the afternoon. It was in that guise that, his caution deserting him, he allowed himself to dwell upon Sanchia's beauty.

Lady Maria had taken her down to Walton in mid-July; she had chanced to meet Melusine there, and the two had embraced as sisters should. It is to be owned that her adoption by Charles Street had restored her credit with her family more certainly than any white sheet and taper which she could have supported could have done. Her mother was highly gratified, though she affected a shrug when good Mr. Percival, in the simplicity of his heart, overflowed with the joy of it. "Sancie in Berkeley Square —where Lord Rosebery lives: think of that, my dear!" And Mrs. Percival, who knew where Lord Rosebery lived as well as anybody, would reply, "These things will be balanced hereafter. Neither you nor I, Welbore, are Assessing Angels, I believe. I pray to God that she has made her peace with our Church." "Chapel Royal," said Mr. Percival, "will be her ladyship's ticket —or St. James's, Piccadilly. They tell me that the great world go there now in the evenings, dressed for dinner." Privately he vowed that, should his Sancie be one of those immaculate worshippers, she should not fail in toilet. And he had not missed the point so far as you might think. Philippa Tompsett-King, who had been present when these things were discussing, had lifted an inflamed face over the dinner-table. "I only know," she had said, "that I would rather live in Bloomsbury than have her conscience. Cynicism has always seemed to me the Sin against the Holy Ghost." But Melusine Scales, the gentle creature, had written meekly of her joy; and Vicky Sinclair said to her husband, the captain—"Sancie always tumbles on her feet. She always did—like a sweet cat." Shrewd and affectionate at once; she alone had discerned the god's prerogative immanent in the youngest daughter of Thomas Welbore Percival.

Now the picture of Sanchia and Melusine, two fair girls, standing together embraced under the cedarn shade, had smitten deep into the heart of Cyrus Worthington. He had come upon them at a pretty moment, when Melusine the willowy and tall, having opened her arms to the dear truant, one arm still about her, with her free hand touched her cheek that lips might meet lips. "Darling, I'm so glad—so very glad," she was whispering, and Sanchia, with the same light laughing in her eyes, "Dear old Melot —how sweet you are to me." Mr. Worth-

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ington pushed back his mortarboard and revealed the crimson chevron which it had bitten into his bald brow. "A charming scene—two charming young ladies. Mrs. Gerald Scales, and her sister, I think. Lady Maria's adoption—charming, charming." A right instinct sent him tiptoe over his lawn, another made him doff his mortarboard.

"Mrs. Scales, we begin. The hunt is up. Poesy calls, 'Follow, follow, follow!' Your sister, I think?"

Sanchia played the rogue. "Oh, Mr. Worthington, have you forgotten already? Lady Maria explained me half an hour ago. Must Melusine introduce me again?"

"Not for the world, Miss Percival, not for the world!" the banker protested. "I was, in a sense, explaining myself. Pray do not suppose that I could forget either you or my manners so completely. No, no. But I am a little near-sighted, I fear; there is a little difficulty of focussing: nothing organic. No loss of function." He cleared his throat, and to give himself assurance, jingled half-crowns with his plunged hand. "No loss of function whatever." He took the thing a little more seriously than he need, was in danger of laboring it. Melusine turned the talk. He invited them to the play, as "master of the revels," and walked between them, looking a very decent figure of a don on a college lawn, substantial, serene, and with an air of displaying his possessions: *Parva sed apta mihi: Deus nobis haec otia fecit.* He still possessed the rags of his Latin. "This little bay-tree will interest you, Miss Percival. It was planted many years ago, by the late Lord Meeke—the uncle of the present peer. We had had some business relations; they were happily cemented into something more intimate by this little fellow." He touched it tenderly. "A sturdy growth! Like my friendship for my noble but departed friend. Dear me! '*Labuntur anni*, indeed!'" His fig-tree, which some one else had planted, his laburnum—a slip from one at Rickmansworth, the seat of the late Lord Mayor Burgess—a catalpa seedling from Panshanger, which the late Lady Cowper did him the honor to present with her own hands: as Sanchia said afterwards to Melot, his garden was rather like a cemetery of dead friendships. . . .

Then they sat to witness the revels. Sanchia's fancy, uplifted by her contentment, played with the play, and suggested flights undreamed of for many a year. She sat by Melusine and her husband, and Mr. Worthington watched her in the long intervals of his duty. Charming indeed, and most high-bred: now where did old Welbore Percival, whom he met daily in Throgmorton Street, fetch up such a strain of blood? His wife, too, Kitty Blount, as she had been—what had Kitty Blount been but a high-colored, bouncing romp of a girl when they had all been paddling together at Broadstairs? Extraordinary! And now here was one of his girls sister-in-law of a county baronet—none of your city titles, mind you, and the other, with the lift of a princess and the clear sight which is hers by title. Extraordinary!

And there was another thing: where had old Welbore and Kitty Blount kept her all this time? And why wasn't she married, a girl like that? She came next to Mrs. Scales, he supposed. Well, but there was another, younger still, married only the other day—to an army man. He remembered Welbore chirping about it at a Board meeting. What was that in the Bible—what was it? Ha!—"But thou hast kept the good wine until now." By George, he must remember that for old Welbore. And now he came to think of it, old Jack Etherington had come in one morning full of Percival's daughter—"A lovely gal"—he had said, old Jack—"Color of a Mildred Grant—quiet as the truth."

Such were the ruminations of Cyrus Worthington at his own garden-party, and he pursued them at favored moments—with his glass of port at dessert, with his last cigar, with his whiskey night-cap. In the city next day, he rallied Thomas Welbore, who betrayed unlimited relish for the diversion; and within a few days he left a card in Charles Street and took a late train to Walton-on-Thames. Asked in due course to dinner, he handed Sanchia to the table, and spent the evening by her side. He begged her better acquaintance with his daughters, made the most of that which he had with Melusine Scales, and ended a successful adventure by winning Lady Maria's acceptance "for herself and her young friend," of a banquet at the Coopers' Company of which he was warden. The occasion was a great one—a foreign potentate, the

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Prime Minister, Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. The Coopers were to distinguish themselves, or be extinguished. He could promise them of the best. Sanchia, new to courtship, was quietly elated, and her amusement did nothing to diminish her elation. She had never, she thought, been wooed before: there had been nothing of the kind in those shuddering days when she and Ingram, trembling in each other's sight, had mutely cried across the waste of London for balm upon their wounds. The flattery of attentions had never been hers, nor the high credit of admiration so respectful as the good merchant's. Had she forgotten Senhouse, who had loved her so much that he fled? I think that indeed she had at this moment; it must be owned that Mr. Worthington filled the scene. He esteemed her the fairest of women, was as timid as a boy in her company, gasped like a fish and grew unmannerly hot: I defy a young woman to be anything but gratified. Miranda shunned Caliban; but had she not rather he had been there to be shunned?

Thus, under Lady Maria's watchful eye, the thing proceeded, and Mr. Worthington, within an ace of committing himself, scared his family. The climax was reached at Kissingen, whither the infatuated gentleman had followed his charmer.

She was very kind to him, but perfectly clear that she could not, and would not, make him the happiest of men. She said that she was flattered, which I believe to have been true, though he deprecated the phrase. "My dear young lady—ha! I must really be allowed—I assure you that you overwhelm me. Flattered—oh, Lord!" He limped the conclusion, and left for England that night.

She felt the thing to have been rather ridiculous, and yet she was pleased. She was gently elated, and had a kindly eye for herself as she dressed before her glass. Power lay with her; she could choose and weigh, accept or refuse. She was love-worthy yet. In spite of her disaster, a man had sought her; others would, moved by what had moved him. Shining eyes, body's form, softness, roundness—she had hardly thought of these things before, nor looked at them with an eye to their value. Mr. Worthington's ardent glances had illuminated her own, and by and by she found, oddly enough, that they threw a backward beam, and illuminated others. She found herself smiling tenderly as she thought of Jack Senhouse, repeating some of his poetry which he had poured literally into her lap. It was so long ago! But when she remembered how much it had puzzled her, she now found that she was not puzzled by it at all.

'Your eyes are twin mountain lakes, and the lashes of them
Like the swishing sedge
That hideth the water's edge.' . . .

Were her eyes, then, so fair? Mr. Worthington had found them so. Others would—others had.

"Thy face drinketh the light"—he had written that of her—and now she knew that he had believed it. Had Nevile felt these things? Could Nevile—as she knew him? Her lip curved back. If she could not think of herself without thinking of Nevile—who wanted to mangle her—better take the veil.

But she felt a strange reality behind that wild and adoring passion of Jack Senhouse's, which had made him so incalculable a mixture. He had advised her, and adored, he had received her confidences, and emptied verses out of his heart into her lap. And she had had nothing to give him, who had given her all!

There was his last letter—a despairing cry from Chanctonbury, written when she was Nevile's shadow, or he hers. She felt stabbed to the heart to remember how perfunctorily she had read that. How did it go? What had he said? She could not recall the words, but their sense beat upon her. Oh, he had set her too high! He had called her Artemis—the chaste, the bright. Artemis the Bright had been one of his names for her—and Queen Mab another. He had set her too high! And how far had she fallen! She bowed her burning head, and even as she did so, remembered another phrase of his, sent with flowers—a line from the Anthology, begging her to grant his rose "the grace of a fair breast." No longer fair, no longer fair—except to Nevile, who craved it—and to a Mr. Worthington.

The bravest gentleman, a poet, a thinker, a man like a beacon-fire, had loved her, and cried her aloud as a goddess out of his reach. "Farewell, Sanchia, too dear for

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my possessing!" She had the words. And she had passed him by for Nevile, who made her a housekeeper, and loved her when he wanted solace. What more had Jack said? What, indeed, had he not said? That her mere act of living, her mere daily conduct, was like the scent of bean-flowers over a hedgerow—a fragrance to be caught in passing by wayfarers, whereby men and women might thank God for a fair sight who had chanced upon her in the street. Praise indeed! But he had loved her, and saw her so—and all that was gone for ever. He had left her because he dared not do otherwise, and now he was happy without her. Her elation was like to die in self-pity. It required more than the complacency inspired by Mr. Worthington to clear her eyes.

Thus were the flowers laid up for her by an honest merchant changed for a wreath of rue as she was reminded of his better—his better, and hers, alas! A wave of desire to catch back at far-off things played her a trick. She found herself yearning for her childhood, found herself crying for her innocence, for the sweet scent of opening life. Even as she longed and strained, she knew herself vain. But the temptation for the semblance of what was gone was strong and took a subtle form. If she could not have the thing, she would have the thing's name; if she could not be innocent again, she would ape innocency. Prodigal of Pity as she had been, she could say to Senhouse's ghost, I am no more worthy of thee; and from that to being worthy was but a short step. The rest of her sojourn abroad was preparation for what was to be done on her return home.

Her treasure lay hidden in a desk in her room. Three portly packets of letters, tied with ribbon, and labelled "Jack to Me." Stained and yellow sheets, she now turned over the pages, and inhaled the faint, sweet scent of them—a scent as of lavender and tears. Her eyes filled, her heart beat; but she read on and on. Impossible praises! Love beyond reason, without bounds—immeasurable homage! So presently she was caught up into a kind of heaven of wonder, and spent a night with the past. . . . From that she arose clear-eyed to meet the future. If she had been so loved, so served, by a man so generous and so fine, the rest of her life might well be spent in testimony. Her single aim now should be to recover herself, to be what he had seen her. And for all this high remembrance and high hope—thanks to Mr. Cyrus Worthington.

Lady Maria, as the weeks went by, watched her carefully, and marked the change. Sanchia was very subdued, and now went to church. This to the old lady, who did not, was remarkable. She was not aware, naturally, of a passage in a letter which pictured her in church—with her "dear obsequious head bowed in a fair place to a fair emblem." She could not have understood, if she had had it explained, that the girl, conscious of her stiff neck, was teaching herself obsequiousness for the sake of him who had seen her so and found her dear. None of these things were for Lady Maria's comprehension; but she reflected aloud upon church-going, and got her young friend to explanations.

"Yes," Sanchia said, "I do go to church. For a long time, you see, I couldn't—but now I feel that I can. We were all brought up to go to church."

"So was I," said Lady Maria, "and that, I take it, is why I don't go now. I was taught to take it as physic."

Sanchia's explanation, which she yielded on pressure, of why she had stopped, was very artless. "I wanted to do something that they thought wicked, but which I thought quite good. If I went to confession, I should have been told that I was wicked. So I couldn't go. It was a difference of opinion, you see."

"Beg pardon," said Lady Maria, "but I don't see. What you mean is that, if you'd told your priest you were going off with Ingram, he'd have said Don't, and put you under the necessity of disobeying him." This was owned to. And then she owned to something more. If the difficult choice came before her again, she would think twice. "I can't see, even now, that I was wrong in what I did. I am sure it must be right, somehow, to follow your own conscience. But I do see that it's a pity to break rules. Yes, I see that."

"I didn't suppose myself religious," Lady Maria had replied, "but if that is what your religion tells you, I agree with it. It's common sense. What's a heart or two compared with peace and quietness? And how,

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pray, is a child of eighteen to know what her conscience is worth?"

"It is all she has to go upon," said Sanchia; but the old lady retorted, "Nothing of the kind. She's got the experience of all nature behind her, from the poultry-yard to the House of Lords. You'll find that the Ten Commandments are rigidly enforced among the cocks and hens. If a member of the zenana breaks bounds there, she rues it. How else do you suppose this world is to be peopled? Read the history of marriage, my dear. You'll find that the more primitive your man the more complicated his marriage laws. Why, bless my soul, I don't need the Church to tell me that I mustn't run away with a married man. I can learn that from the pigeons in the piazza at Venice. But I suppose I'm an old pagan. Now, you run away to your priest and make a clean breast of it."

Perhaps Lady Maria was fanciful, but she put down this return to the Church's knees to the fact that Mr. Worthington had gone upon his. "The child finds that she's a valuable article," she said to herself; "so she locks herself up in a cupboard, like the best china." Sanchia's resolution persisted, and enthusiasm followed its growth. She frequented the churches early in the mornings, and one fine day presented herself in the vestry of one of them. Upon her knees, but with unbent head, she rehearsed her tale from the beginning, neither faltering nor losing countenance. What followed upon that was not communicated to her protectress, nor do I care to pry. I imagine that she had always said her prayers, but that now she was answering them.

That is, when one thinks upon it, the first office of prayer.

VI

Lady Maria Wenman grew to be extremely fond of Sanchia, really as fond of her as she was capable of becoming of anybody. She had been good to travel with, and was good to live with. She found her so reasonable, she said. One could discuss anything without shocking her, or without fear of being made uncomfortable by seeing her discomfort. Lady Maria, in fact, being entirely without prejudice, experienced the little luxury of being able to express herself without trampling.

On her side, Sanchia sincerely liked her old protectress, and found Charles Street agree with her. There was a primordial air about it—which made habits seem like laws of nature; an absence of fuss which soothed her nerves, and did much better than slay her monsters for her, when it exposed them for no monsters at all, but simple, every-day, rather tiresome concomitants of our make-shift existence.

"You will, of course, marry Nevile Ingram"—thus Lady Maria disposed of the most dread of all her monsters—"because it is, on the whole, more agreeable to avoid scandal, and because it is certainly more decent to pay one's bills. Long credit is a mistake, but you found it a convenience, I suppose; and now you are in funds, you will, of course, get out of debt. If only that you may run into it again at need, you will write a cheque. Now, you had eight years of it at Wanless, you tell me? Very well, my dear, that must be written off society's books. Meanwhile, the more you see of amusing, emancipated people like Alexis Morosine the better."

This man was understood to be a Pole in exile, though his title to that distinction could only have been on the side of the distaff, since his father's descent from a ducal family of Venice was not denied; but neither nationality nor expatriation was very obvious upon him. At first sight you would have supposed him a sallow Englishman, spare of flesh and too narrow in the chest; you might have put down his dead complexion and his leanness to India or Jamaica, and been inclined to attribute his dry cynicism to the same super-fervent experience. But presently you would be alive to his hungry mind, to his hungry, ranging air, his restless habit and large way of looking at circumstance—as if by no possibility could it be any concern of his. And then the trick he had of considering our people as Europeans, of dividing the races of the world by continents rather than kingdoms; and that other of judging all cases, including yours and his own, upon their bare merits—such traits, to an experienced mind, would have established him for a foreigner, one of a people who had had too much elbowing for breath to have time or space for prejudice or minute classification. Superficially, to be sure, he was English enough—from his speech to his tailoring; and his phlegm (of which we boast) was unassail-

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able. Nobody knew much of his history: Bill Chevenix used to say that he was born whole, and thirty, out of an egg dropped upon our coasts by a migratory roc; that he stepped out, exquisitely dressed, and ordered a whiskey and Apollinaris at the nearest buffet. This, said Chevenix, was his ordinary breakfast. When Sanchia objected that he might have stepped out in the afternoon, he replied that it also formed his usual tea, and, so far as he knew, was the staple of all his meals. "And cigarettes," he added. "But he would have had those with him. I bet you what you like he came out smoking."

It was certain that he had been to Eton and to Oxford, and was member of two good clubs. He was extremely rich, and he was by profession, said Chevenix, a prince. He had no territory, and was not apparently scheming to get any, either of his own or other people's. Nobody at the Foreign Office believed that he corresponded with any intransigeant; he used to go there often and exchange urbane gossip with under-secretaries. He lodged in Duke Street, gave dinner-parties at the Bachelors, had a large visiting-list, and was, as they say, always "about." One saw him everywhere—in the city, in Mayfair drawing-rooms, at Kensington tea-parties, and at Lambeth Palace. Chevenix swore that he had met him at a Church Congress—and the only answer to that was that if Chevenix had truly been there to see, Morosine might well have been there to be seen. But this catholicity of experience was characteristic of the man; his attraction to the nice observer lay precisely in that; that he was a nomad, unappeased and unappeasable, ranging hungrily. There was a probability, too, that below a surface exquisitely calm there lurked corrosive tooth and claw. Here are sufficient elements of danger to draw any woman: so Sanchia found herself drawn presently.

He came to Charles Street one evening late in November, to what Lady Maria called a little party. There was an autumn session that year, and London full. To her little party, then, came a solid wedge of three hundred people into rooms capable of holding with comfort fifty.

Chevenix was by his fair friend at the top of the stair, chatting pleasantly about every new-comer, when he suddenly stopped. "Hulloa," he said. "Here's Morosine, as smooth as a glass stiletto. He'll amuse you. I'll introduce him."

Sanchia followed the leading of his eyes. She saw a tall and slim young man, inordinately thin, slightly bald, with a mustache like a rake, and heavy-browed, mournful eyes, pushing his way slowly upstairs. Without effort, his hands behind his back, working from the shoulders, he made room for himself, but so quietly that nobody seemed to observe how aggressively he was at work. Occasionally some ousted dowager turned redly upon him, or it might be some pushing gentleman smothered an oath as he faced the attack. But Morosine's mournful eyes gazed calmly their fill, seemed to be communing beyond the surging guests, beyond the wall, with the eternal stars, and, without faltering, the narrow frame glided forward into the space which indignation had cleared. Sanchia, above him, and out of the game, was highly amused.

"He's very selfish, your friend. He takes care of himself; but no one seems to know it."

Chevenix chuckled. "That's the beauty of Alexis. But, as he asks, whom else should he take care of? It's not queer if the Poles have learned that lesson."

"Oh," said Sanchia. "Is he a Pole?" Jack Senhouse had been in Poland.

"Half of him is hungry Pole. The other part is bad Italian—pampered Italian, fed for generations on oil and polenta. He's always dining out, but he eats nothing because the Pole is feeding on the Venetian all day." Then he told her about the miraculous birth, the whiskey and Apollinaris, and concluded, "Oh, he'll amuse you vastly. Stay where you are. I'll net him at the top."

Presently after she saw the process. It consisted in violent effort on Chevenix's part, languid attention from the other. Morosine dreamed over the speaker as if he were a lost soul. Then, his consideration being caught, he looked about him, and presently fixed upon her his melancholy eyes. She felt a little shiver, the sensation of goose-flesh in the spine—not unpleasantly. It was as if a light wind had ruffled her blood. Shortly afterwards Morosine was bowing before her. In this,

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perhaps, he betrayed himself; his hat covered his heart, he inclined from the hips, and his head bent with his body. An Englishman bows with the head only.

He began to talk quietly and at once, and maintained a perfectly even flow of comment, reflection, anecdote, reminiscence, and sudden, flashing turns of inference. He seemed always to be searching after general principles, cosmic laws, and to be always jumping at them, testing them, finding them not comprehensive enough, and letting them drift behind him as he pursued his search. She remarked on this afterwards to Lady Maria, who said that principles were the last thing to interest Morosine. He had none at all, said Lady Maria, unless his own immediate gratification was a principle; and perhaps with men you might almost say that it was.

Chevenix remained, chuckling and interjecting here and there an exclamation, just (as he told her later) to "start the chap on his meander," and presently betook himself elsewhere. It was then to be observed that Morosine allowed himself to drift into the discussion of matters not usually subjects of ordinary conversation; but he did so without consciousness, and therefore without offence. Sanchia neither disapproved nor felt uncomfortable. They were, moreover, interesting, and rather material.

It began with Poland, a country which, the less it existed politically, he said, was the better to live in, and be of. We live by our emotions, the beasts by their appetites—a material distinction. Now, the condition of the Poles was perfectly adapted to the quickening of the emotional parts. Shorten time, you make love a precious ecstasy; restrict liberty, freedom is a lust—none the worse for being lawful. No Pole knows how long he may have to live: Russia or phthisis will have him late or soon. What he pursues, then, must be fleeting—imagine with what rapture he takes it to his breast, with what frenzy he guards it, never knowing when it will be required of him again. Feverish? (This was upon a remark from her.) Yes, and why not? Are not dreams more vivid than waking life? Can you gallop your material horse as your courser of the mind? Better to burn than to rust. That's the secret of life—which all the laws of bureaucrats are directed to destroy. The establishments want to see us as fixed as themselves. They are tentacled, stationary creatures, feeding at ease. They would have us easy of access, falsely secure, so that they can fasten on us one by one and suck our juices. But the world is changing, thrones and churches are slackening in their hold. Men are discovering how short a time they have to live, and that eternity is more than questionable. A mild Epicureanism is gaining ground. Instincts founded on the patriarchal system must give way to that. "Have you ever considered," he asked abruptly, "how that the flocks and herds of the Semitic patriarch are the sole cause of the moral code which we still profess? Thou shalt not steal. Why not? Because you injure the Patriarch. Not murder? You might attack one of his family. You have the habit in England of tracing prejudices to the Feudal System: believe me, there is hardly anything in Europe so modern. I should date at 4000 B. C. nearly all our present conventions, from the British Sunday to the law of conspiracy. So long as you say that property is sacred, you uplift the Patriarch and lose sight of the man."

Sanchia, reminded of Senhouse—a Senhouse with his tongue dipped in vinegar—objected that society may have demanded some of these laws in defiance of an engrossing patriarch; but Morosine shook his head. "Society is the Patriarch's weapon. Society is a Syndicate of Patriarchs who cannot live unless all men are enslaved. Man is not by nature gregarious; he's solitary, like all the nobler beasts. Wolves and dogs hunt in herds; but not the great cats; oxen and buffaloes, but not elephants; rooks, but not eagles; bream, never salmon. And the time is not so very far when man will discover why it is that he is herded and marshalled hither and thither by police, legislatures, and monstrous assemblies called armies or fleets. He has but to know it to abolish these things; they will fade like dreams in the morning. But hitherto everything has been banded to make his sleep secure—his religion, his cupidity, his timidity, his affections. Religion tells him it is wrong to love without the church, patriotism that it is glorious to bleed in making other men bleed, timidity that property keeps the wolf from the door,

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appetite that under cover of the law you may devour your neighbor and fear no indigestion. Finally, there are the affections of a man which have been so guided that they see the aged more venerable than the young, the old thing more sacred than the new. 'Woodman, spare that tree,' they cry. 'It dates from at least 2000 B. C.' Because old wine is good, they argue, old laws must needs be. As well might a man say, Because I relish old wine, I will love only old women. And so we go on!" He shrugged and broke off—to talk shrewdly of books. They got to Leopardi, from him to Dante; he heard of her studies at the British Museum, and hoped he might meet her there. She read there often? Mostly in the afternoons? The light was bad; he usually devoted his mornings to what work he had there. He was studying Persian, he said, but fitfully, as the mood took him.

So far he had scarcely looked at her, but had talked out his monologue as if he had been alone, clasping one thin ankle, staring wide-eyed over the heads of guests, occasionally, when he was vehement, throwing his head up, shooting his words at the ceiling, as if they had been Greek fire. Now, as he got up to leave her, his eyes dwelt earnestly on her. "It will be a pleasure, to which I shall aspire—that of meeting you again. There or elsewhere."

She thanked him as she gave him her hand. Excitement made her eyes bright, mantled her cheeks. She felt that she was communing with Senhouse at third hand.

"Then—it is understood—we meet again," he concluded. He bowed over her hand, on a second thought kissed her fingers, then left her immediately and went downstairs. He paid no farewell to Lady Maria, was ascertained to have left the house at once.

VII

Morosine had been called emancipated by Lady Maria, who presently found it proper to explain that he was by no means so free from chains as he appeared. Sanchia, she thought, was seeing a good deal of him. "He's the victim, like the rest of us, of his constitution. His, as you may see, is deplorable. Weak heart, they say—but it may be lungs. I never heard of a Pole who could live in any climate, least of any his own. As for his mind, that follows his wasted body: it's hectic. He affects a detachment which he will never have. It's a pose. He is exceedingly sentimental, has an imagination which—if you could follow it—might alarm you. I have no doubt at all but that, in imagination, he has you safe in some island of Cythera or another, and has slain every other male inhabitant of it, lest some one of them should happen to look at your footprints in the sand. Jealous! He would sicken at the word—not because he would be ashamed, but because it would conjure up the vision of some satyr-shape, and haunt him day and night. He has no need to study Persian poetry, I assure you. He has Rose-gardens enough and to spare; for, if you are inclined to be flattered at my suggestion of Cythera, I hasten to assure you that yours is not the only island of his dominion. Bless you, he'll have an archipelago. But I have no fear for you; you can afford a sentimental education."

Sanchia did not tell her old friend how far that education was proceeding—not because she was afraid, still less because she was ashamed, but in obedience to her nature, which was extremely reserved. She spoke of herself and her affairs with difficulty—never unless she was forced. But it had become a custom just now—in the dull days on either side of Christmas—to look for Morosine in the reading-room about noon, to stroll the galleries for half an hour, to receive and to agree to a lightly offered proposition that they should lunch together, and (it might well be) to accept his escort afterwards. This, I say, had become the rule of three days in the week, more or less. And it's not to be supposed that so clear-sighted a young lady could see so much of so keen-sighted a man without a good deal of self-communing.

Her capacity for silent meditation, during which she would sit before her fire, gazing far, smiling at her thoughts, into the glowing coals, had never left her. But there was a slight difference to be noted. She could not think of Ingram—the past, the present, or any future Ingram—without contraction of the brows. Smooth-browed she thought of Morosine.

He interested her greatly; she was conscious of anxiety to learn his opinion, of a wave of warm feeling when she awaited

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it. She credited him with insight, had a notion, for instance, that she could discuss her own affairs without any preliminary apology. He took so much for granted—surely he would take her youth into full account. She had never said him a word of herself as yet; but there had been times when she had felt near it—had seen herself rowing a boat, as it were, within range of a weir, been conscious of effort to keep a straight course, and of the fruitlessness of effort. There had been moments when she had been tempted to throw down her oars with a sigh—by no means of despair. Morosine seemed to her so extraordinarily reasonable, so ready, with well-known laws, to account for unheard-of vagaries, that it would have been real luxury to her to find herself and her escapade the mere creatures of some such law. To be discovered normal: what a relief from strain!

Lady Maria, it seems, charged him with oriental aptitudes. Sanchia gave that judgment careful attention, studied her friend in the light of it, weighed every word of his to her, watched him closely in company when he could not be aware of it. She decided against the opinion. His manners with women were his manners with men, those of urbane indifference to sex. To sex! To much more than that. He was, in fact, outwardly polite to the point of formality; but his attitude of mind towards the person he happened to be with seemed to her—when she examined it closely—to be sublimely insulting. No created thing, with the passions and affections common to his kind, ought to take up such a position with his fellow-creature—that which says, "I infer your existence from my sensations: apart from them, I cannot bring myself to believe in it." She was aware that he must needs regard her from this stand-point; and the knowledge piqued her. If she did not exist for him, why did he seek her out? If she did, why did he pretend she did not? Or was Lady Maria right? Were his sensations awake, and had they fired his imagination, to carry her to Cythera, and keep her hidden there? These questions amused her, and she made no attempt to answer them. Amusement might cease that way: she indulged herself and left her questions open. One thing may be added. Morosine no more reminded her of Senhouse. Quite otherwise—for of Senhouse just now she dared not think.

Her friend Bill Chevenix gave her no warnings. Even when she sounded for them, he gave none. "I like Alexis," he said once. "He's not so original as he makes out, but there's enough to give him a relish. A handy chap, too, in a dozen ways—he'll model you in wax, or draw you in pastels, or sing about you on the guitar, or whistle you off on the piano; but he's not strong, isn't Alexis. The one thing he can do—no, there are two—he can ride anything, and he can use a revolver. I saw him empty the ten of hearts once; very pretty. I dare say, if he was put to it, he could use an iron to some purpose; but we don't stick each other here, so he'd be out of practice. I rather wish we did, you know. It's far more gentlemanly than laying for a chap outside his club with a hunting-crop, and getting summonsed for assault at Vine Street. Not a bit more vicious, barring the Ten Commandments."

"Prince Morosine doesn't believe in them," Sanchia said. "He's vowed to abolish them."

"So he may tell you, my dear. Don't you believe it. So long as they are good form they will be Alexis's form. He'd sooner die than covet his neighbor's wife." She reserved this for consideration. Meantime she saw more of Morosine than of any other man, and got through January very well by his help.

She particularly liked his company in galleries, because, though he never allowed himself raptures—of which she, too, was incapable—he was always seeking the roots of rapture. Sanchia had a fund of enthusiasm for art all the richer, perhaps, for being denied expression. It was comfortable to have that securely based.

"Did you ever consider," he asked her once, when they stood before the great group of the pediment, "why it is that these things are so beautiful; why, although they are bare of color and all that stands for life to us in art, they are more than life? It's because they point to a state of being exquisitely conform to the laws of being. Such a perfect conformity soothes us into believing that while we witness it we are of it—ourselves conforming. These splendid creatures here, so superbly static—idle, you

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might say (only they wouldn't understand you), indulging their strength—are strong and able precisely because they have submitted themselves——"

"Unlike the Poles?" She reminded him of their first conversation, and saw that he remembered it. He bowed to her.

"Let me finish. These existences, emanations, essences, what you will, are submiss, not to man but to nature. They are as passive as earth herself, and as immune. They derive their strength from her. That's our only reasonable service." Whether he intended it or not, the effect of this kind of talk was to make her view submission to the world's voice as a reasonable service.

It was not so odd as it may seem that her intimates had always been men. That reticence of hers which repelled her own sex was precisely that in her which attracted, by provoking, the other. After her dumb childhood, to which she never looked back, came her opening girlhood, and on the threshold of that stood Jack Senhouse, the loyal servitor, the one man who had loved her without an ounce of self-seeking. Then came Nevile Ingram and swallowed her up for a while, and when he had tired of her she was once more without a friend. To Chevenix, afterwards, rather than to Mrs. Devereux, she had struggled to utter herself. That cry of distress, "he wants me—to mangle me," would never have been made by her to a woman. She would have died of it sooner. And now came the Pole, Morosine, and by taking for granted (as even Lady Maria could not have done) much that could not have been explained, put her at her ease. She found him a Jack without the spirit—without the divine spark. She could never have loved him, though she liked him well, and she had no idea that he thought of nothing but the greatness of his reward when, after patient toiling, she might fall into his arms. Every nerve in her body was now strung up to obedience to Jack's idea of her. She saw, as clearly as if it was printed, her fate before her. She was to put herself under the law. Jack should not have loved in vain her "dear obsequious head." Nevile would come back, and require her. For Jack's sake, who had seen her too noble to be touched by sin, she would dip herself deep in sin.

Morosine, who frankly desired her to be the wife of a man she did not love that she might the more easily find consolation in himself—afterwards, had the wit to see that she needed some of his sophistry, though not enough to know exactly why. It was perfectly true. Her church-going was an ointment. It could soothe but not heal her. Sanchia had a mind. To do wrong by the world because it had seemed right to her, was not to be remedied by doing a right by it now which to her reasoning would glare before her as a monstrous sin. She forgot that Senhouse had also taught her that the great sin of all was insincerity. She could not have afforded to remember that. All her present desire was to be, as nearly as she might, what she had been when Jack had seen her first, what he had found excellent and loveworthy. Pious, bowing her head in a fair place, obsequious, obedient to the law. He had loved her, of course, whatever she did—outraging the law as well as keeping it, loving Nevile, letting himself go away. She could not remember that. He had loved her meek; she would be meek. That was what her heart told her; and Morosine, to serve his own ends, lulled her head with his sophistical anodynes—and sent her brain to sleep.

That he should know her story, as he obviously did, was not so disconcerting to her as it would have been to most young women. Taciturn as she was, it was not by reason of timidity, but rather that her own motives seemed too clear to her to be worth stating. She was rather given to assume her prerogative right to be different. Her first thought, therefore, was that she was saved the trouble of explaining herself, and her second that it was satisfactory to have a friend who understood her without.

As for Morosine, he may or may not have felt that he had broken the ice; he pushed forward, at any rate, as if he had clear water in front of him. Sanchia felt, when she next met him, that their acquaintance had entered on a new phase.

Then, suddenly, before she knew where she was, her fate was upon her.

It was in the park on a fine Sunday forenoon in February. She was with Lady Maria, and had met with Melusine and Gerald Scales. Morosine, also, seeing her and meeting her eyes, instantly left his companion and came to greet her, hat in hand. He addressed himself to her exclusively,

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having saluted Lady Maria; but she named her sister, and he saluted her too. Gerald Scales, bronzed, plump, and very full in the eye, having looked the new-comer over, decided against him and gave him a shoulder. "Foreign beggar," was the conclusion he came to, which does credit to his perspicacity, because the Pole had a very English appearance, and Scales himself the look of a Jew.

When they turned to walk, Morosine took the side next Sanchia, and though he talked to both ladies, so contrived that she should read more in what he said than her sister. He did it deftly, but continuously. Sanchia was entertained, slightly excited, and ended by taking part in the game of skill. It is impossible to say by how much this sort of thing increased the intimacy already established between the pair. It was by so much, at least, that when Melusine joined her husband by dropping behind and waiting for him to come up with the old lady, it came as no sort of shock to her that he took up the talk where he had ended it in the gallery.

"You have been to church, I see. But you are not a Christian?" He did not look at her.

Nor did she turn her head to reply. "I don't know. Nominally, at least—fitfully, at the most."

"That must be the outside of it," he continued. "The thing is the antithesis of the Hellenic ideal—which is yours. Your seemingly passive martyr is really in an ecstasy. He aims at outraging nature; begins by despising and ends by dreading it. Nature, however, has ways of revenging herself."

"Yes, indeed," said Sanchia soberly.

They walked on together, she by this time very much absorbed. She was not conscious of the shifting crowd, the lifting of hats, the chatter, the yapping dogs that ran in and out of women's skirts.

Presently he spoke again. "You believe that you failed?"

Her voice came low. "I know that I failed."

Then he looked at her, and spoke with vehemence. "And what is that to you? What is failure—in such a cause—to such as you?" But she could not meet his face, kept hers rigidly to the front.

"The cause," Morosine told her, "is everything, the aim, the loyalty, the great surrender. Beside this failure is nothing at all. Do you say that the sapling fails that springs out of a cleft rock and towers—seeking, as we all seek, the sun, the light in heaven? A gale gathers it up and tears it out; over it goes, and lies shattered. Is that failure? How can it be, when nothing dies?"

Sanchia, very pale, turned her face to his at last. Her mouth was drawn down at the corners, to the tragic droop. She almost whispered the words. "Something did die."

His intuition worked like a woman's, in flashes. He knew immediately what she meant.

"I know, I know," he said. "You were mistaken. But you never faltered. You followed a call."

"You tell me," she said, "that there was none."

"I do."

"But," she argued, "that with which I began failed me. I was entirely certain—at the time—I could not possibly have hesitated. And then—it died." Her eyes loomed large. "It is quite dead now; and I feel that I have betrayed myself—broken faith with myself."

He shook his head. "You could not break faith. You are the soul of truth."

This praise she accepted. "I don't tell lies, I hope—and I don't shirk things. But you see that I can stultify my own acts. I believed, and acted on my belief; and then I ceased to believe, and acted on that. I cannot trust myself—I ought to be ashamed to say so, but I hope I am."

Morosine met her eyes again, and held them. "I can never believe that you would fail. I tell you that you have not failed. It is that you have been failed. You cannot give if what you give is not taken. Failed—you! Ah, no, you have succeeded, I think."

She bent her brows as she faced resolutely forward. "I must take the consequences of what I have done. I see that."

"Ah," said Morosine, "that is a question of courage. Courage you have."

"I need it," she said in a hush, and stopped dead. Ingram stood before her, and took off his hat.

"Well, Sanchia," he said. "Here I am."

(To be continued.)

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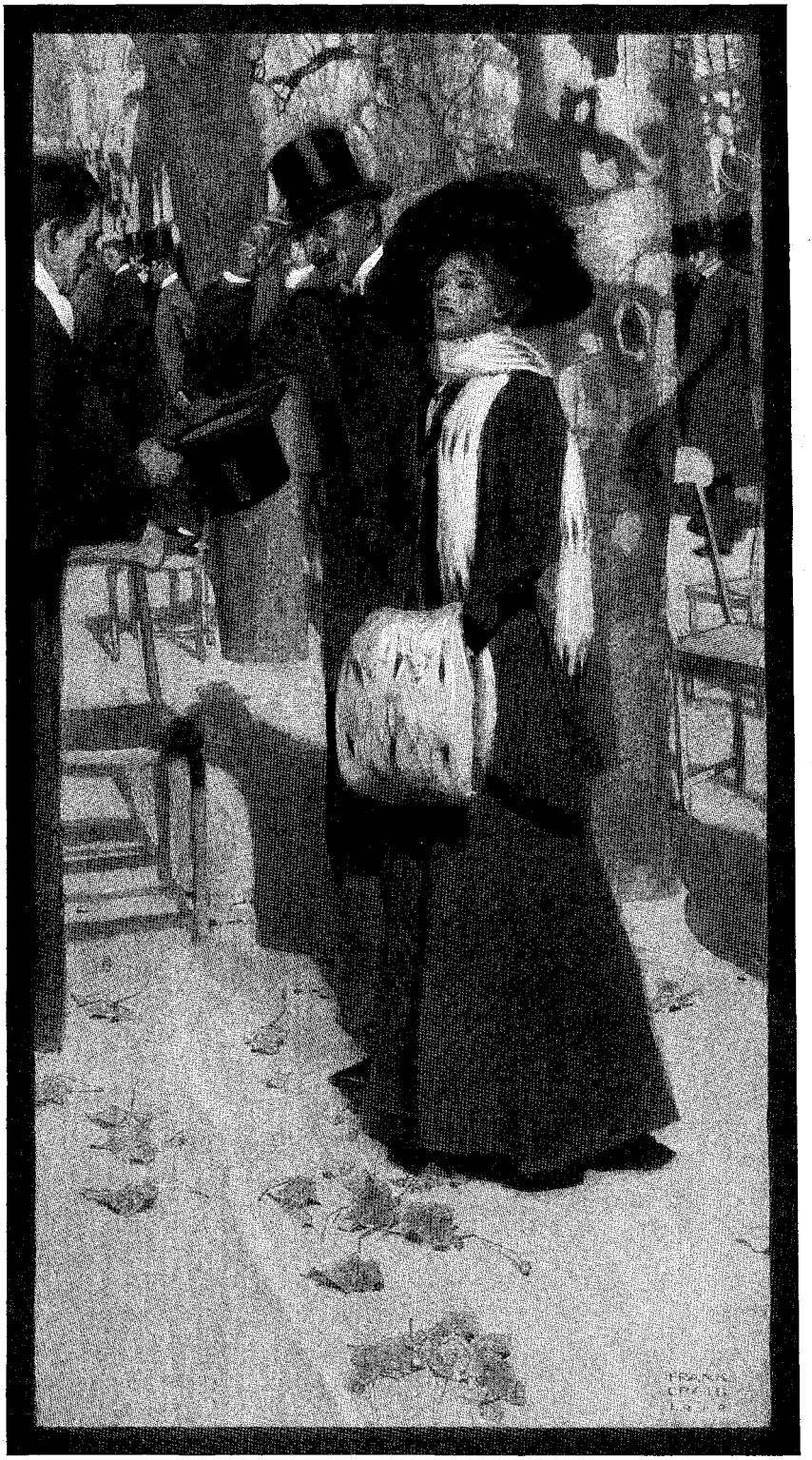

Drawn by Frank Craig.

"Well, Sanchia," he said. "Here I am."—Page 108.

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AN UNFINISHED CRIME

By Paul van Dyke

THE Greeks made a mistake when they represented the Muse of History as a very reasonable-looking woman. She should rather have caprice in her eyes and a mouth touched with the trace of a malicious smile. For sometimes she does not put down the memorable thing, and often she records what might be forgotten. She leaves uncertain the word of a great leader when he led his men into the fight that saved a nation, and she keeps for a dozen generations a whispered wicked thought. Let me describe one of her capricious indiscretions.

Catherine de' Medici has been falsely accused of a score of crimes. And those accusations have grown out of one prodigious wickedness for which she was responsible. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, when the Huguenots who had gone up to her daughter's wedding were slaughtered at night in hundreds, some of them by the guards of the king in the very palace where they were sleeping as his guests, was intensely disliked by all who knew the truth about it, had not profited by it, or were not blinded by bigotry to the principles of honor. Even the gay chronicler of the Valois Court, whose writings show he had little religion and less morality and who thought blood feuds perfectly natural, called it "a very dirty massacre." That single act of fierce hate suddenly let loose by fear and ambition, showed a nature so free from moral restraint as to be capable of anything. And there gathered in the hearts of the friends of the dead a hatred so intense that the most violent words of passionate calumny could not give it vent. Therefore, during the rest of her life, her enemies found pleasure in laying at her door every death that could by any possibility be supposed to profit her, and these wild accusations of hate have become part of the popular idea of Catherine de' Medici. The truth is that, aside from the great killing of August, 1572, which she thought a stroke of statecraft needed to keep her power, there is no evidence that would warrant a judge in even holding her on a criminal charge. But, in her youth, when all the world thought her a clever little woman, patient under the wrongs of a husband she adored, Catherine planned a crime which, had it been known, might have warned the world of the passions that made the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The news of this unfinished crime is three hundred and fifty years old, but it is still fresh, for, considering the strange way I found it out, it seems reasonably certain, gentle reader, that not half a dozen persons have heard of it before you.

Catherine's strongest passion was the desire to rule. During the lifetime of her husband, Henry II, she had no opportunity to satisfy it. She had for him a strong and rather humble affection which endured long after his death, but his passionate devotion belonged to Diana, Duchess of Valentinois, an imperious woman, to whom he gave great riches and power. The Court, from the highest officers of State to the humblest hangers-on, surrounded the royal mistress with flattery and sought her favor. Doubtless Diana smiled indulgently at the whispered word that the queen was only "a merchant's daughter" with a fair-sized *dot*, whom the king had unfortunately married before he became, by his brother's death, heir apparent. Catherine, wounded in her affections as a woman and in her pride as the first of a burgher family to achieve a crown, played her part at banquets, rode to the hunt with the stoutest, and joked with the merriest, as if the hate she kept down with a strong will were not seething in her heart. But she almost let it slip her control, and an odd chance enables me to show a crime which never became more than an "almost."

In order to understand, it is necessary to know the historical incident behind the letter which is the centre of three documents connected with the record of that unfinished crime.

When, on the sudden death of her husband, her son, Francis II, succeeded to the throne at fifteen, Catherine still found her

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Catherine de' Medici.

From a photograph by Braun & Co. of a painting by Clouet, in the Czartoryski Collection.

desire to rule balked. She held an illustrious position at Court, but she had little power in the State. It is true she was able to drive away the Duchess of Valentinois, to strip her of her great wealth, and get back from her the crown jewels. But the young king loved his wife, Mary Queen of Scots, more than his mother. Mary despised her mother-in-law, and Mary's uncles, the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise, governed France; to the great disgust of the Princes of the Blood and the ancient House of Montmorency, the first gentlemen of the realm, who thought the Guises upstarts, whose father had come into France only fifty years before, a younger son, seeking his fortune.

But when Francis II died of an abscess in the ear after seventeen months' reign, Catherine's turn came. She took possession of her son the King Charles IX, then about thirteen, and caused the boy to proclaim her acting head of the State. When murmurs over this violation of an ancient custom grew loud, she associated with her in the government Henry of Bourbon, King of Navarre, first Prince of the Blood royal, but framed such rules for the conduct of affairs as to make it impossible for him or the royal council to do anything without her knowledge and consent. To defend herself against the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise, whom she cordially detested, she surrounded the throne with their enemies, the houses of Bourbon and Montmorency. The younger members of these houses and a large number of the gentry of France of the old stock were strongly inclined to the heresy of their countryman, John Calvin, city preacher of Geneva,

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Monsieur le Duc de Nemours.
From a rare contemporary print in the collection of Mr. Junius Morgan.

some from conviction, some from scepticism because the new religion seemed less of a strain on faith than the old, and some because of the stalwart orthodoxy of the hated house of Guise. It came to pass, therefore, that heresy became fashionable at Court. The laws against it were relaxed and, throughout great parts of France, crowds blatantly chanted the Psalms in French on the public squares or marched sword on thigh to hear preaching in the fields. Hope stirred in Geneva, fear smote hearts at Rome, that France was to follow the example of England—establish a national church and renounce the Roman obedience. Philip II of Spain became anxious for the Netherlands. The Duke of Savoy feared lest his rebellious subjects of Geneva should become his masters. The Pope trembled at the thought that the oldest daughter of the Church might be led astray by heresy. Nay, as the Cardinal of Lorraine put it: "If France should join Germany, the Baltic lands, Scotland, England, the infected Netherlands, the heretic cantons of Switzerland, how could Spain, Italy, or any of the Christian provinces escape being overwhelmed by the current of destruction?" So a plot was formed to steal away the third son of Catherine, the heir-apparent to the throne, then about eleven years old, and carry him off, either to his aunt, the Duchess of Savoy, or to his sister, the Duchess of Lorraine. Once

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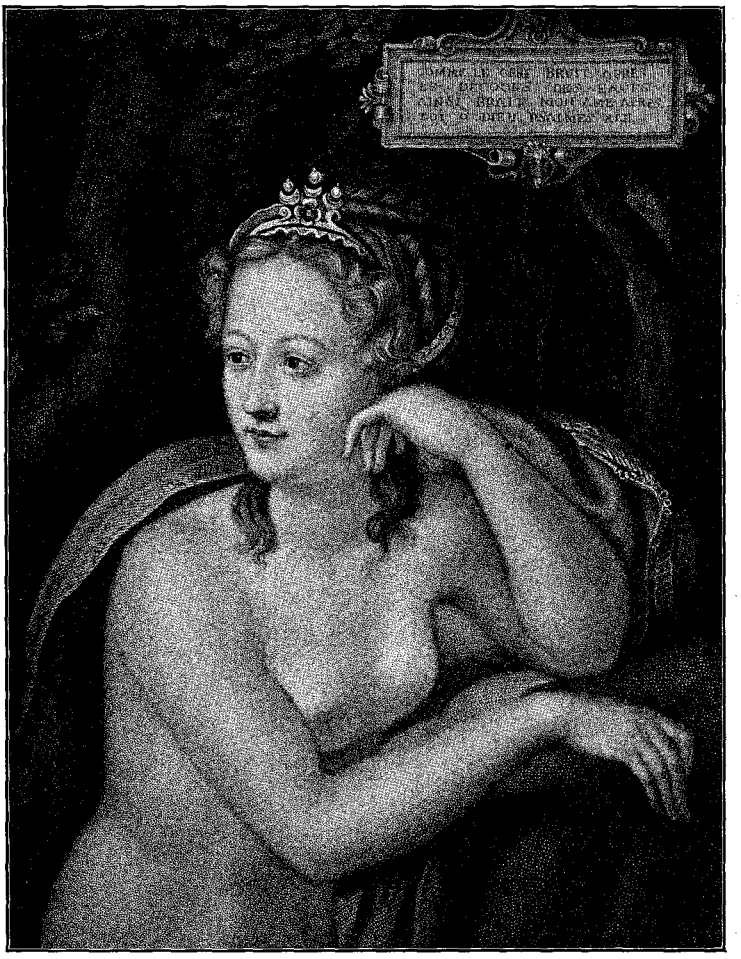

Diane de Poictiers.

From a rare engraving of an original painting, supposed to be by Primaticcio, in the collection of Earl Spencer.

across the border, this heir of a king inclined to heresy might be brought up as a strict Roman Catholic. Or perhaps those who planned his abduction hoped to make him head of the party for a civil war for the defence of universal religion, backed by the arms of Spain and Savoy and the blessing of the Pope.

Of course the agent of this daring attempt was not acting solely of his own accord. A politician of his experience would never have tried to do a thing so dangerous under conditions which would have made success useless. He was undoubtedly backed or instigated by others, but who the others were, Catherine, in spite of all her efforts, could never discover. The House of Guise probably knew of it, but the reports proving their complicity distributed in print over France by the opposite faction, which have been accepted by historians as true, are false. No proof exists which enabled Catherine to accuse the Guises of knowing anything about the affair. If Spain or Savoy or Rome were cognizant of the attempted abduction, the secret is in documents that have perished or are buried beneath the dust of some archives. We only know the actions of the puppet. We cannot trace the wires that moved him.

The man who was to get the boy across the French border was the Duke of Nemours. Jacques de Savoie, Duke of Nemours, was descended of the younger

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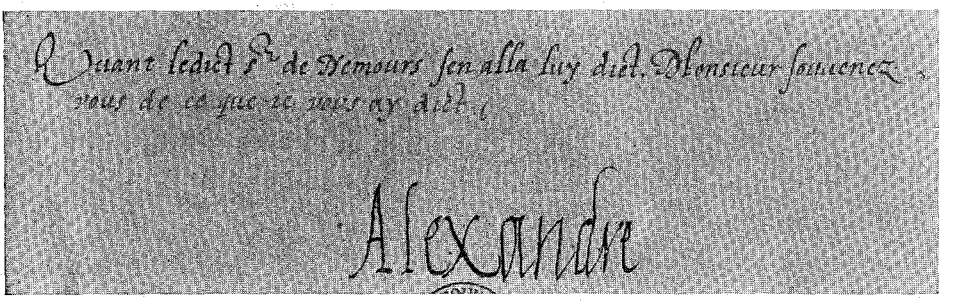
branch of the House of Savoy, a race of soldiers. A captain at fifteen, he had fought through all the wars of Henry II, but he was no mere swordsman.

Before the gout crippled him, France knew no more graceful and elegant gentleman. He set the fashion at court, and his success with the ladies was proverbial. He



The little duke's signature.

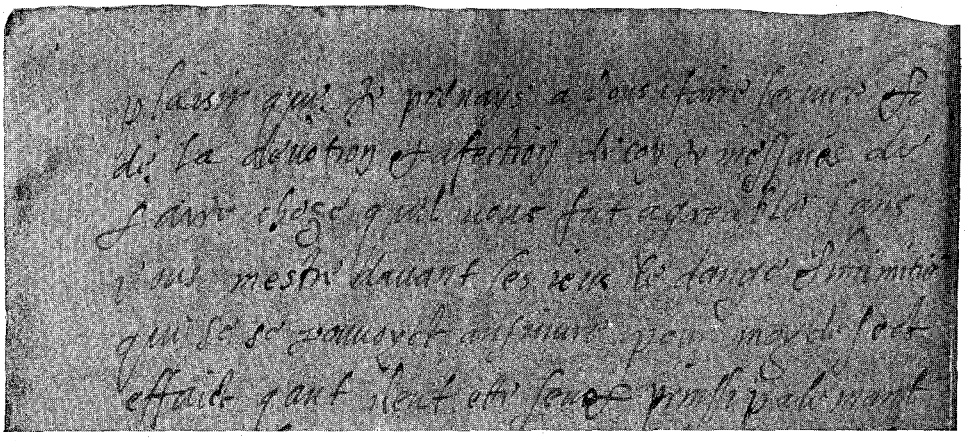
invented a stroke at tennis. He danced, rode, and fenced to perfection, and it was a saying among the courtiers of his older days that "he who had not seen Monsieur de Nemours in his gay years had not seen anything."

But, in spite of the brilliant agent, the plot failed completely. The little boy was very fond of the splendid captain and courtier, but he refused to go away with him. This is how it happened: Nemours took him apart, near a big chest in the king's room, and asked him what religion he was of and if he was a Huguenot? The little prince answered, that he was of the religion of his mother. Then, leading the boy to another part of the room, apparently because he observed that there was some one behind the tapestry near by, Nemours said: "I see many troubles in this kingdom and you are not safe in it, because the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé want to make themselves kings and want to kill you. If you will come I will take you to Lorraine or Savoy and you will be very happy."

The boy answered, that he did not want to leave the king nor his mother, the queen.

Nemours said also: "Remember, monsieur, when Monsieur de Guise goes away, to say to him, 'My cousin, when I need you I beg you to come, if you cannot take me away now.'"

Nemours also said to him that he must not tell the queen, and asked him if he trusted in Carnavalet and Villequier. And when he answered yes, said, "You must not say anything about this to them, and if they ask what I have been talking to you about, say it was the comedies." And, just before



Upper part of a sheet of Nemours's letter to Catherine.

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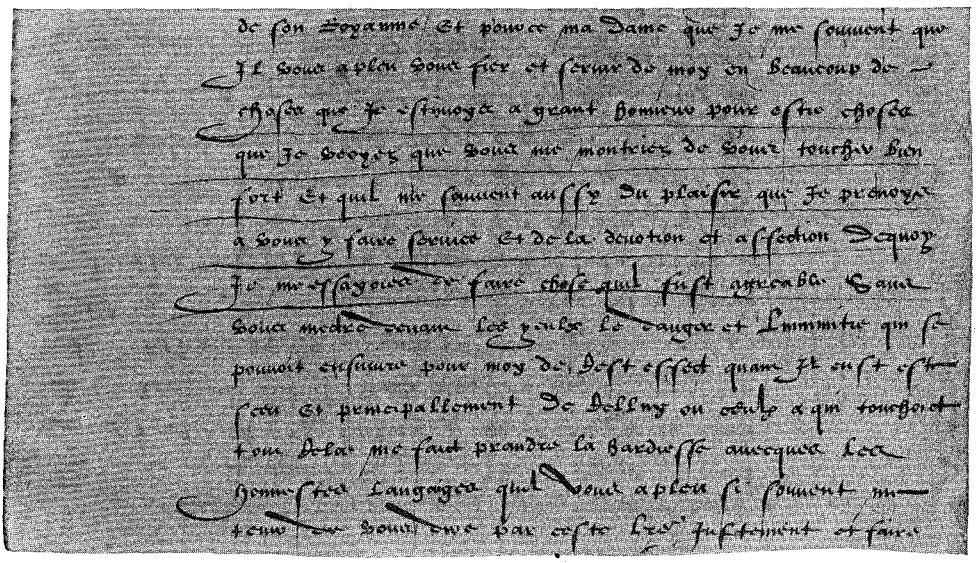
going away, Nemours said to him, "Monsieur, remember what I have said to you." When the attempt had thus failed, the duke left the Court at once and went to join the Guises at Nanteuil.

A waiting-woman named Denise, who sang beautifully (that's all we know about her) had been behind the tapestry when Nemours began to talk to the little prince. It was, probably, this woman who told the queen. The lad was carried before the Royal Council, repeated the tale given above, and signed his testimony in very



The lower half of a sheet of the copy of Nemours's letter sent to Spain.
The bottom line shows the cut that took off the margin.

careful, big, round letters—Alexandre. Before this, Catherine ordered the arrest of Nemours. But a warning from his friends at Court reached him in the night. He mounted and rode from house to house of the Guises, finding food and guides and fresh horses ready for him, until he was safe across the border. From his hiding-place he wrote two letters to Catherine, denying his guilt, imploring her pardon, and reminding her of his devotion to her interests, even in the days before her husband's death when she had few faithful servitors. It is in connection with one of these letters that the crime they had plotted years before was recorded. Let me describe, as clearly as I can in brief, the curious and somewhat complicated bit of lucky adventure in archive searching which enables me to read, as those who saw Catherine daily in her husband's Court could not, a wicked thought in that crafty heart, which was at once so cold and so passionate. Here is the English which represents the clumsy French of Nemours: "I recollect that you were pleased to trust me and use me in many things which I thought a great honor because they were things of great consequence to you. I remember also the pleasure I took to do you service in them, and the devotion and service with which I gave myself to do a thing which was agreeable, without reminding you of the danger and the enmity which might follow for me from such an action if it should become known, and chiefly, from him, or those whom it concerned." A similar allusion, vaguely definite, had struck my attention in the other letter from Nemours, which I had found in a different volume of manuscript. Its interpretation seemed impossible. But an accident had preserved, along with this second appeal to pity through memory, the key to the mysterious allusion.

The letter was in a volume, made some time after the middle of the eighteenth century, to contain a collection of documents about this attempt to carry off the young Duke of Orleans. The man who arranged

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the documents in the volume added to many of them a copy, probably because his employer could not easily read the beautiful old hand of the royal secretary or the attempts of the Duke of Nemours to write the modern hand coming into vogue in his day. After reading the original letter, I was carelessly turning over the pages of the copy of it, when my eye was caught by the underscoring of some lines in the text. As no lines were underscored in the original, I looked more closely and read this note, written on the broad margin by the copyist: "In the original copy sent to Monsieur de Limoges (he was Ambassador to Spain) there is, at the end of the underscored lines, a reference to a foot-note at the bottom of the page, and here at the bottom of the letter."* The copyist precedes his record of the lost foot-note with these words: "Note in the hand of Claude de l'Aubespine" (Claude de l'Aubespine was one of Catherine's secretaries, whose unofficial hand cannot be mistaken by any one who has wrestled with its difficulties). Here is the copy of Claude de l'Aubespine's confidential note hastily scribbled at the bottom of a page of his engrossed despatch to the Ambassador of Spain, who was his older brother:

"The queen laughed heartily when she saw in the letter of Monsieur de Nemours the lines marked, and recalled that she wanted to use him, when she was so angered against Madame de Valentinois, to throw a strong distilled water in her face as if in sport, which would have disfigured her for life. And so she had thought to get back the king, her husband; but, on further reflection, she decided not to do it. *Please burn this letter after you read it.*"

And three hundred and fifty years later it is printed in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

*To show how nearly the passage escaped, let me say that in still another volume of the vast collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, I stumbled, by a lucky chance, across the very copy of Nemours's letter sent to the Ambassador in order that he might try to find out if Spain was concerned in the affair which is here spoken of. The underscoring described is there, as appears in the photograph on page 115. But the mark of the knife or scissors shows where some one has cut off the note at the bottom of the page since the modern copyist saw it. If, therefore, he had not preserved it for us, this article could not have been written.

EXIT

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

FOR what we owe to other days,
Before we poisoned him with praise,
May we who shrank to find him weak
Remember that he cannot speak.

For envy that we may recall,
And for our faith before the fall,
May we who are alive be slow
To tell what we shall never know.

For penance he would not confess,
And for the fateful emptiness
Of early triumph undermined,
May we now venture to be kind.

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SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE GROWTH OF THE GERMAN NAVY

By Elmer Roberts

GERMANY has philosophers and lovers of mankind who, believing in the unity of the race, would that nations should arrange a permanent peace and accept in a spirit of fair-play decisions of umpires when governments do not interpret alike the principles of international justice. The idea of war, because the military organization of the country directly affects every home and family, is more distressing in Germany probably than in the United States or in Great Britain. England has not been invaded in force during eight and a half centuries. Merely the historic memory of Napoleon's preparations for invasion causes a feeling of relief and thankfulness that they failed. Germany has had a different and a terrible national experience, which is ever in the background of consciousness when war and policies pertaining to war are discussed. The child in school cannot avoid learning from the primer history that the population during the Thirty Years' War sank from 22,000,000 to 6,000,000. From times that were remote when Columbus discovered America, war has swept Germany during nearly every generation excepting the periods following the military revival of Prussia, which contributed to the overthrow of Napoleon, and during the thirty-nine years of peace since the end of the French war and the unity of the German states. German cities have been sacked within a century.

Grimmelshausen's classic "Simplicius Simplicissimus," a romantic narrative of the Thirty Years' War, of the brutalities, insensate cruelties, plunderings, and ravishings of the period, has sunk into German sensibilities as deeply as did "Uncle Tom's Cabin" into the feelings of the North before the Civil War. The Germans of today bear a weight of armaments to escape the vivid terrors of the past and to feel that fine sense of security unknown to their ancestors. The thought and the immense labors bestowed upon preparedness for war are reactions from the sufferings of the past.

Preparations for war, in the spirit in which the German looks upon them, grow in what seems a human and a reasonable manner from a body of political thinking derived from the national experience, and not essentially different in regard to the use of force from that of other great civilized peoples.

Emperor William decided during the period following the Kruger telegram that Germany ought to have a navy of evident power if the country were to be secure from foreign resentment and threats out of proportion in the German view to the cause of offence. It is not necessary to determine the political wisdom of the Kruger telegram or whether the reception of it in England was justified by its contents. It does seem essential, however, to understand in outline an event in which is to be found the seed of the great efforts Germany has put forth to create a navy and which she continues to put forth.

The German Foreign Office on the eve of the Jameson raid had received a petition by cable from German residents in Pretoria for a guard from a German war-ship at Delagoa Bay to be sent to Pretoria for their protection. President Kruger some time previously had asked German promises for aid against Great Britain should there be war and he had been refused, although unquestionably the German people took the Boer side of the controversy. The news that the Transvaal Government had engaged and defeated the Jameson raiders gave the Emperor occasion to send President Kruger the subjoined despatch published in *The Imperial Gazette* of January 3, 1897:

"I express to you my sincere congratulations that, without appealing to the help of friendly powers, you and your people have succeeded in repelling with your own forces the armed bands which have broken into your country, and in maintaining the inde-

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pendence of your country against foreign aggression."

The Times correspondent, in telegraphing the news, said:

"This telegram must not, however, be taken as merely an expression of the Emperor's personal feeling. It was drawn up at the Chancellor's palace where the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs Baron von Marschall, the Secretary of the Imperial Navy Admiral Hollman, and others had been summoned by Prince Hohenlohe to confer with the Emperor. It assumes, therefore, the character of a State document of the highest importance, the more so as it contains an unqualified recognition of the independence of the South African Republic."

The publication of the telegram moved the people of Great Britain far more deeply than did the Venezuelan message of President Cleveland a few weeks earlier. The British Government began instant preparations for war. *The Times* of January 8 published under triple head-lines—an unusual device in those days—nearly a column announcement beginning as follows:

"NAVAL PREPARATIONS
A FLYING SQUADRON FORMED
SHIPS ORDERED TO DELAGOA BAY

"Orders have been sent to Portsmouth, Devonport, and Chatham for the immediate commissioning of six ships to form a flying squadron, and it is understood that the captains to command these ships have already been chosen. The object of this move is obviously to have an additional squadron ready to go anywhere which may either re-inforce a fleet already in commission, if thought desirable, or may constitute a separate force to be sent in any direction where danger may exist."

The Times began a column editorial on the subject with "The country will learn with satisfaction that the augmented naval preparations which we advocated yesterday have been taken in hand with vigor and promptitude." The editorial concluded with a reference to the "pretension of the German Emperor to tear up our treaties at his pleasure." *The Times* on the following day announced that special preparations were in progress for mobilizing a portion of the Reserve Fleet, and that pressing orders had been issued to hurry the refitting of other ships. Emergency military preparations also had been ordered by the government. Commenting on explanations and the avowals in Berlin that no unfriendly act had been meant by the Kruger telegram *The Times* said:

"The official and semi-official press of Germany, which a week ago could not find language picturesque enough to reach the height of its great resolves, is now roaring as gently as any sucking dove."

The British Government's naval preparations continued. A special flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers for service with the Channel and flying squadrons had been placed in commission. Two thousand men were working extra time at Portsmouth, and the activity in the Chatham dockyards was described as "unprecedented."

The foregoing gives something of the British Government's dispositions to resent by arms the action of the German Government, or, if that were not designed, to impress upon Germans their helplessness on the sea in the presence of British hostility. The attitude of the German Government within twenty-four hours after the Kruger telegram was to explain to England and the world that no offence had been meant. Such explanations were conveyed officially and elaborated upon in the German press. The British preparations were regarded with considerable astonishment, then with apprehension, and finally with a sense of abasement. The British Admiralty's activity continued for some days after Mr. Balfour had announced in the House of Commons on January 16 that no foreign power disputed the British view of the relations with the Transvaal.

The conviction in Germany was that the British Government had taken an opportunity to humiliate the German sovereign and the German people. The naval preparations were regarded as in no other light than a threatening demonstration out of proportion to the significance of the telegram sent to Kruger. Had good-will been applied to the interpretation of the despatch it might have been taken as an ill-judged, though harmless, expression of sympathy. The German feeling was that, had Germany been a sea power and in a position to engage Great Britain—even on unequal terms—the British way of receiving

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the telegram would have been different, and that, instead of flying squadrons and special flotillas of torpedo-boat destroyers for service with the Flying and the Channel squadrons, there would have been an acceptance of German assurance that no ill-will had been intended. Germany had in that year something more than 1,500,000 tons of ocean-going shipping. Her investments abroad amounted to $3,000,000,000. Her trade extended to most parts of the world, and her ambition for an expansion of her foreign commerce and her dividends from undertakings in foreign countries was limitless. The government saw all this fabric of foreign enterprise exposed to destruction. Political writers in Germany had treated of Germany's need for a navy since the empire had been formed. The strategists in the general staff had prepared theoretical studies of the correlation of land and sea forces in war. In a war with Russia—the great neighbor whose immense potentialities rested heavily upon the imagination of the Germans until the Russo-Japanese War—the fleet could be employed with advantage in closing the Russian Baltic ports, in landing troops in great force either near St. Petersburg or at any intermediate point whereby operations threatening the rear of Russian armies on the German frontier could be executed.

The Emperor had read and had been impressed by Captain Mahan's "The Influence of Sea Power on History." A naval officer of distinction has told me that Captain Mahan's book had as much to do with the building of the German navy as any other single influence. Certainly it was evident that the power of Germany could not be used beyond where German troops could march unless a navy of considerable strength existed. The exposed position of German commerce, the problem studies of the co-operation of the land and sea forces in war, the Emperor's personal convictions on the subject of a navy were the latent forces released into full activity by the consequences in England of the Kruger telegram. The United States, Italy, and France had begun from five to fifteen years earlier to expand their navies.

The first German naval programme was ready by November 10 of the following year, 1897, and was adopted by the Reichstag the next spring. The strategists, however, were convinced that a small navy was scarcely better than no navy, that any navy must be sufficiently large to be taken into account by Great Britain or any other power as a serious adversary, were war to take place.

While these discussions were going on the German mail steamer *Bundesrath* was seized by a British cruiser off the East African coast on suspicion of carrying contraband. The seizure caused high feeling in Germany and was the occasion of a good deal of arrogant talk in England, where German sympathy for the Boers was resented. The *Bundesrath* was presently released. The incident and the feeling it provoked on both sides of the North Sea gave the second push to the German navy. The programme of 1900—the present one—was resolved upon. The key idea as set forth in the preamble is that "Germany must possess a battle fleet so strong that a war with her would, even for the greatest naval power, be accompanied with such dangers as would render that power's position doubtful."

While the German naval promoters have never planned for a navy equal to that of Great Britain, they do work for a navy that would make the British Government hesitate to attack Germany under avoidable circumstances and that would suggest a civil attitude should the two governments have different policies upon a subject of mutual interest. German naval plans leave to Britain superiority on the sea, but not such a superiority as leaves German shipping, the sprinkling of German colonies, and immense German investments in other countries defenceless. Instead of a proportion of seven to one, which represented the ratio of naval strength on the morning the Kruger telegram was sent, the proportion when the German projects are completed is likely to be about three to two in favor of Great Britain. Although the British position on the sea is immensely changed thereby, the security of the British Islands can hardly be endangered. Should Great Britain consider that the national security requires more ships she will probably build them. She cannot retain an overwhelming superiority upon the sea without building ships. The weakness of the suggestions for limitation by agreement made in England is, that they always imply that

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Great Britain would be willing to enter into an arrangement with Germany on the permanent principle of British naval policy that Great Britain shall have a navy as large as any two other powers, with a margin of ten per cent. more for good measure. Englishmen ask that Germany should undertake to confirm by treaty Britain's supreme position on the sea. The impossibility of a nationally young, growing, ardent, self-confident people such as the Germans entering into an agreement of that kind makes the suggestion seem queer when looked at from the Continent. No British statesman has ever mentioned a willingness to consider a limitation of armaments except upon the fundamental idea that Britain retain her vast preponderance on the sea. The discussion of limitation upon that basis does not seem a futility in England; in Germany it is regarded as verging upon impudence.

The elder Pitt in the middle of the eighteenth century laid down the principle that the safety and prestige of Great Britain lay in a balance of power on the Continent, that England could not suffer any power to become predominant on the mainland. Therefore France, the great military power on the Continent, was the enemy of England. Pitt made headway against France by alliances on the Continent, crippled her through the aid of Frederick of Prussia on the land, defeated her at sea, and added the French colonies in India and North America to her own. France was again the enemy of England when Napoleon rose to military supremacy on the Continent. For a century and a half the first aim of British foreign policy has been to promote an equilibrium on the Continent so that contentions there should leave her free in other parts of the world and should keep all powers in Europe seeking for the favor of England. Since the reduction of the Russian position in the Japanese war, Germany has become the predominant military State on the Continent. The aim of the British Government has been to arrange a system of ententes and alliances sufficient to hold Germany in check. Doubtful success has resulted. The endeavor to give Morocco to France failed. The joint British and Russian efforts against Germany and Austria in the Bosnian-Herzegovinian annexations failed. Great Britain is being gradually excluded from influence on the Continent. If Germany had never built a ship nor sold a yard of cloth abroad, the political genius of British statesmen would have singled her out as the enemy of England because of her immense and growing position on the Continent. The political policies of Great Britain are the ones that drive her into hostility against Germany. Added to these are the trade competition, usually much exaggerated, and the rise of the German navy. Relatively British trade has not expanded so fast as that of Germany, but it is good and profitable, making the financial position of the United Kingdom still the first in Europe.

The German navy is serious for Great Britain, not because the safety of the British Isles is endangered nor because Germany has any aggressive policy against her, but because the British political position throughout the world will be reduced by reason of the existence of the navy. That position has already been greatly changed by the rise of Japan in the Far East, of the United States in the Western hemisphere, of Germany on the continent of Europe. The British fleets in the East, on both shores of North and South America and in the Mediterranean have been lessened to strengthen the fleets in home waters. The British naval forces will become further concentrated in ratio to the German construction. The prevailing strategical doctrine will require Great Britain to have at home a naval power sufficient to engage on more than equal terms a fleet of thirty-eight battle-ships and twenty large cruisers within one day's sail of her coasts.

The "relations" between Great Britain and Germany are in continuous discussion that rises to a certain intensity when the British naval budget is debated in Parliament or when some European question bubbles. These "relations" are likely to sharpen in international importance until the German navy reaches its programme developments, which will be between 1916–18. I venture into the difficult field of conjecture as to the probable course of events. Ethical considerations will prevent the small war party in Great Britain from provoking war while the German navy is weak. When the German navy has reached its programme maximum and nothing happens, because Germany will not throw her

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inferior navy against Britain, a long peace will probably follow in which suspicions and animosities will diminish. The British people will become accustomed to a certain diminution of their international position, but with an immense place in the world, a place constantly maintained, perhaps constantly increased, through their spiritual and intellectual contributions to mankind.

THE POINT OF VIEW

ONCE upon a time—just before the year 1000 A.D.—people were terribly frightened because they were sure that the world was coming to an end. Often they have awaited in consternation the arrival of Antichrist, who was to bring about the spiritual destruction of Christendom. Mankind is periodically terror-stricken, now by some comet, apparently breaking the fixed laws of nature, now by the emergence of the witch, with the foul fiend's own power in her hand. I remember reading somewhere, I think in the *Outlook*, that, at the time of our war with Spain, many of the mountaineers of Tennessee were in a state of great alarm because of the Spanish fleet, afraid lest some of "them flyin' squadroons" should light upon the mountains. Now that we are facing the tremendous scare lest woman shall come to an end in 1915 or thereabouts, it behooves us to see if there is any ground for reassurance; fear doubtless has its uses, but history would seem to suggest that it is sometimes unfounded.

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ogey

As regards women, there are plenty of signs and portents of dreadful change; and it is hardly necessary to enumerate the various things that they are doing which they used not to do. From college corridor and from lecture platform come echoes of their plans and aspirations; from pulpit, editorial office, club, come deep masculine thunderings in bass protest—would another spelling for bass carry any truth in its suggestion? Thin and high between the loudly stated programme of womankind, and the growling denunciation of mankind, come the wails of the "womanly women," who point the finger of scorn at their sex, and assert, in print or upon the platform, that *they* would not think of doing things that would attract attention in any way. We are in a parlous state, when both critics and criticised bid fair to lose in much speaking the little time that life grants for achievement.

The more timid among us may well find cause for alarm in listening to some of our young girls as they plan out their lives. It is my duty and my privilege to associate much with those who are going through college. Honored, at times, by their confidences, I secure for myself an immortality of youth under graying hair, and am thus, in a fashion, become my own daughter, aware of the feeling of posterity in many grave matters. Even at the risk of adding to the hue and cry when the barking is already too loud, I cannot resist the temptation to tell of one earnest daughter of young America who lately burst into loud remonstrance when a friend confessed that she was going to be married. "Aren't you going to do anything for the world?" demanded the listener, and I fancy that the culprit confessed that she was not. I wonder which of the extinct species of prehistoric time first assumed this attitude. Did lady mastodon or spinster megatherium start out on a mission to "do something for the world?" Alas, they did the only thing they could do for the world, died off the face of it. For those who can take this kind of thing seriously, this is the time to groan that the modern woman is a *cul-de-sac;* but who can take it seriously? I have heard young girls vow that they will never marry; I have heard smaller girls vow that they will never, in all their lives, eat another bit of bread and butter; I heard one, who had missed some festivity that came late at night remark, with vehement stamping of her foot, that in future she would never go to sleep. I can remember taking, myself, at the age of six, a sacred oath never to have my face washed again. Let those who listen in fear to the assertions of our modern vestals reflect that promises characteristic of extreme youth are frequently made

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by individuals of both sexes with small effect on after life. Would it be any comfort to the anxious onlookers to know that the proportion of maidens who make this rash vow not to marry is very small, smaller than it was a decade or two ago?

There has been a deal of talk lately, in foreign and in American journals, carried on by frightened men, about this new portent, the latest hobgoblin: why should we not call the spectre they have conjured up the "Anti-woman"? According to them, motherhood has gone out of fashion, especially in America; two parasitic feminine growths, the frivolous and the learned, are sapping the life of the sex; women are invading man's occupations, discovering his secret sins, upsetting the social order, and the devil is to pay. Would it be going too far to say, as regards the criticisms of American women, that many of these writers build on singularly slight foundations of experience and information? Frenchman, German, or Englishman, they stay a few weeks in the country; they catch a glimpse of a multi-millionairess or two speeding past in a motor, but surely multi-millionairesses are not numerous enough to cause real consternation; they are entertained, probably by the very wealthy, for several days, and they go home to Germany, or France, or England, to say that American women are rolling in idleness and luxury, or else working too hard in positions which men ought to fill. Is there no suiting them either way? If we may neither be busy nor idle, what course is left open? I suppose that one would hardly dare use the word superficiality in regard to any of these observations of the sterner sex, but, certainly they seem based on insufficient information. For my part, I should not want to build up a history of contemporary civilization on newspaper jokes and gibes, and a few days' observations made by a tired traveller.

As regards the sympathy of these spectators with the much-abused American man, husband of the American woman, who disports herself abroad while he is toiling in his office, I can say only that the American man, who has an immense sense of humor, is smiling up his sleeve. He knows that endless work, however hard it may be, is not so hard as endless play, and he takes his ease in his office, with old friends and a pipe, while wife and daughter put in twenty-hour days in travelling, toiling up mountains and down gorges in the delusion that it all means rest and recreation. Whatever the American woman may be, she is what the American man has made her, whether or no she belong to this small leisure class which our visitors mistake for the whole. It is in his hands to change her if he will; those who pity him do not realize what a singularly capable individual he is. Meanwhile, if the butterfly lady fails to see her husband's dry smile, denoting that he has the best of it, why should the foreigner protest?

As regards the indictment of the American mother, I say to these critics, English, French, German, wait until you know her before you pronounce against her. She is not obviously sentimental; she does not publicly gloat over her children; but feeling is perhaps none the less deep for not being worn upon the sleeve. The patience, courage, self-denial that I have seen among American mothers of all classes are entirely worthy of those Puritan great-grandmothers who wore their lives out at the spinning-wheel that their sons might grace the pulpit or professor's chair. If there are mothers who, in faith and devotion, can surpass thousands of American women, none the less great of soul because they are unnoticed by the casual tourist, I would I knew where to find them.

As for those women who are invading the professions, entering business, taking care of themselves in a hundred energetic ways, many of them have been drawn into this kind of life by the tragedy of death, or by desertion of son or husband, or, perhaps by mere failure to meet the special person who could make home, home; and one ought to give thanks for the high-hearted way in which they accept their destiny rather than grumble at them. If, tragedy aside, a woman undertakes some large task because she has a gift for it, who is wise enough in the purposes of the Creator to say her nay? There is an appallingly large number of unmarried women in Massachusetts, says the alarmist; yes, but there are eighty thousand more women than men in Massachusetts. What would you have? To the courage, cheerfulness, pluck of the women with careers whom I have known, I pay deep homage. From many of them the instinct of motherhood, through no fault of their own failing to find its natural channels, flows out in lovely ways, in mothering the needy young. Childless, they win the undying love and gratitude of children actually or spiritually motherless,

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and spend their lives in maternal service which makes you realize that experience does not always depend on mere fact.

If one only knew how to soothe the frightened gentlemen who are voicing their fear so loudly! We must be calm always in the face of signs and portents. It has been discovered, you will remember, that even comets have their orbits, obeying laws too far-reaching and subtle for the ordinary observer, mediæval or other, to make out. It may be that even the meteoric ladies trailing across the lecture platform have their regular orbits, subject to mysterious laws, undiscoverable by either your intellect or mine. Freaks we have always among us—I have not observed that the other sex is free from them—and yet the race goes rather sanely on.

So I listen to the growling of mankind; the piping of the "womanly women"—for the life of me, when I hear them expatiating in public on their womanliness, I cannot help remembering Becky Sharp, and little Rawdon's unfinished shirt; I listen, loving this best of all, to the plans of the intellectual young, what they are going to do, the ways in which they will give their lives to ideal aims, and I gently chuckle. I live in a fine, secluded corner for chuckling. What are these fears, scorns, admirations? They speak, one and all, as if motherhood were of yesterday—the profoundest, as the earliest, fact of human life, the deepest thing in it. Can a passing fashion, can an abstract cause, rob life of that which goes farthest down and farthest back? I am shocked that wise men should have so little faith, so little real insight. There is a disheartening shallowness about their whole contention. They talk as if the maternal instinct were an outside something, like a fashion in hats, and as if it were now making manifestations which they do not like and would correct by "reason." When did "reason" ever have anything to do with it? Could you reason with the law of gravitation because you thought it was not living up to its privileges and obligations? Women will follow the law of their natures, not because masculine or "womanly" arguments convince them, but because it was there before they were; they can no more help it than they can stop their hearts from beating; they have no more choice in the matter than they have in regard to having hands and feet, nor as much. Our ambitious youngsters, who hope to "do so much for the world" in the way of abstract causes, bow like grass before the winds of God, when the winds of God begin to blow. And if, as sometimes happens, for them they do not blow, these workers, for the most part, carry out their tasks sweetly and courageously, finding their places, and necessary places, in this great commonwealth of humanity. Quite as amenable to the underlying laws of life are the older and sterner members of womankind who chatter on platforms about women's rights. When this kind fall, they fall like Lucifer. I have even observed, though I realize that it will take several aeons before men find this out, that the strongest-minded women are usually the ones capable of the strongest affections; the most apparently unsexed often, in the deepest sense, the most womanly. How can we blame men for not discovering this, when often, through some oversight of blundering Dame Nature—who seems to make as many mistakes as do other feminine creatures—the women do not suspect it themselves?

The instinct for motherhood is the primal, indestructible fact of woman's life, and professional work, university life, even—even the ballot are not going to change it, any more than the present style in sleeves is going to change it. I have known many learned and semi-learned women; I have known but one in whom this instinct was not stronger than any other, and she was lavishing a maternal passion on a dictionary of her own creating. Fate, not perversity on her part, made her the mother of that tome, instead of granting her a son. Incidentally, it is a comfort to know that the dictionary turned out well.

As well be afraid that water will run up hill, that the Hudson will turn and travel back to the Adirondacks, as that the heart of woman, be she short-haired or long-haired, booted and spurred or clad in chiffon, shall be made any way except as it is made, and has been, from all time! Men might as well sit up nights in fear lest the moons of Jupiter should begin to move round the other way, or that the leopard should, after all, change his spots, as to worry lest woman shall change her nature; and arguments addressed to the moons of Jupiter, or to the leopard, advising them to keep on in their old course, would be quite as much to the point as all this present-day reasoning with womankind. The swallow to her nest, the river to the sea, and the heart of the woman to her child, existent or non-existent. You cannot keep the needle from pointing to the pole, and no amount of good advice will make it point there more irrevocably.

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CANNOT one comment on current events which have become controversial without "invidia," or the suspicion of partisanship? At least, one ought not to be walking over live embers, as Horace has it, if he ventures to remark that, whether it be true or not that the principle of democracy in education was involved in a recent controversy, it is a valuable and even indispensable principle. The "poor scholar," still extant in Germany and Scotland, is understood to be extinct in England. The head of a "swell" Oxford college was quoted, at the time when the provisions of Cecil Rhodes's will were published, as saying that though its beneficiaries might possibly subsist at Oxford in term-time upon the allowance that was secured to them, he did not see how it was possible for them to get on during vacation, excepting with "private means." It may be added that the college over which the author of this sentiment presides, doubtless with dignity and amiability, is not distinguished in the academic annals of either scholarship or athletics.

Democracy and Education

If "efficiency" were the object of education, as it so clearly is in Germany, and as it so clearly ought to be here, it would be recognized at the outset that frugality was conducive to it and luxury hostile. In England, Froude said that university education fitted a man extremely well for the grade of gentleman, but for no other that he knew of. And in that Oxonian classic, "Tom Brown," we find one of the hero's heroes telling him: "Three years at Oxford, my boy, will teach you something of what rank and money count for, if they teach you nothing else." That lesson is one which, of all lessons, should in America be postponed to a post-graduate course, and not inserted, either as compulsory or as elective, in the undergraduate curriculum. Things are by no means as badly off with us yet in this respect as they are with the English. There is no American institution of learning as yet in which a Rhodes scholarship would not enable its holder to get the full benefit of the institution, socially as well as scholastically and athletically. If any American undergraduate should complain to his parent that he "could not live" on that allowance, the parent, if he had any sense at all, would promptly withdraw him from that seat of learning. The sense of humor has, among other definitions, been defined as a sense of proportion. And the sense of humor on which we pride ourselves ought to suffice to prevent the spending by any youth, engaged in preparation for the battle of life, of more than three or four times the yearly amount that he could reasonably expect to earn in the open market after his preparation was completed and he had entered the battle. And, most certainly, it is not good that different "standards of living" depending on different amounts of "private means," should be encouraged or even tolerated by the faculty of an American university. A place of education is the last place in which there is room for a set of social distinctions based on money.

Doubtless it is difficult to obliterate such distinctions altogether. But it is at least feasible to make sure that the college itself shall not establish them or connive at them. The college may well bear in mind Jean Paul's saying, "I would not, for much money, have had much money in my youth," and govern itself and its charges accordingly. There is one perfectly democratic place of education in the United States. Nay, there are two, the Military Academy and the Naval Academy, and their withstanding of plutocratic standards by democratic standards is one of the great national services that these two schools render. "Our hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind." There are very justifiably printed, as an illustration to one of the annual reports upon West Point, two photographs, one showing the luxury of a study in one of the "swell" dormitories of Yale, and one the monastic severity of the single room which serves as the sole abode of two cadets. A fond and solvent mother has been known to address to the superintendent of the Military Academy an almost tearful remonstrance upon his cruelty in refusing to allow her offspring to receive a check for the purchase of Christmas presents. An officer of the Academy, being asked whether there was any possible manner in which a cadet who was the son of a millionaire could have an advantage over one who was the son of a laborer, made answer: "Oh, yes. He could order his white trousers cut by a fashionable tailor, in which case he would be reported for being out of uniform." These things indicate an ideal toward which it were well that all the colleges should strive. They would fail to attain it altogether. It is only under the iron discipline of a nursery of warriors that it is attainable, and attained. But it is none the less desirable that it should be cherished as an ideal, and sought to be realized, in the schools of civic training.

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THE FIELD OF ART

MR. BARTLETT'S PEDIMENT FOR THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

OF that very comprehensive rearrangement and re-decoration of the Capitol at Washington which has been in contemplation for some years the first decisive step has been taken by the completion by Paul W. Bartlett, sculptor, of his design model for the groups in the pediment of the House of Representatives wing. Through some combination of circumstances this tympanum has remained untenanted since the completion of the wing in December, 1857, while those over the state entrances of the central *corps de logis* and of the Senate have been occupied, after a fashion, for many years—the latter, since 1860–64 when Crawford's figures were executed and mounted, one by one, according to contemporary record. The sculpture in the pediment of the central portico, under the dome, consists of three figures in relief, applied in the centre of the tympanum and somewhat lonely in their isolation. These, put in place under the administration of President John Quincy Adams, are described in a letter from Bulfinch, one of the three architects of the Capitol, as representing America, Justice, and Hope, "bold, nine feet in height, and gracefully drawn by Mr. Luigi Persico, an Italian artist." Crawford's pediment, on the contrary, is filled from end to end with figures executed by Italian workmen from his designs, and variously representative of the development of the nation.

Congress has delegated all these architectural and otherwise artistic matters to the Joint Committee of the Senate and the House on the Congressional Library, the chairman of the Senate Committee being Senator George Peabody Wetmore, and that of the House Committee, Mr. Samuel W. McCall, the first from Rhode Island and the second from Massachusetts. In the latter part of the Roosevelt administration the Joint Committee resolved to provide the House pediment with worthy decoration and, with commendable intelligence, addressed a communication to the National Sculpture Society requesting a list of ten sculptors best qualified in the opinion of their confrères for this important commission. At the head of this list, when received, some two years ago, appeared Mr. Bartlett's name, and, as he had also been favorably considered previously by the honorable committeemen themselves, he was summoned to the capital, directed to undertake the work, and the contract was signed, in February, 1909, on the delivery and acceptance of his first model.

In the first conception of this monumental sculpture he took into serious consideration a number of fundamental principles, and he was fortunate in finding that his own taste and ideals were in accord with those conservative traditions of the art which have been generally accepted and also, incidentally, with the prejudices of the distinguished law-givers, his employers. As this was to be a national work, there was no room for novel and experimental and extravagant methods; as representative of this country, free and prosperous and blessed with much sunshine, any tendency toward that dark influence in modern art which contemplates exclusively the melancholy and the sordid would be most inappropriate; as addressed to the people, it was advisable to present something familiar, native, comprehendible, and not a more imaginative and decorative symbolism inspired by alien themes. In other words, the United States equivalent, in this century, of the Panathenaic procession in the fifth, B.C. (And, in this instance, the sculptor declines to consider his commission as any less inspiring than his Grecian predecessor's.) His theory of "a suitable decoration for a legislative building" does not differ widely from that of President Adams as set forth in Bulfinch's letter: "He disclaimed the wish to exhibit triumphal cars and the emblems of victory, and all allusions to heathen mythology, and thought that the duties of the nation or its legislators should be expressed in an obvious and intelligent manner."

Carried out on these general lines, the model submitted to the Committee was promptly approved. The familiar technical problems pre-

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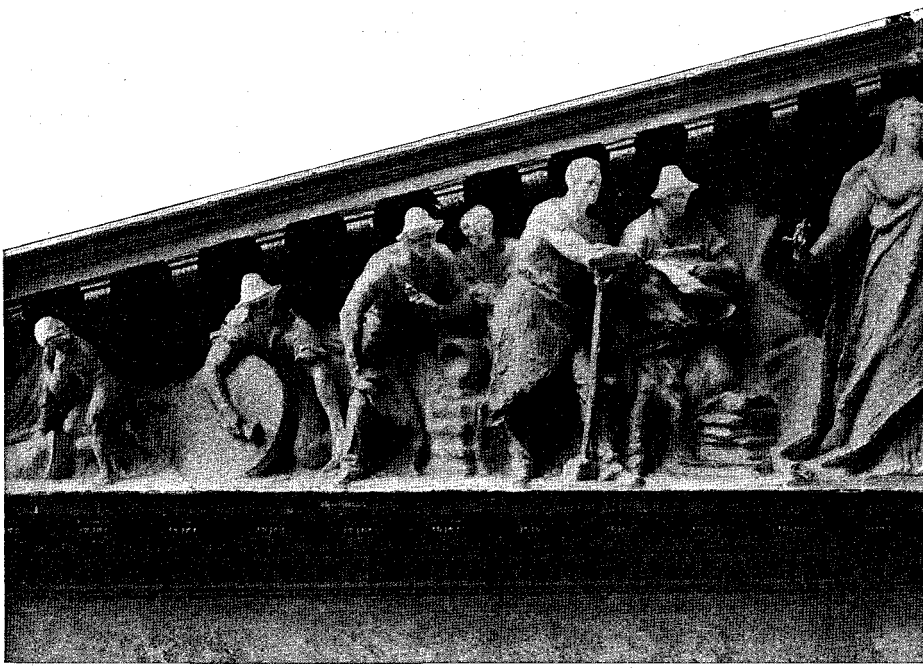
sented by this pedimental sculpture were also considered—the necessary harmony in style with the building, which he endeavored to present in his central figure of Peace; the arrangement of the figures along a level floor so as not to disturb the horizontal line of the lower cornice; the necessity of accounting for the gradu-



New Pediment for the House

ally diminishing height of the figures, each way from the centre, by differences in position rather than in size; the avoidance of any appearance of *being forced* to this gradual diminution by the architect—this requiring a very-well-thought-out central idea ordering the whole composition; the very troublesome necessity of accommodating this central idea to a composition which must preserve the perpendicular architectural central line and therefore present two distinct halves to be fused into one harmonious whole. So concerned was Mr. Bartlett with the desirability of appearing to be quite uninfluenced by the arbitrary requirements of the architect that after he had modelled his groups he removed their confining slanting roof, and was pleased to see that they appeared to be quite naturally disposed at their respective occupations.

In common with all architectural sculpture these groups labor under the disadvantage of being seen from below, and at a distance, and of therefore being under the necessity of taking care that their feet are not too entirely cut off by their pedestal—in this case the lower cornice of the pediment, on which they stand. This apparent throwing up of the pedestal affects particularly the reclining or crouching figures in the compressed corners of the great triangle, so that the Greeks found it necessary to arrange their dying warriors or reclining spectators—who naturally sought refuge in these corners—in such a manner that they should still be in evidence from below, and not flat on their backs and nearly invisible. In the final arrangement of this Washington pediment the extreme tips of the sculpture at these corners were cut off and abolished, thus permitting the architectural structure of the raking cornice above to be more clearly demonstrated.

The figures will probably be cut in Georgia marble which, with larger crystals, is somewhat more mellow in tone than the white Italian statuary marble. The total extreme length of this pediment is eighty feet, and of the space for the sculptured groups about sixty; the height in the centre, eleven feet, and of the central figure of Peace, nine feet and some inches. The depth of the recess of the tympanum is about three feet, so that the

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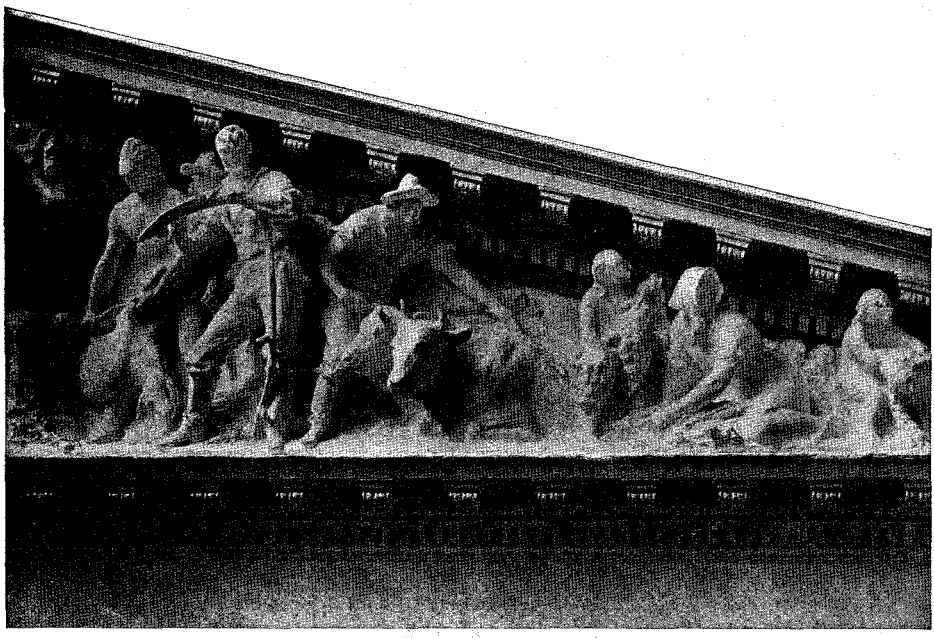
foremost figures can be presented free and in the round. It is of course advisable that these large personages should not project too far over their cornice and threaten to fall on the visitors below. The horizontal cornice at the bottom is a little over sixty feet from the ground and about forty-two that distance from



Representatives by Paul W. Bartlett.

the top of the flight of steps which leads up to the entrance. The sculptor was obliged to take into consideration the fact that, more than is usual, his work would be viewed from the sides, as well as from directly in front, and more frequently from the right, by spectators ascending the great central flight of steps of the Capitol. To meet this, he arranged his composition in such order that the planes of his figures would be sculptural and constructive from all three points of view. The present judicious spacing of the composition, so that the eye of the spectator is pleased at first glance with the evident freedom of action of the figures, their elbow-room, the lack of crowding and confusion, was secured only by much planning and shifting about.

In the centre of the tympanum rises the stately figure of Peace, presented on a somewhat larger scale than the others, more as a goddess, or a symbol, than as a living and merely human personification. Her winged head-dress serves to still further idealize her; on her left arm she carries a circular buckler for defence, her right hand, extended, holds out a branch of her olive. It is possible, in the finished work, that this olive-branch may be gilded. On her right are the Manufactures and Navigation; on her left, Hunting and Agriculture. In thus limiting the field of his human activities the sculptor had in mind the more purely democratic character of the representative assembly that sits below, their more direct relations with the people. It may be seen in our reproductions that an acceptable variety is secured by giving the scenes suggested on the left a more pastoral and gracious air, something of the summer and the open air. To the left and partly behind the goddess is seen her altar, the curling smoke from which rises and mingles with her garments; beyond this, as a forerunner of the development of the country, the aboriginal hunter, the red man carrying a slain deer. Then follows the mower with his scythe, the symbol of completion, of gathering in, the harvest, and finally the labor of the fields, the husbandwoman, the cattle and sheep, and even the faithful dog.

On the right of Peace appears one of the most important of all the manufactures which she protects, that of books; and next, the pen-

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dant to the scytheman on the other side, the metal-worker, leaning on his long hammer. Behind him, another pours with due care the melted metal in the mould; another rolls forward his car wheel; two youths are about to step the mast in their boat. The symbols are of the oldest, and within the comprehension of all; the art consists in rendering these familiar things with that touch of individual genius which saves. Mr. Bartlett modelled the gigantic figures on the pediment of the Stock Exchange of this city, from the designs of the elder sculptor, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward—in the very different conception and carrying out of this Washington sculpture may be seen something of the many-sidedness of good art.

And it presents also, in a rather striking manner, one of the disadvantages attending this art of monumental sculpture—the regrettable disappearance when *in situ* of so much of the sculptor's best work. Commonplace material considerations, such as the mere distance at which a work is viewed, will interfere very seriously with the due perception and appreciation of many of the most valued artistic qualities, with the intimate appeal which the artist wishes to make to his audience. Intimacy, subtlety, charm, cannot be transmitted between mortals over a certain limited number of feet, long measure. In innumerable instances the high qualities of works of architectural sculpture are visible, and therefore available, for the birds of the air only, or for the bodyless ghosts. As has been said, the modern tourist in the British Museum has, in some respects, better opportunities for the study of the Parthenon reliefs than the citizens of Pericles's time. But the conscientious artist puts, nevertheless, his finest instincts into these lofty and remote figures, touches, qualities, that will be known to his fellow-men only when earthquake, or the vandal destroyer, brings his statue to the ground. It may truly be said of this sculptor that, good as are his figures when seen in place, they present when viewed at a reasonable distance so many evidences of that talent which, with the most commonplace of themes—"Philosophy," "Hope," "Commerce," anything—can produce that sudden surprise and charm which fills us when we see a new revelation of humanity, of beauty, or character in that which we had thought hopelessly familiar.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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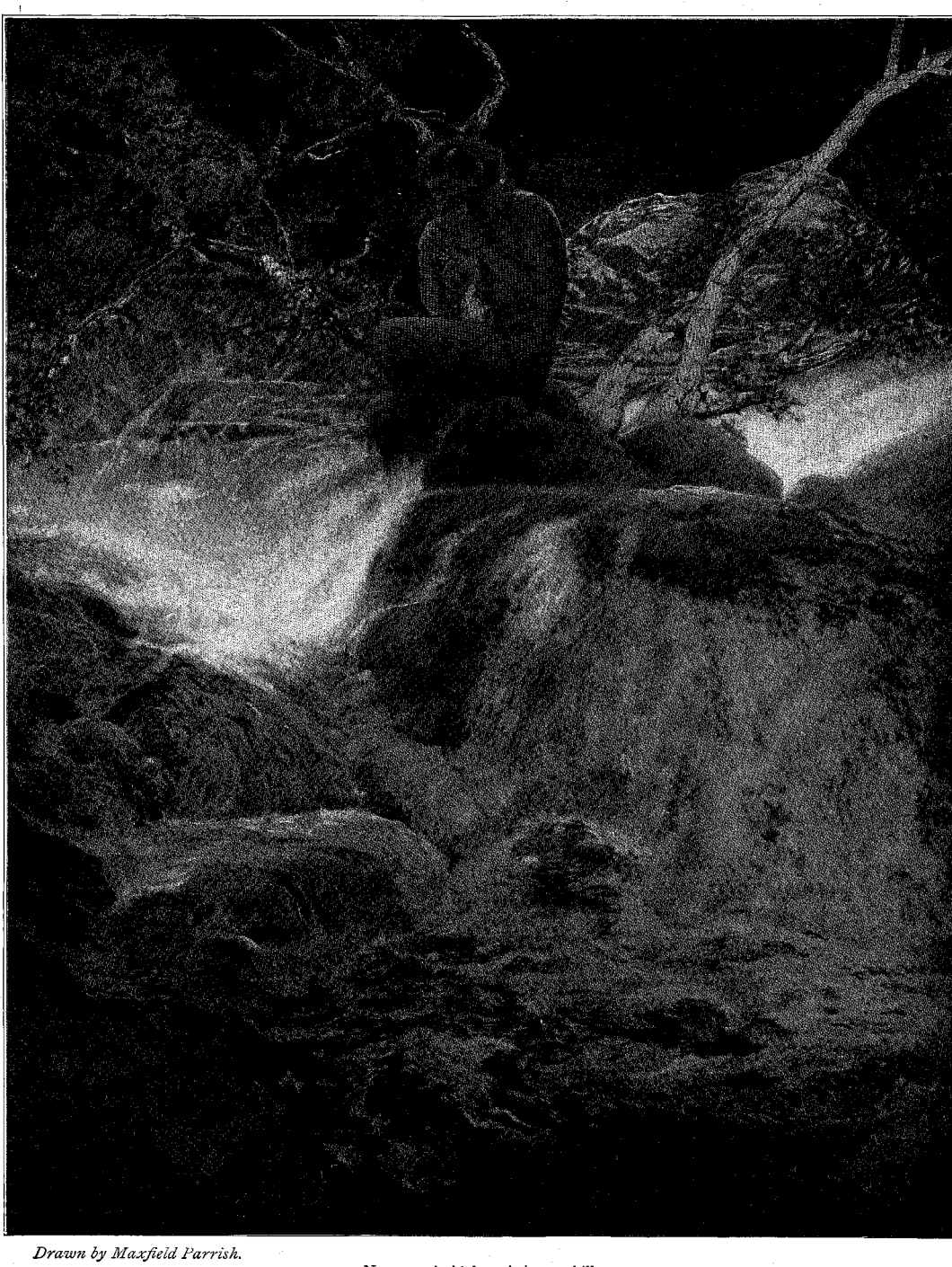

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

No more 'mid low Achaean hills
Echo the flutes of Pan.

—"The Errant Pan," page 174.

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